Sir Jeyn Royal 18..

THE

WORKS

OF

PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

WITH

A COPIOUS INDEX.

To which is prefixed

SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

802

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1809.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL. *

THE

WORKS

OF

PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

VOL. I.

Printed by S. Hamilton, Weybridge.

MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHOR.

ALTHOUGH the life of a man of genius has not always an intimate and necessary connexion with his works, yet the curiosity which prompts the public to inquire after the personal history of those by whom they have been delighted or instructed, is too natural to be censured, and too importunate to be repressed. When the present edition, therefore, of the works of Dr. Wolcott, was undertaken, the Proprietors determined to prefix such particulars of his life as could be derived from unquestionable authority.

John Wolcott, so long known by the name of Peter Pindar, is a native of Devonshire, and was educated at Kingsbridge, with a view to the medical profession. He had an unmarried uncle, who took him into his house, that he might be so instructed as to

succeed him in his business of an apothecary. While laying in a store of medical knowledge, such as books and practice afforded, his poetical turn, which appeared very early, prompted him to peruse works of general taste; and while he occasionally courted the Muses, he also discovered a genius for drawing and painting, of which, it is well known, he is a critical judge. Some of his poetical efforts appeared in the periodical journals nearly fifty years ago, and many of his drawings and paintings are to be seen in the cabinets of those friends to whom he presented them.

When Sir William Trelawney, a distant relation of our author, was appointed Governor of Jamaica, in the year 1766, Mr. Wolcott obtained the favour of accompanying him, although much against the consent of his uncle, who by this time knew the value of his assistance, and had found his business increased by his popularity in the neighbourhood. On his arrival at Jamaica, he united the practice of physic and surgery, and was successful in both, when an incident occurred, which had nearly given a very different and very opposite direction to his professional views. The rector of a valuable living on the island happening to die, Mr. Wolcott felt a de-

sire to exchange physic for divinity, or perhaps to unite the latter to the former; and as the deceased had for some time no successor, he actually endeavoured to supply the deficiency, by reading prayers and preaching. As, however, he was aware that this irregularity could not be long tolerated, he returned to England to obtain orders, and, if possible, the vacant living; but notwithstanding the powerful recommendations he presented to the Bishop of London, that prelate refused him ordination; and the living being soon filled up by a regular clergyman, Mr. Wolcott declined applying in any other quarter for admission to the church, and reverted to a profession for which, it is no great disrespect to say, he was far better qualified.

Having now obtained the degree of M. D. from a Northern University, he practised for some years at Truro, with great credit and success. He enlarged also the number of his friends and acquaintances by a social disposition, a ready flow of wit, and such conversation-talents as are rarely found at a distance from the metropolis. It is true at the same time, that when party contests arose, or when the sense of ridicule, which in him is uncommonly quick, was provoked, he indulged his satirical vein in a way not

likely to conciliate: but it must likewise be owned, that his provincial satires were in general free from malevolence, and occasioned more laughter than resentment. Many of them were those playful tricks of the pen which a man of wit hardly knows how to restrain.

It is much to his honour, that during his residence in Cornwall, he discovered, and encouraged, the fine talents of the late Opie, the artist; a man of such modesty, simplicity of manners, and ignorance of the world, that it is probable his genius would have lain obscure and useless, had he not met, in Dr. Wolcott, with a judicious friend, who knew how to appreciate his worth, and to recommend it to the admiration of the world. The Doctor's taste in painting has already been noticed; and it may now be added, that perhaps few men have attained more correct notions on the subject, and the fluency with which he expatiates on the beauties or defects of the productions of the ancient or modern school, has been amply acknowledged by all who have shared in his company.

The same taste appears to have directed him to some of the first subjects of his poetical satire, when he began to treat the public with the pieces which

compose these volumes, and which are printed nearly in the order of publication. The effect of these poems on the public mind will not be soon forgot. Here appeared a new poet and a new critic, a man of unquestionable taste and luxuriant fancy, combined with such powers of satire, as became tremendously formidable to all who had the misfortune to fall under his displeasure. It was acknowledged at the same time, that amidst some personal acrimony and some affectionate preferences, not far removed perhaps, from downright prejudice, he in genera grounded his praise and censure upon solid princi ples, and carried the public mind along with him although sometimes at the heavy expense of indi viduals.

Soon after the publication of the first Lyric Ode to the Royal Academicians, he took up his residence and has ever since remained, in London, the onl place, indeed, for a general satirist, for a man wh wishes to increase his knowledge of the world, an to study those manners and foibles, vices or follie which are to furnish subjects for his pen. How ver extensive his survey has been, and how minute h attention to what is passing, either in the literary, c in the great and gay world, the vast variety of h

productions will amply demonstrate. Whether, how- ever, in some striking instances, he has not taken iberties neither usual nor allowable; and whether ne has not dwelt too often on subjects that ought to e treated with respect, are questions to which no eader can be at a loss for an answer.

It has been objected to Dr. Wolcott, as to Church- il, that he has expended his fire on temporary sub- ects, when he might have employed it on those that re imperishable. But how few are the poets of which this may not be said? And how much do the reater part of the works of Pope now require the id of commentaries in order to be understood? All ersonal satire must be in some degree temporary, or a man may deserve to be laughed at, who de- erves not to be handed down to posterity; but hen, as in the case of our author and his prede- essors, that satire is intermixed with the beauties f genuine poetry, it will continue to be admired, hen the parties satirized are so far forgotten, as to xcite none of the unpleasant feelings of contempo- ary reading.

But they who consider our author as a satirist nly, neglect to do him the justice which he richly erits. As a lyric poet, he deserves high praise;

and it will be difficult to produce more animated, elegant, and tender verses, than are to be found in these volumes: nor are his talents less conspicuous in those moral tales, stories, or fables, in which the general foibles of human nature are touched with exquisite humour and delicacy.

Of late Dr. Wolcott has had the misfortune to lose his sight; but his faculties are in full exercise, and his wit, whether he chooses to employ his pen, or enliven a party of pleasure, is as brilliant as ever, and that at an age (above seventy) when the powers of mind generally become worn by use, or dulled by bodily infirmity. A more detailed account, however, of the personal history of this extraordinary man, and a more critical investigation of his rank as a poet, necessarily belongs to some distant period. His works, in this collected form, have passed through several editions, and continue to be read with avidity, a fate which could not have been theirs, had they not been imbued with those strong preservatives, irresistible humour and acknowledged genius.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL. ❋

A POETICAL, SUPPLICATING, MODEST, AND AFFECTING EPISTLE TO THOSE LITERARY COLOSSUSES THE REVIEWERS.

Carmine, Dî Superi placantur, carmine, Manes.

Vast are the pow'rs of verse—indeed so strong,
Angels and devils can be sooth'd by song.

TO THE

REVIEWERS.

FATHERS of wisdom, a poor wight befriend!
Oh, hear my simple prayer in simple lays:
In formâ pauperis behold I bend,
And of your worships ask a little praise.

I am no cormorant for fame, d'ye see;
I ask not *all* the laurel, but a *sprig!*
Then hear me, guardians of the sacred tree,
And stick a leaf or two about my wig.

In sonnet, ode, and legendary tale,
Soon will the press my tuneful works display;
Then do not damn 'em, and prevent the sale;
And your petitioner shall ever pray.

My labours damn'd, the Muse with grief will groan—
The censure dire my lantern jaws will rue!
Know, I have teeth and stomach like your own,
And that I wish to eat as well as you.

I never said, like murderers in their dens,
You secret met in cloud-capp'd garret high,
With hatchets, scalping knives in shape of pens,
To bid, like Mohocks, hapless authors die:

Nor said (in your Reviews, together strung)
The limbs of butcher'd writers, cheek by jowl,
Look'd like the legs of flies on cobwebs hung
Before the hungry spider's dreary hole.

I ne'er declar'd, that, frightful as the Blacks,
In greasy flannel caps you met together,
With scarce a rag of shirt about your backs,
Or coat or breeches to keep out the weather.

Heav'n knows I'm innocent of all transgression
Against your honours, men of classic fame!
I ne'er abus'd your critical profession,
Whose *dictum* saves at once or damns a name.

I never question'd your profound of head,
Nor *vulgar*, call'd your wit, your manners *coarse*;
Nor swore on butcher'd authors that you fed,
Like carrion crows upon a poor dead horse.

I never said, that, pedlar like, you sold,
Praise by the ounce, or pound, like snuff or cheese;
Too well I knew you silver scorn'd and gold—
Such dross, a sage Reviewer seldom sees!

I never hinted, that with half a crown
Books have been sent you by the scribbling tribe;
Which fee hath purchas'd pages of renown:
No, for I knew you'd spurn the *paltry* bribe.

I ne'er averr'd, you critics to a man,
For pence, would swear an owl excell'd the lark;
Nor call'd a coward gang, your grave Divan,
That stabb'd, like base assassins in the dark.

I never prais'd, or blam'd, an author's book,
Until your wise opinions came abroad;
On these with holy rev'rence did I look:
With you I prais'd, or blam'd, so help me G—d!

The fam'd Longinus all the world must know:
The gape of wonder Aristarchus drew,
As well as Alexander's tutor*, lo!
All! all great critics, gentlemen, like *you*.

Did any ask me, 'Pray, sir, your opinion
Of those Reviewers, who so bold bestride

* Aristotle.

The world of learning, and, with proud dominion,
High on the backs of crouching authors ride?'

Quick have I answer'd, in a rage, 'Odsblood!
No works like theirs such criticism convey:
Not all the timber of Dodona's wood
E'er pour'd more sterling oracle than *they*.'

Did others cry, 'Whate'er their brains indite,
Be sure, is excellent—a partial crew!
With Iö Pæans usher'd to the light,
And prais'd to folly in the next Review:'

This was my answer to each snarling elf
(My eye-balls fill'd with fire, my mouth with foam),
'Zounds! is not justice due to one's dear self?
And should not charity begin at home?

'Full often I've been question'd with a sneer—
Think you one could not bribe 'em?'—'Not a nation.'
'A beef-stake, with a pot or two of beer,
Might save a little volume from damnation.'

Furious I've answer'd, 'Lo! my Lord Carlisle
Hath begg'd, in vain, a seat in Fame's old temple;
Though *you* applaud, *their* wisdoms will not smile;
And what they disapprove is cursed simple.

Could gold succeed, enough the peer might raise,
Whose wealth would buy the critics o'er and o'er:
'Tis merit only can command their praise,
Witness the volumes of Miss Hannah More*;

'The *Search for Happiness*, that beauteous song,
Which all of us would give our ears to own;
The *Captive*, *Percy*†, that, like mustard strong,
Make our eyes weep, and understandings groan.'

* A lady talked of for her rhimes, and emphatically called, by a *certain* class of readers, the tenth Muse.

† A pair of tragedies.

Hail Bristol town! Bœotia now no more,
  Since Garrick's Sappho sings, though rather slowly:
All hail Miss Hannah! worth at least a score,
  Ay, twenty score, of Chatterton and Rowley.

Men of prodigious parts are mostly shy:
  Great Newton's self this failing did inherit;
Thus, frequent, *you* avoid the public eye,
  And hide, in lurking holes, a world of merit.

Yet oft your cautious modesties I see,
  When from your bow'r with bats you wing the dark:
And Sundays, when no catchpoles prowl for prey,
  On æther dining in St. James's Park.

Meek sirs! in frays you choose not to appear,
  A circumstance most natural to suppose,
And, therefore, hide your precious heads, for fear
  Some angry bard abus'd, should pull your nose.

The world's loud plaudit, lo! you don't desire,
  Nor do you hastily on books decide;
But first at ev'ry coffee-house inquire,
  How, in its favour, runs the public tide.

There, Wisdom, often with a critic wig,
  The face demure, knit brows, and forehead scowling,
I've seen o'er pamphlets, with importance big,
  Mousing for faults, or, if you'll have it, *owling*.

Herculean gentlemen! I dread your drubs;
  Pity the lifted whites of both my eyes!
Strung with new strength beneath your massy clubs,
  Alas! I shall not an Antæus rise.

Lo, like an elephant along the ground,
  Great Caliban, the giant Johnson stretch'd!
The British Roscius too your clubs confound,
  Whose fame the farthest of the stars hath reach'd.

If such so easy sink beneath your might,
  Ye gods! I may be done for in a trice:
Hurl'd by your rage to everlasting night—
  Crack'd with that ease a beggar cracks his lice.

If, awful sirs, you grant me my petition;
  With brother pamphlets shall my pamphlet shine;
And should it chance to pass a first edition,
  In capitals shall stare your praise divine.

Quote from my work as much as e'er you please;
  For extracts, lo! I'll put no angry face on;
Nor fill a hungry lawyer's fist with fees,
  To trounce a bookseller, like furious Mason*.

Sage sirs! if favour in your sight I find,
  If fame you grant, I'll bless each gen'rous giver;
Wish you sound coats, good stomachs, masters kind†,
  Gallons of broth, and pounds of bullock's liver.

* The contest between Mr. Mason and a bookseller is generally known.

† The booksellers.

The following Address to the Reviewers *was written for a poetical Friend, who had suffered by their Severity.*

'TIS hard, Messieurs Reviewers, 'pon my soul,
You thus should lord it o'er the world of wit:
No higher court your sentence to control,
You hang, or you reprieve, as you think fit!

Whether, in calf, your labours of the year
Rank with immortal bards, or boxes line;
Or, torn for secret services, oh dear!
Are offer'd up at Cloacina's shrine:

Whether you look all rosy round the gills,
Or hatchet-fac'd like starving cats so lean;
Whether your criticism each pocket fills
With halfpence, keeping you close shav'd and clean:

Whether in gorgeous raiment you appear,
Or tatters ready from your backs to fall;
Whether with pompous wigs to guard each ear,
Or whether you've no wigs or ears at all:

Whether you look like gentlemen or thieves,
I hate usurpers of the critic throne;
Th refore his compliments the poet gives,
And humbly hopes you'll let his lines alone.

Stay till he asks your thoughts, ye forward sages;
Officiousness the modest bard abjures:
'Tis surely pert to meddle with *his* pages,
Who never deign'd to look in one of *yours*.

LYRIC ODES

TO

THE ROYAL ACADEMICIANS,

FOR MDCCLXXXII.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

A DISTANT RELATION OF

THE POET OF THEBES,

And Laureat to the Academy.

——— *Arma virosque cano.*

Paint and the men of canvass fire my lays,
Who show their works for profit and for praise;
Whose pockets know most comfortable fillings—
Gaining *Two Thousand Pounds* a year by *Shillings*.

LYRIC ODES.

ODE I.

Peter *giveth an Account of his great* Relation—*boasteth—praiseth* Sir William Chambers *and* Somerset-House—*applaudeth* Sir Joshua Reynolds, *and showeth deep classic Learning.*

MY cousin Pindar, in his odes,
Applauded horsejockeys and gods,
Wrestlers and boxers in his verse divine!
Then shall not I, who boast his fire,
And old hereditary lyre,
To British painters give a golden line?

Say, shall you dome stupendous rise,
Striking with attic front the skies—
The nursing dame of many a painting ape*;
And I immortal rhime refuse,
To tell the nations round the news,
And make posterity with wonder gape?

* *Painting Ape.*—This expression is by no means meant to convey the idea of insult. There is great propriety, if not poetry, in it. The reader will please to recollect, that painting is an imitative art—Monkeys are prodigious imitators—witness my own Odes. Besides, Pope compliments the immortal Newton by a similar allusion.

Spirit of cousin Pindar, ho!
By all thy odes, the world shall know,
That Chambers plann'd it—be his name rever'd!—
Sir William's journeymen and tools
(No pupils of the Chinese schools),
With stone, and wood, and lime, the fabric rear'd!

Thus having put the knight in rhime,
Stone, men, and timber, tools and lime;
Now let us see what this rare dome contains—
Where rival artists for a name,
Bit by that glorious mad-dog Fame,
Have fix'd the labours of their brush and brains.

O Musė! Sir Joshua's master-hand
Shall first our lyric laud command—
Lo! Tarleton dragging on his boot so tight!
His horses feel a godlike rage,
And long with Yankies to engage—
I think I hear them snorting for the fight.

Behold with fire each eye-ball glowing!
I wish, indeed, their manes so flowing
Were more like hair—the brutes had been as good,
If, flaming with such classic force,
They had resembled less that horse,
Call'd Trojan—and, by Greeks compos'd of wood.

Now to yon angel let us go—
A fine performance too, I trow,
Who rides a cloud—indeed a poorish hack—
Which to my mind doth *certés* bring
That easy bum-delighting thing,
Rid by the Chancellor—yclep'd a sack.

Yet, Reynolds, let me fairly say,
With pride I pour the lyric lay
To most things by thy able hand exprest—
Compar'd, alas! to other men,
Thou art an eagle to a wren!
Now, Mrs. Muse, attend on Mr. West.

ODE II.

Peter *falleth foul on* Mr. West *for representing our blessed* Redeemer *like an* Old-clothes-man—*and for misrepresenting the* Apostles.—Peter *describeth* St. Paul, *and* Judas *and the* Apostles—*Cutteth up* Mr. West's *Angels—Attacketh another Picture of* Mr. West's—*Weepeth over the hard Fate of* Prince Octavius *and* Augustus, *Children of our Most Glorious Sovereign.*

O WEST, what hath thy pencil done;
Why, painted God Almighty's Son
Like an old-clothes-man, about London street!
Place in his hand a rusty bag,
To hold each sweet collected rag;
We then shall see the character complete.

Th' Apostles too, I'm much afraid,
Were not the fellows thou hast made—
For Heav'n's sake, West, pray rub them out again—
There's not a mortal who believes
They look'd like old Salvator's* thieves,
Although they might not look like *gentlemen.*

St. Paul most candidly declares,
He could not give himself high airs
Upon his person, which was rather homely:
But really, as for all the rest,
Save Judas, who was a rank beast,
They all were decent labourers, and comely.

* Salvator Rosa, happy in his characters of banditti.

Thy spirits too can't boast the graces;
Two Indian angels by their faces:
But speak—where are their wings to mount the wind?
One would suppose M'Bride* had met 'em;
If thou hast spare ones, quickly get 'em,
Or else the lads will both be left behind.

Ghost of Octavius! tell the bard,
And thou, Augustus, us'd so *hard*,
Why West hath murder'd you, my tender lambs?
You bring to mind vile Richard's deed,
Who bid your royal cousins bleed,
For which the world the tyrant's mem'ry damns.

West, I must own thou dost inherit
Some portion of the plainting spirit;
But trust me—not extraordinary things—
Some merit thou must surely own,
By getting up so near the throne,
And gaining whispers from the best of kings.

ODE III.

Peter *administereth sage Advice to very young Painters.*

PEOPLE must mount by slow degrees to glory;
'Tis stairs must lead us to the attic story—
Thus thought my great old name-sake, Peter Czar;
Who bound himself, in Holland, to a trade;
A very pretty carpenter he made;
And then went home†, and built a man of war.

* Capt. M'Bride, famous for *winging* men of war, as well as partridges.—See his letter to the Admiralty.

† To Russia.

The lad who would a 'pothecary shine,
Should powder claws of crabs, and jalap, fine;
Keep the shop clean, and watch it like a porter;
Learn to boil glysters—nay, to *give* them too,
If blinking nurses can't the bus'ness do;
Write well the labels, and wipe well the mortar.

Before that boys can rise to master-tanners,
Humble those boys must be, and mind their man-
Despising pride, whose wish it is to wreck 'em; [ners;
And mornings, with a bucket and a stick,
Should never once disdain to pick,
From street to street, rich lumps of *album græcum*.

Thus should young limning lads themselves de-
mean;
Learn how to keep their master's brushes clean,
And learn to squeeze the colours from the bladders;
Furbish up rags—the shining pallet set;
Keep the knives bright, and eke the easel neat—
Such arts, to Fame's high temple are the ladders.

Young men—so useful are the arts I mention
(Believe me, not an atom is invention).
The instant that I pen this Ode, I know [man,
A Jew-like, shock-poll'd, scrubby, short, black
More like a cobbler than a gentleman,
Working on canvass, like a dog in dough.

By Heav'ns! with scarce more knowledges than
He earns a guinea ev'ry day with ease; [these,
Attempteth heads of princes, dogs, cats, 'squires—
Now on a monkey vent'reth—now a saint—
Talks of *himself*, and much himself admires
And struts the veriest *Bantam-cock* of *paint*.

But mind me, youths, I don't conceit advise,
Because 'tis fulsome to men's ears and eyes;
Whose tongues might cover you with ridicule;
And pray, who loves the appellation, *Fool?*

Yet, if in spite of all the Muse can say,
You will *insist* on going the wrong way,

And *wish* to be a laughing-stock—
Copy our little old black Bantam cock—

Whose soul, moreover, of such sort is—
With so much acrimouy overflows,
As makes him, wheresoe'er he goes,
A walking thumb-bottle of *aqua-fortis*.

ODE IV.

The Lyric Bard commendeth Mr. Gainsborough's Pig—*Recommendeth* Landscape *to the Artist.*

AND now, O Muse, with song so big,
Turn round to Gainsb'rough's Girl and Pig,
Or Pig and Girl I rather should have said:
The pig in white, I must allow,
Is really a well-painted Sow:
I wish to say the same thing of the maid.

As for poor St. Leger and Prince,
Had I their places I should wince,
Thus to be gibbeted for weeks on high:
Just like your felons after death,
On Bagshot, or on Hounslow Heath,
That force from travellers the pitying sigh.

Yet Gainsb'rough has great merit too,
Would he his charming *fort* pursue—
To mind his Landscape have the modest grace—
Yet there, sometimes, are nature's tints despis'd:
I wish them more attended to, and priz'd,
Instead of trump'ry that usurps their place.

ODE V.

Peter *quarreleth with* Fat—*Proveth its fatal Inconveniences—Accounteth for the Leanness and Rags of the* Muses—*Displayeth Military Science —Telleth a wonderful Story of a* Spanish Marquis *—Talketh sensibly of a Greyhound, a Hawk, and a Race-horse—Pointeth out the proper Subjects for Grease.*

PAINTERS and Poets never should be fat—
Sons of Apollo! listen well to that.
Fat is foul weather—dims the fancy's sight:
In poverty, the wits more nimbly muster:
Thus stars, when pinch'd by frost, cast keener lustre
On the black blanket of old mother night.

Your heavy fat, I will maintain,
Is perfect birdlime of the brain;
And, as to goldfinches the birdlime clings—
Fat holds ideas by the legs and wings.

Fat flattens the most brilliant thoughts,
Like the buff-stop on harpsichords, or spinets—
Muffling their pretty little tuneful throats,
That would have chirp'd away like linnets.

Not only fat is hurtful to the arts,
But Love, at fat—ev'n Love almighty starts—
Love hates large, lubberly, fat, clumsy fellows,
Panting and blowing like a blacksmith's bellows.

In Parliament, amidst the various chat,
What eloquence of North's is lost by fat!
Mute in his head-piece on his bosom hung,
How many a speech has slept upon his tongue.

So far Apollo's right, I needs must own,
To keep his sons and daughters high in bone:
The Nine too, as from history we glean,
Are, like Don Quixote's Rosinante, lean;

Who likewise fancy all incumbrance bad,
And therefore travel very thinly clad;
Looking like damsels just escap'd from jails,
With backs *al fresco*, and with tatter'd tails.

How, with large rolls of fat, would act
A soldier, or a sailor?
And 'tis a well-attested fact,
Apollo was as nimble as a tailor.
How could he else have caught that handsome flirt,
Miss Daphne, racing through the pools and dirt?

The Marquis of Cerona, of great parts,
Could scarce support himself, he was so big;
He starv'd—drank vinegar by pints and quarts,
And got down to a Christian—from a pig.
Some author says, his skin (but some will doubt him)
Would fold a half-a-dozen times about him.

Reader!—of lie I urge not an iöta:
His skin would really round his body come,
Though tight before as parchment on a drum—
Just like a Portuguese capota.

Yes, yes—indeed, I solemnly repeat,
Painters and bards should very little eat:
No matter, verily, how slight their fare;
Nay, though camelion-like, they fed on air.

Else they're like ladies much inclin'd to feeding—
Who, often when they fatten, leave off breeding;
Or, like the hen, facetious Æsop's story,
So known, I shall not lay the tale before ye.

You would not load with fat a running-horse,
Or greyhound you design'd to course;
Nor would you fatten up the hawk,
You mean to nimble birds to talk.

Then pray, young brushmen, if you wish to thrive,
And keep your genius, and the ar alive,
Gobble not quantities of flesh and fish up:
Beings who can no harm from fat receive,
May feast securely—then for Heav'n's sake leave
Grease to an alderman, a hog, or bishop.

ODE VI.

Peter *flattereth* Mr. Mason Chamberlin—*and that most brilliant Landscape Painter*, Mr. Loutherbourgh.—Peter *admireth, praiseth, and consoleth the English* Claude, Wilson.

THY portraits, Chamberlin, may be
A likeness, far as I can see;
But, faith! I cannot praise a single feature:
Yet, when it so shall please the Lord,
To make his people out of board,
Thy pictures will be tolerable nature.

And Loutherbourgh, when Heav'n so wills
To make brass skies, and golden hills,
With marble bullocks in glass pastures grazing;
Thy reputation too will rise,
And people, gaping with surprise,
Cry, 'Monsieur Loutherbourgh is most *amazing!*'

But thou must wait for that event;
Perhaps the change is never meant—
Till then, with me, thy pencil will not shine:
Till then, old red-nos'd Wilson's art
Will hold its empire o'er my heart,
By Britain left in poverty to pine.

But, honest Wilson, never mind;
Immortal praises thou shalt find,

And for a dinner have no cause to fear.
Thou start'st at my prophetic rhimes:
Don't be impatient for those times;
Wait till thou hast been dead a hundred year.

ODE VII.

Peter *breaketh out into Learning, and talketh Latin—Adviseth young Artists to do no more than they* can *do—Recommendeth to each the Knowledge of his Genius.*— Peter *talketh of Æsop's Fables, and* Mr. Stubbs.—Peter *ventureth on the Stage—Recordeth a Story of an Actor, and concludeth facetiously.*

'QUI *fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo quam sibi sortem,*'
Was partly written for those fools
Who slight the very art that would support 'em,
In spite of gratitude's and wisdom's rules.

It brings to mind old Æsop's tale, so sweet,
Of a poor country-bumkin of a stag,
Who us'd to curse his clumsy legs and feet,
But of his horns did wonderfully brag:

Unlike our London poor John-Bulls,
Who, from the wardrobe of their sculls,
Could, with the greatest pleasure, piece-meal tear,
Such pretty-looking ornamental geer.

But, to the story of the buck,
Like many English ones, much out of luck:

When to a thicket master buck was chas'd,
His fav'rite horns contriv'd to spoil his trot,
By keeping the young 'squire in limbo fast,
Till John the huntsman came and cut his throat.

Unfortunately for the graphic art,
Painters too often their true genius *thwart*;
Mad to accomplish what can ne'er be done,
They form for criticism a world of fun.

The man of hist'ry longs to deal in *little*,
Quits lasting oil, for perishable spittle:
The man of miniature to history springs,
Mounts with an ardour wild the broom-like brush,
Makes for sublimity a daring push,
And shows, like Icarus, his feeble wings.

'Tis said that nought so much the temper rubs
Of that ingenious artist, Mr. Stubbs,
As calling him a horse-painter—how strange,
That Stubbs the title should desire to change!

Yet doth he curses on th' occasion utter,
And, foolish, quarrel with his bread and *butter:*
Yet, after landscape, gentlemen and ladies,
This very Mr. Stubbs prodigious mad is:

So quits his horse—on which the man might ride
To Fame's fair temple, happy and unhurt;
And takes a hobby-horse to gall his pride,
That flings him, like a lubber, in the dirt.

The self-same folly reigns, too, on the stage,
Such for impossibilities the rage!
The man of Farce, to Tragedy aspires.
And, calf-like bellowing, feels heroic fires.—

Weston for *Hamlet* and *Othello* sigh'd,
And thought it dev'lish hard to be denied.
The courtly Abington's untoward star
Wanted her reputation much to mar,
And sink the *lady* to the washing-tub—
So whisper'd—'Mrs. Abington, play *Scrub*.'
To folly full as great, some imp may lug her,
And bid her slink in *Filch*, and *Abel Drugger*.

An actor, living at this time
That now I pen my verse sublime,

Could not, to save his soul, find out his *fort*;
But lo! it happen'd, on a lucky night,
He on the subject got a deal of light;
And thus doth Fame the circumstance report.

After exhibiting to pit and boxes,
To take a dram, the actor stroll'd to Fox's*;
Where soon his friend came in, such fine things saying,
Offering a thousand pretty salutations,
With full confirming oath-ejaculations,
Unto this son of Thespis, for his playing.

'By Heav'ns!' quoth he, 'unrivall'd is thy merit—
Thou play'dst to-night, my friend, with matchless spirit:
Zounds! my dear fellow, let me go to h—ll,
If ever part was acted half so well!'

The actor blush'd, and bow'd, and silly look'd,
To hear such compliments so nicely cook'd:
Getting the better of his *mauvaise honte*,
And staring at the other's steady front.

He ask'd—'What part, pray, mean ye? for, in troth,
I know of none that you should so commend'—
'What part!' replied the other with an oath:
'The *hind-part* of a jack-ass†, my dear friend!'

The player, pleas'd instead of being hurt,
Thank'd him for the discovery of his *fort*:
Pursu'd his genius—sought no higher game,
And by his jack-ass won *unenvied* fame.

* A tavern near the playhouse.

† A part in one of the pantomimes, which contains a large portion of kicking, braying, obstinacy, and tail-wriggling.

ODE VIII.

Peter *abuseth* Mr. *and* Mrs. Cosway.

FIE, Cosway! I'm asham'd to say
Thou own'st the title of R. A.—
I fear, to damn thee 'twas the Devil's sending;
Some honest calling quickly find,
And bid thy wife her kitchen mind,
Or shirts and shifts be making, or be mending.

If madam cannot make a shirt,
Or mend, or from it wash the dirt,
Better than paint—the poet for thee feels—
Or take a stitch up in thy stocking
(Which for a wife is very shocking),
I pity the condition of thy heels.

What vanity was in your skulls,
To make you act so like two fools,
T'expose your daubs, tho' made with wondrous pains [out?
Could Raphael's angry ghost arise,
And on the figures cast his eyes,
He'd catch a pistol up, and blow your brains out.

Muse, in this criticism, I fear,
Thou really hast been too severe:
Cosway paints miniature with truth and spirit,
And Mrs. Cosway boasts a fund of merit.

Be more like courtly Horace's thy page;
And shun of furious Juvenal the rage,
Of whom old Scaliger asserts—' *qui jugulat*'—
Id est—the fellow would not murder boggle at.

This Scaliger employs, too, the word *trucidat*:
That is, the bard would dash through thick and thin,
And, like a ruffian, would so use ye, that
He would not leave a whole bone in your skin.

ODE IX.

Peter *exhibiteth Bible Knowledge—Condemneth Imitators, and maketh Comparisons.*

SIR Joshua—for I've read my Bible over—
Of whose fine art I own myself a lover,
Puts me in mind of Matthew, the first chapter—
Abrâm got Isaac—Isaac, Jacob got—
Joseph to get, was lucky Jacob's lot,
And all his brothers,
Who very *nat'rally* made others,
Continuing to th' end of a long chapter—
A genealogy I read with rapture.

Yet, possibly, not with so much delight,
As Queensb'ry's duke, delighting in *good courses*,
Reads (which I'm told he doth, from morn to night)
The noble pedigrees of running-horses,
Penn'd with a deal of subtlety and labour,
By that great turf-apostle, Mr. Heber.

Sir Joshua's happy pencil hath produc'd
A host of copyists, much of the same feature;
By which the art hath greatly been abus'd—
I own Sir Joshua *great*—but nature *greater*.

But what, alas! is ten-times worse,
The progress of the art to curse,
The *copyists* have been *copied* too,
And that, I'm sure, will never do.

Such painters are like pointers hunting game,
Intent on pleasure, and dog-fame;
Suppose a half-a-dozen dogs, or more,
Snuffing, and scamp'ring, crossing the field o'er.

One pointer scents the partridge—points—
Fix'd like a statue on the pleasing gale!
How act the others?—Stop their scamp'ring joints;
And, lo! one's *nose* is on his neighbour's *tail*.

Perhaps this dog-comparison of mine,
Though vastly natural and vastly fine,
May not be fully understood
By all the youngling painter brood;
Therefore, that into error they mayn't roam,
I think I'll be a little more *at home.*

Suppose a damsel of the Cyprian class,
A fresh-imported, lovely, blooming lass,
Gay, careless, smiling, ogling, in the park—
Suppose those charms, so pleasing to the eye,
Catch the wild glance, and start the am'rous sigh,
Of some young roving military spark!

Lo! as if touch'd by bailiffs, or by thunder,
Sudden he stops—all-over staring wonder—
A thousand fancies his warm brain surround,
And nail'd, as if by magic, to the ground,
He *points* towards those fascinating charms
That rous'd the host of passions up in arms.
A brother ensign spies the stock-still lad,
And sudden halts—grave pond'ring what it means—
Another ensign, taking *this* for mad,
Upon his supple-jack, deep-marv'ling, leans:

Another ensign after *him*, too, sauntering,
Stops short, and to his eye applies his glass;
To know what stay'd his brother ensign's cantering,
Not dreaming of that eye-catcher, the lass.

Thus nosing one the other's back,
Stands in a goodly row the king's red pack:
Except the *first*, whom Nature's charms inflame,
His nose is properly towards the *game.*

E'en so, the President, to Nature true,
Doth mark her form, and all her haunts pursue;
Whilst half the silly brushmen of the land,
Contented take the nymph at *second-hand*;
Imps, who just boast the merit of *translators*—
Horace's *servum pecus*—*imitators.*

ODE X.

Peter *jeereth* Messieurs Serres *and* Zoffani, *and* *condemneth* Mr. Barret.

SERRES and Zoffani! I ween,
I better works than yours have seen;
You'll say, no compliment can well be colder:
Why, as you scarce are in your prime,
And wait the strength'ning hand of time,
I hope that you'll improve as you grow older*.

Believe me, Barret, thou hast truth and taste;
Yet sometimes art thou apt to be *unchaste*:
Too oft thy pencil, or thy genius flags—
Too oft thy landscapes, bonfires seem to be;
And in thy bustling clouds, methinks I see
The resurrection of old rags.

O Catton, our poor feelings spare!
Suppress thy trash another year;
Nor of thy folly make us say a hard thing—
And, lo! those daubs amongst the many,
Painted by Mr. Edward Penny!
They truly are not worth a half a farthing.

ODE XI.

Peter *cannonadeth* Fashion—*Adviseth People to use their own Eyes and Noses; and ordereth what is to be done with a* bad *Nose.*

ONE year the pow'rs of fashion rule
In favour of the Roman school;
Then hey, for drawing! Raphael and Poussin.

* The first is about 70 years of age, and the last 63 or 64.

The following year, the Flemish schools shall strike;
Then hey, for col'ring—Rubens and Vandyke;
And, lo! the Roman is not worth a pin.

Be not impos'd upon by Fashion's roar—
Fashion too often makes a monstrous noise,
Bids us, a fickle jade, like fools adore
The poorest trash, the meanest toys.

And as a gang of thieves a bustle make,
With greater ease your purse to take,
So Fashion frequently, her point to gain,
Sets up a howl enough to stun a stone,
And fairly picks the pocket of your brain,
That is, if any brain you chance to own.

Carry your eyes with you, where-e'er you go—
For not to trust to them, is t'abuse 'em;
As Nature gave them t'ye, you ought to know
The wise old lady meant that you should *use* 'em;
And yet, what thousands, to our vast surprise,
Of pictures judge by other people's eyes!

When Nature made a present of a nose
To each man's face, we justly may suppose
She meant, that for itself the nose should *think*,
And *judge* in matters of perfume and stink;
Not meant it for a mule alone, poor hack!
To bear horn spectacles upon its back—
'Suppose it cannot smell, what then?' you'll say.
Fling it away.

ODE XII.

The Lyric Bard *groweth witty on* Mr. Peters's *Angel and Child—and* Madam Angelica Kauffman.

DEAR Peters! who, like Luke the saint,
A man of Gospel art, and paint,
Thy pencil flames not with poetic fury:
If Heav'n's fair angels are like thine,
Our bucks, I think, O grave divine,
May meet in t'other world the nymphs of Drury.

The infant soul I do not much admire:
It boasteth somewhat more of flesh than fire.
The picture, Peters, cannot much adorn ye—
I'm glad though, that the red-fac'd little sinner,
Poor soul! hath made a hearty dinner,
Before it ventur'd on so long a journey.

Angelica my plaudit gains—
Her art so sweetly canvass stains!
Her dames so Grecian! give me such delight!
But, were she married to such gentle males
As figure in her painted tales,
I fear she'd find a stupid wedding-night.

ODE XIII.

Peter *lasheth the Ladies.—He turneth Story-teller.* Peter *grieveth.*

ALTHOUGH the ladies with such beauty blaze,
They very frequently my passion raise—
Their charms compensate, scarce, their want of *taste.*

Passing amidst the Exhibition crowd,
I heard some damsels *fashionably* loud;
And thus I give the dialogue that pass'd.

'Oh! the dear man!' cried one, 'look! here's a bon-
He shall paint *me*—I am determin'd on it— [net!
Lord! cousin, see! how beautiful the gown!
What charming colours! here's fine lace, here's gauze!
What pretty sprigs the fellow draws!
Lord, cousin! he's the cleverest man in town!'

'Ay, cousin,' cried a second, 'very true—
And here, here's charming green, and red, and blue!
There's a complexion beats the *rouge* of Warren!
See those red lips, oh la! they seem so nice!
What rosy cheeks then, cousin, to entice!—
Compar'd to this, all other heads are carrion.

Cousin, this limner quickly will be seen,
Painting the Princess Royal, and the Queen:
Pray, don't you think as I do, *Coz?*
But we'll be painted *first*, that's *poz*.'

Such was the very *pretty* conversation
That pass'd between the *pretty* misses,
Whilst unobserv'd, the glory of our nation,
Close by them hung Sir Joshua's matchless pieces.
Works! that a Titian's hand could form alone—
Works! that a Reubens had been proud to own.

Permit me, ladies, now to lay before ye
What lately happen'd—therefore a true story.

A STORY.

Walking one afternoon along the Strand,
My wond'ring eyes did suddenly expand
Upon a pretty leash of country lasses.

'Heav'ns! my dear beauteous angels, how d'ye do?
Upon my soul I'm monstrous glad to see ye.'
'Swinge! Peter, we are glad to meet with *you*;
We're just to London come—well, pray how be ye?

We're just a going, while 'tis light,
To see St. Paul's before 'tis dark.
Lord! come, for once, be so polite,
And condescend to be our spark.'

'With all my heart, my angels.'—On we walk'd,
And much of London—much of Cornwall talk'd.
Now did I hug myself to think
How much that glorious structure would surprise;
How from its awful grandeur they would shrink
With open mouths, and marv'ling eyes!

As near to Ludgate-Hill we drew,
St. Paul's just opening on our view,
Behold, my lovely strangers, one and all,
Gave, all at once, a diabolic squawl,
As if they had been tumbled on the stones,
And some confounded cart had crush'd their bones.

After well fright'ning people with their cries,
And sticking to a ribbon-shop their eyes,
They all rush'd in, with sounds enough to stun,
And clattering all together, thus begun:—

'Swinge! here are colours then, to please!
Delightful things, I vow to Heav'n!
Why! not to see such things as these,
We never should have been forgiv'n.

Here, here, are clever things—good Lord!
And, sister, here, upon my word—
Here, here!—look! here are beauties to delight:
Why! how a body's heels might dance
Along from Launceston to Penzance,
Before that one might meet with such a sight!'

'Come, ladies, 'twill be dark,' cried I—'I fear:
Pray let us view St. Paul's, it is so near.'—

'Lord! Peter,' cried the girls, 'don't mind St. Paul!
Sure! you're a most *incurious* soul—
Why—we can see the church another day;
Don't be afraid—St. Paul's can't *run away*.'

Reader,
If e'er thy bosom felt a thought *sublime*,
Drop tears of pity with the man of rhime!

ODE XIV.

Peter *disclaimeth Flattery—Describeth the* Grand Monarque—*and promiseth critical Candour.*

'TIS very true, that flattery's not my *fort*—
I cannot to stupidity pay court—
And swear a face *looks sense* (the picture puffing)
That boasts no more *expression* than a muffin.

And yet, a Frenchman can do this,
And think he doth not act amiss;
Although he tells a most confounded lie.
King Lewis leads me into this remark,
Call'd by his people all, le grand Monarque;
A demi-god in every Frenchman's eye.

His portrait by some famous hand was done,
And then exhibited at the *Salon*—
At once a courtly critic *criticises*—
'Where is the brilliant eye, the charming grace,
The sense profound that marks the royal face;
The *soul* of Lewis, that so very *wise is?*

Yet when he bawl'd for sense, he bawl'd, I wot,
For furniture the head had never *got*.
Reader, believe me that this *gentleman*
Was form'd on nature's very homely plan.—

Clumsy in legs and shoulders, head and gullet,
His mouth abroad in seeming wonder lost,
As if its meaning had given up the ghost:
His eye far duller than a leaden bullet;
Nature so slighting the poor royal nob,
As if she bargain'd for it by the *job*.

Therefore, should mighty G——, or great Lord [North,
Both *gentlefolks* of high condition,
Think it worth while to send their faces forth,
To stare amidst the Royal Exhibition—

If likenesses, I'll not condemn the pictures,
To compliment those mighty people's polls:
I scorn to pass unfair, and cruel strictures.
By asking for the *graces*, or their *souls*.

ODE XV.

Peter *praiseth* Mr. Stubbs, *and administereth wholesome Advice—Surpriseth* Mr. Hone *with a Compliment—Concludeth with suspecting the Ingratitude of the* Royal Academicians.

WELL-pleas'd thy horses, Stubbs, I view,
And eke thy dogs, to nature true:
Let modern artists match thee, if they can;
Such animals thy genius suit—
Then stick, I beg thee, to the brute,
And meddle not with woman, nor with man.

And now for Mr. Nathan Hone—
In portrait thou 'rt as much *alone*,
As in his landscape stands th' unrival'd Claude—
Of pictures I have seen enough,
Most vile, most execrable stuff!
But none so bad as thine, I vow to God.

Thus in the cause of painting loyal,
Sublime I've sung to artists royal—
With labour-pains the Muse hath sore been torn!
And yet each academic face,
I fear me, hath not got the grace
To smile upon the bantling, now 'tis born.

MORE
LYRIC ODES
TO THE
ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.

Ecce iterum Crispinus.

LYRIC ODES.

ODE I.

Peter *puffeth away—Displayeth his Learning—Praiseth the Reviewers—Describeth himself most pathetically—Consoleth himself—Disliketh the Road to the Temple of Fame by Means of a Pistol, Poison, or a Rope—Addresseth great Folks—Giveth the King a broad Hint—Asketh a queer Question—Maketh as queer an Apostrophe to* Genius.

SONS of the brush, I'm here again!
At times a Pindar, and Fontaine,
Casting poetic pearl (I fear) to swine!
For hang me if my last year's odes
Paid rent for lodgings near the gods*,
Or put one sprat into this mouth divine.

For odes, my cousin had rump-stakes to eat!
So says Pausanias—loads of dainty meat!
And this the towns of Greece, to give, thought fit:
The best historians, one and all, declare,
With the most solemn air,
The poet might have guttled till he split.

* The attic story, or, according to the vulgar phrase, garret.

How different far, alas! *my* worship's fate!
To sooth the horrors of an empty plate,
The grave possessors of the critic throne*,
Gave me, in truth, a pretty treat—
Of flattery, mind me, not of meat;
For they, poor souls, like me, are skin and bone.

No, no! with all my lyric pow'rs,
I'm not like Mrs. Cosway's *Hours*†,
Red as cock-turkeys, plump as barn-door chicken:
Merit and I are miserably off:
We both have got a most consumptive cough;
Hunger hath long our harmless bones been picking.

Merit and I, so innocent, so good,
Are like the little children in the wood—
And soon, like them, shall lay us down and die!
May some good Christian bard, in pity strong,
Turn redbreast kind, and with the sweetest song
Bewail our hapless fate with wat'ry eye!

Poor Chatterton was starv'd—with all his art!
Some consolation this to my lean heart—
Like him, in holes too, spider-like, I mope;
And there my rev'rence may remain, alas!
The world will not discover it, the ass!
Until I scrape acquaintance with a rope.

Then up your Walpoles, Bryants, mount like bees;
Then each my pow'rs with adoration sees—
Nothing their kind civilities can hinder—
When, like an Otho, I am found;
Like Jacob's sons, they'll look one t'other round,
And cry, 'Who would have thought this a young Pindar?'

* See the Reviews for last year.

† A sublime picture this! the expression is truly Homerical. The fair artist hath, in the most surprising manner, communicated to canvass the old bard's idea of the *brandy-fac'd hours*.—See the Iliad.

Hanging's a dismal road to fame—
Pistols and poison just the same—
And what is worse, one can't come back again—
Soon as the beauteous gem we find,
We can't display it to mankind,
Tho' won with such wry mouths and wriggling pain.

Ye lords and dukes so clever, say
(For you have much to give away,
And much your gentle patronage I lack),
Speak, is it not a crying sin,
That Folly's guts are to his chin,
Whilst *mine* are slunk a mile into my back?

Oft as his sacred Majesty I see, [thee,
Ah! George (I sigh) thou hast good things with
Would make me sportive as a youthful cat;
It is not that my soul so loyal
Would wish to wed the Princess Royal,
Or be archbishop—no! I'm not for that.

Nor really have I got the grace
To wish for laureat Whitehead's place;
Whose odes Cibberian—sweet, yet very manly,
Are set with equal strength by Mr. Stanley.

Would not one swear that Heav'n *lov'd* fools,
There's such a number of them made;
Bum-proof to all the flogging of the schools,
No ray of knowledge could their skulls pervade?
Yet, take a peep into those fellows' breeches,
We stare like congers, to observe their riches.

O Genius! what a wretch art thou,
Thou canst not keep a mare nor cow,
With all thy compliment of wit so frisky!
Whilst Folly, as a mill-horse blind,
Beside his compter, gold can find,
And Sundays sport a *strumpet* and a *whisky!*

ODE II.

Peter *beginneth to criticise—Addresseth the British* Raphael—*Promiseth* Mr. West *great things, and like great Folks breaks his Word—Laugheth at the Figure of* King Charles—*Lasheth that of* Oliver Cromwell; *and ridiculeth the Picture of* Peter *and* John *galloping to the Sepulchre—Understandeth plain-work, and justly condemneth the Shortness of the Shirts of* Mr. West's *Angels —Concludeth with making that Artist a handsome Offer of an American Immortality.*

NOW for my criticism on paints,
Where bull-dogs, heroes, sinners, saints,
Flames, thunder, lightning, in confusion meet!—
Behold the works of Mr. West!—
That artist first shall be addrest—
His pencil with due reverence I greet—

Still bleeding from his last year's wound,
Which from my doughy lance he found;
Methinks I hear the trembling painter bawl,
'Why dost thou persecute me, *Saul*?'

West, let me whisper in thy ear—
Snug as a thief within a mill,
From me thou hast no cause to fear,
To panegyric will I turn my skill;
And if thy *picture* I am forc'd to blame,
I'll say most *handsome* things about the *frame*.

Don't be cast down—instead of gall,
Molasses from my pen shall fall:
And yet, I fear thy gullet it is such,

That could I pour all Niagara down,
Were Niagara praise, thou wouldst not frown.
Nor think the thund'ring gulf one drop too much.

Ye gods! the portrait of the King!
A very *Saracen!* a glorious *thing!*
It shows a *flaming pencil,* let me tell ye—
Methinks I see the people stare,
And, anxious for his life, declare,
'King George hath got a fireship in his belly.'

Thy Charles!—what must I say to that?
Each face unmeaning, and so flat!—
Indeed, first cousin to a piece of board—
But, Muse, we've promis'd in our lays,
To give our *Yankey* painter praise;
So, madam, 'tis but fair to keep your word.

Well then, the Charles of Mr. West,
And Oliver, I do protest,
And eke the witnesses of resurrection*;
Will stop a hole, keep out the wind,
And make a properer window-blind,
Than great Correggio's, us'd for horse-protection†.

They'll make good floor cloths, tailors' measures,
For table coverings, be treasures,
With butchers, form for flies most charming flappers;
And Monday mornings at the tub,
When queens of suds their linen scrub,
Make for the blue-nos'd nymphs delightful wrappers.

West, I forgot last year to say,
Thy Angels did my delicacy hurt;
Their linen so much coarseness did display:
What's worse, each had not above half a shirt.
I tell thee, cambric fine as webs of spiders,
Ought to have deck'd that brace of heavenly riders.

* Peter and John.

† Correggio's best pictures were actually made use of in the royal stables in the North, to keep the wind from the tails of the horses.

Could not their saddle-bags, pray, jump
To something longer for each rump?
I'd buy much better at a Wapping shop;
By vulgar tongues baptiz'd a slop!
Do mind, my friend, thy hits another time,
And thou shalt cut a figure in my rhime.
Sublimely tow'ring 'midst th' Atlantic roar,
I'll waft thy praises to thy native shore*;
Where *Liberty's* brave sons their pœans sing,
And every scoundrel convict is a *king*.

ODE III.

The Poet addresseth Mr. Gainsborough—*Exhibiteth great Scripture Erudition—Condemneth* Mr. Gainsborough's *Plagiarism—Giveth the Artist wholesome Advice—Praiseth the Cornish Boy; and sayeth fine things to* Jackson.

NOW, Gainsborough, let me view thy shining labours,
Who, mounted on thy painting throne,
On other brushmen look'st contemptuous down,
Like our great admirals on a gang of swabbers.

My eyes broad-staring wonder leads
To yon dear nest of royal heads†!
How each the soul of my attention pulls!
Suppose, my friend, thou giv'st the frame
A pretty little Bible name,
And call'st it *Golgotha, the place of skulls?*

* America.

† A frame full of heads, in most *humble* imitation of the royal family.

Say, didst thou really paint 'em? (to be free)
An angel finish'd Luke's transcendent line—
Perchance that civil angel was with thee—
For let me perish if I think them thine.

Thy dogs* are good!—but yet, to make thee stare,
The piece hath gain'd a number of deriders—
They tell thee, Genius in it had no share,
But that thou foully stol'st the curs from Snyders.

I do not blame thy borrowing a hint,
For, to be plain, there's nothing in't—
The man who scorns to do it, is a log:
An eye, an ear, a tail, a nose,
Were modesty, one might suppose;
But, z—ds! thou must not smuggle the *whole dog*.

O Gainsborough! Nature 'plaineth sore,
That thou hast kick'd her out of door,
Who in her bounteous gifts hath been so free,
To cull such genius out for thee—
Lo! all thy efforts without her are vain!
Go find her, kiss her, and be friends again.

Speak, Muse, who form'd that matchless head,
The Cornish Boy†, in tin mines bred;
Whose native genius, like his diamonds, shone
In secret, till chance gave him to the *sun?*
'Tis Jackson's portrait—put the laurel on it,
Whilst to that tuneful swan I pour a sonnet.

SONNET,

TO JACKSON, OF EXETER.

ENCHANTING harmonist! the art is thine,
Unmatch'd, to pour the soul-dissolving air
That seems poor weeping Virtue's hymn divine,
Soothing the wounded bosom of despair!

* A picture of boys setting dogs to fight.
† Opie.

O say, what minstrel of the sky hath given
 To swell the dirge, so musically lorn?
Declare, hath dove-ey'd Pity left her heaven,
 And lent thy happy hand her lyre to mourn?

So sad—thy songs of hopeless hearts complain,
 Love, from his Cyprian isle, prepares to fly;
He hastes to listen to thy tender strain,
 And learn from thee to breathe a sweeter sigh.

ODE IV.

The great Peter, *by a bold Pindaric Jump, leapeth from Sonnet to Gull-catching.*

READER, dost know the mode of catching gulls?
 If not, I will inform thee—Take a board,
And place a fish upon it for the fools—
 A sprat, or any fish by gulls ador'd:

 Those birds, who love a lofty flight,
 And sometimes bid the sun good night;
 Spying the glittering bait that floats below;
 Sans cérémonie, down they rush
 (For gulls have got no manners), on they push;
And what's the pretty consequence, I trow?
 They strike their gentle jobbernowls of lead
 Plump on the board—then lie like boobies dead.

Reader, thou need'st not beat thy brains about,
To make so plain an application out—
There's many a painting puppy, take my word,
Who knocks his silly head against a *board*—
That might have help'd the state—made a good jailor,
A nightman, or a tolerable taylor.

ODE V.

Peter *discovereth more scriptural Erudition—Groweth sarcastic on the Exhibition—Giveth a wonderful Account of* St. Dennis—*Blusheth for the Honour of his Country—Talketh sensibly of the* Duc de Chartres *and the* French King.

'FIND me in Sodom out,' (exclaim'd the Lord)
'Ten *gentlemen*, the place shan't be *untown'd*—
That is, I will not burn it ev'ry board:'
The dev'l a gentleman was to be found!
But this was rather hard, since Heav'n well knew
That every fellow in it was a *Jew*.

This house is nearly in the same condition—
Scarce are *good things* amid those wide abodes—
Find me ten pictures in this Exhibition,
That ought not to be d—n'd, I'll burn my Odes!
And then the world will be in fits and vapours,
Just as it was for poor Lord Mansfield's papers*.

St. Dennis, when his jowl was taken off,
Hugg'd it, and kiss'd it—carried it a mile—
This was a pleasant miracle enough,
That maketh many an unbeliever smile.

''Sblood! 'tis a lie!' you roar—Pray do not swear,
You may believe the wondrous tale indeed!
Speak, hav'n't you said that many a picture here
Was really done by folks without a *head?*

* To the irreparable loss of the public, and that great law expounder, burnt! burnt in Lord George Gordon's religious conflagration.—The newspapers howled for months over their ashes.—*Ohe jam satis est.*

And hav'n't you sworn this instant, with surprise,
That he who *did* that *thing*, had neither hands nor
eyes?

How is it that such miserable stuff
The walls of this stupendous building stains?
The council's ears with pleasure I could cuff;
Mind me—I don't say, batter out their *brains*.
What will Duke Chartres say when he goes home
And tells King Lewis all about the room?

Why, viewing such a set of red-hot heads,
Our Exhibition he will liken *Hell* to;
Then to the *Monarch*, who both *writes* and *reads*,
Give hand-bills of the *wonderous Katterfelto*.
Swearing th' Academy was all so flat,
He'd rather see the *wizard* and his *cat*.

ODE VI.

The British Peter *elegantly and happily depicteth his great Cousin of* Thebes—*Talketh of Fame—Horsewhippeth the Painters for turning their own Trumpeters.*

A DESULTORY way of writing,
A hop and step and jump mode of inditing,
My great and wise relation, Pindar, boasted:
Or (for I love the bard to flatter)
By jerks, like boar-pigs making water,
Whatever first came in his sconce,
Bounce, out it flew, like bottl'd ale, at once,
A cock, a bull, a whale, a soldier roasted.

What sharks we mortals are for fame!
How poacher-like we hunt the game!
No matter, for it, how we play the fool—
And yet, 'tis pleasing our own laud to hear,
And really very natural to prefer
One grain of praise to pounds of ridicule.

I've lost all patience with the trade—
  I mean the painters—who can't stay
To see their words by criticism display'd
  And hear what *others* have to say;
But calling Fame a vile old lazy strumpet,
Sound their own praise from their own penny trumpet.

  Amidst the hurly-burly of my brain,
  Where the mad Lyric muse, with pain,
  Hammering hard verse her skill employs,
  And beats a tinman's shop in noise;
  Catching wild tropes and smiles,
  That hop about like swarms of fleas—
  We've *lost* Sir Joshua—Ah! that charming elf,
  I'm griev'd to say, hath this year lost *himself*.

  Oh! Richard, thy St. George† so brave,
  Wisdom and Prudence could not save
From being foully murder'd, my good friend;
  Some weep to see the woful figure;
  Whilst others laugh, and many snigger,
As if their mirth would never have an end.

  Prithee accept th' advice I give with sorrow—
  Of poor St. George the useless armour borrow
To guard thy own poor corpse—don't be a mule—
  Take it—e'en now thou'rt like a hedgehog, *quill'd*
  (Richard, I hope in God thou art not *kill'd*)
By the dire shafts of merc'less ridicule.

  Pity it is! 'tis true 'tis pity!
As Shakespeare lamentably says,
  That thou, in this observing city,
Thus runn'st a wh-r-ng after PRAISE:

* At the beginning of the Exhibition, the public papers swarmed with those self-adulators.

† See Mr. Cosway's picture of Prudence, Wisdom, and Valour arming St. George.

With *strong desires* I really think thee fraught;
But, Dick, the nymph, so coy, will not be caught.

Yet, for thy consolation, mind!
In this wounded pride may refuge find—
Think of the *sage* who wanted a fine *piece:*
Who went, *in vain*, five hundred miles at least,
On Laïs, a sweet *fille de joie*, to feast—
The Mrs. Robinson of Greece.

Prithee give up, and save the paints and oil,
And don't whole acres of good canvass spoil:
Thou'lt say, 'Lord! many hundreds do like *me*'
Lord! so have fellows *robb'd*—nay, further,
Hundreds of villains have committed *murther;*
But, Richard, are these precedents for *thee?*

ODE VII.

Peter *groweth ironically facetious.*

NATURE's a coarse, vile, daubing jade—
I've said it often, and repeat it—
She doth not understand her trade—
Artists, ne'er mind *her* work, I hope you'll *beat it.*

Look now, for Heav'n's sake, at her skies!
What are they?—Smoke, for certainty, I know;
From chimney-tops, behold! they rise,
Made by some sweating cooks below.

Look at her dirt in lanes, from whence it comes—
From hogs, and ducks, and geese, and horses' bums.
Then tell me, *decency*, I must request,
Who'd copy such a dev'lish nasty *beast?*

Paint by the yard—your canvass spread,
Broad as the main-sail of a man of war—
Your whale shall eat up ev'ry other head,
Ev'n as the sun licks up each sneaking star!

I do assure you, *bulk* is no bad trick——
By bulky *things* both *men* and *maids* are taken—
Mind, too, to lay the paints like mortar thick,
And make your picture look as red as bacon.
All folks love *size*; believe my rhime;
Burke says, 'tis part of the *sublime*.

A Dutchman, I forget his name—*Van Grout,*
Van Slabberchops, Van Stink, Van Swab,——
No matter, though I cannot make it out——
At calling names I never was a dab:

This Dutchman, then, a man of taste,
Holding a cheese that weigh'd a hundred pound,
Thus, like a Burgomaster, spoke with judgement *vast*,
'No poet like my broder step de ground:

He be de bestest poet, look!
Dat all de world must please;
For he heb vrite von book,
So *big* as all dis *cheese!*'

If at a *distance* you would paint a pig,
Make out each single bristle on his back:
Or if your meaner subject be a wig,
Let not the caxon a *distinctness* lack;
Else, all the lady critics will so stare,
And, angry vow, ''Tis not a bit like hair!'

Be smooth as glass—like Denner finish high;
Then every tongue commends——
For people judge not *only* by the eye,
But *feel* your merit by their finger ends:
Nay! closely *nosing*, o'er the picture dwell,
As if to try the *goodness* by the *smell*.

Claude's distances are too confus'd——
One floating scene—nothing made out——
For which he ought to be abus'd,
Whose works have been so cry'd about.

Give me the pencil, whose amazing style
Makes a bird's beak appear at twenty mile;

And to my view, eyes, legs, and claws will bring,
With ev'ry feather of his tail and wing.

Make all your trees alike, for nature's *wild*——
Fond of variety, a wayward child——
To blame your taste some blockheads may presume;
But mind that ev'ry one be like a broom.
Of steel and purest silver form your waters,
And make your clouds like rocks and alligators.

Whene'er you paint the moon, if you are willing
To gain applause—why paint her like a shilling:
Or Sol's bright orb—be sure to make him glow
Precisely like a guinea, or a jo*.
In short, to get your pictures prais'd and sold
Convert, like Midas, *every thing to gold*.

I see, at excellence, you'll come at *last*——
Your clouds are made of very brilliant stuff;
The blue on China mugs are now surpass'd,
Your sun-sets yield not to brick walls, nor buff.

In stumps of trees your art so finely thrives,
They really look like golden-hafted knives!
Go on, my lads—leave Nature's dismal hue,
And she, ere long, will come and copy *you*.

ODE VIII.

The sublime Peter *concludeth in a Sweat*.

THUS have I finish'd, for this time,
My odes, a little wild and rambling——
May people bite like gudgeons at my rhime!
I long to see them scrambling——
Then very soon I'll give 'em more (God willing)
But this is full sufficient for a *shilling*.
For such a trifle, *such a heap!*
Indeed I sell my goods too *cheap*.

* A Portugal coin, *vulgarly* called a Johannes.

'*Finish'd!*' a disappointed artist cries,
With open mouth, and straining eyes;
Gaping for praise, like a young crow for meat——
'Lord! why you have not mentioned *me!*'
Mention *thee!*
Thy *impudence* hath put me in a *sweat*—
What rage for fame attends both great and small!
Better be *d—n'd*, than mention'd *not at all!*

LYRIC ODES,

FOR

MDCCLXXXV.

—— Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?——

HORAT.

LYRIC ODES.

ODE I.

The divine Peter *giveth an Account of a Conference he held last Year with* Satire, *who advised him to attack some of the* R. A.'s, *to tear* Mr. West's *Works to Pieces, abuse* Mr. Gainsborough, *fall foul of* Mrs. Cosway's *Sampson, and give a gentle Stroke on the Back of* Mr. Rigaud—*The Poet's gentle answer to* Satire—*The Ode of Remonstrance that* Peter *received on Account of his* Lyrics—Satire's *Reply*—Peter's *Resolution.*

'NOT, not this year the lyric Peter sings—
The great R. A.'s have wish'd my song to cease;
I will not pluck a feather from your wings—
So, sons of canvass! take your naps in peace.'

Such was my last year's gracious speech,
Sweet as the King's to Commons and to Peers,
Always with sense and tropes as plum-cake rich,
A luscious banquet for his people's ears!

'Not write!' cried Satire, red as fire with rage,
'This instant glorious war with dulness wage;
Take, take my supple-jack,
Play St. Bartholomew with many a back!

Flay half the academic imps alive!
Smoke, smoke the drones of that stupendous hive.

Begin with George's idol, West ;—
And then proceed in order with the rest:
This moment knock me down his master Moses*,
On Sinai's mountain, where his nose is
Cock'd up so pertly plump against the Lord,
Upon my word,
With all that ease to Him who rules above,
As if that Heaven and he were *hand and glove*.'

'Indeed,' quoth I, 'the piece hath points of merit,
Though not possess'd throughout of equal spirit.'

'What!' answer'd Satire, 'not knock Moses down!
O stupid Peter! what the devil mean ye?
He looks a dapper barber of the town,
With paper sign-board out—"Shave for a penny."

Observe the saucy Israelite once more—
Wears he the countenance that should *adore?*

No! 'tis a son of lather—a rank prig;
Who, 'stead of begging of the Lord the Law,
With *sober* looks, and *reverential* awe,
Seems pertly tripping up to fetch his wig.

With all her thunder bid the Muse
Fall furious on the group of Jews,
Whose shoulders are adorn'd with *Christian faces*;
For by each phiz (I speak without a gibe),
There's not an Israelite in all the tribe—
Not that they are encumber'd by the Graces.

Strike off the head of Jeremiah†,
And break the bones of old Isaiah‡;
Down with the duck-wing'd angels‖, that abreast

* Moses receiving the Law on Mount Sinai.
† A picture by Mr. West. ‡ Another picture by West.
‖ In the Apotheosis, a picture by West.

Stretch from a thing call'd *cloud*, and, by their
Wear more the visage of young rooks [looks,
Cawing for victuals from their nest.

Deal Gainsborough a lash, for pride so stiff,
Who robs us of such pleasure for a miff;
Whose pencil, when he chooses, can be chaste,
Give nature's form, and please the eye of taste.

Of cuts on Sampson* don't be sparing,
Between two garden-rollers staring,
Shown by the lovely Dalilah foul play!
To atoms tear that Frenchman's† trash,
Then bountifully deal the lash
On *such* as *dar'd* to dub him an R. A.'

Thus Satire to the gentle poet cry'd—
And *thus* with lamb-like sweetness, I reply'd:—

'Dear Satire! pray consult my life and ease;
Were I to write whatever you desire,
The fat would all be fairly in the fire—
R. A.'s surround me like a swarm of bees,
Or like a flock of small birds round a fowl
Of *solemn speculation*, call'd an Owl.'

Quoth I, 'O Satire, I'm a simple youth,
Must make my fortune, therefore not speak truth,
Although as sterling as the Holy Bible—
Truth makes it (Mansfield says) the more a libel:
I shall not sleep in peace within my hutch;
Like Doctor Johnson‡, I have wrote *too much*.'

* A picture by Mrs. Cosway.

† Rigaud.

‡ The story goes, that Sam, before his *political conversion*, replied to his present Majesty, in the Library at Buckingham-House, on being asked by the Monarch, why he did not write more?—'Please your Majesty, I have written *too much*.' So candid a declaration, of which the sturdy moralist did not believe one syllable, procured him pension, and a muzzle.

When Mount Vesuvius* pour'd his flames,
And frighten'd all the Naples' dames,
What did the ladies of the city do?
Why, order'd a fat Cardinal to go
With good St. Januarius's head,
And shake it at the Mountain 'midst his riot
To try to keep the bully quiet:
The parson went, and shook the jowl, and sped;
Snug was the word—the flames at once kept house,
The fright'ned Mount grew mute as any mouse.

Thus, should Lord Mansfield from his bench agree
To shake his lion-mane-like wig at *me*,
And bid his grim-look'd myrmidons assail—
With heads Medusan, and with hearts of bone;
Who, if they did not *turn* me into *stone*,
Might *turn* my limbs, *so gentle*, into *jail*.

Read, read this ode, just come to hand,
Giving the Muse to understand
That cruelty and scandal swell her song,
And that 'twere better far she held her tongue.

TO PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

A thousand frogs, upon a summer's day,
Were sporting 'midst the sunny ray,
In a large pool, reflecting ev'ry face;—
They show'd their gold-lac'd clothes with pride,
In harmless sallies, frequent vied,
And gambol'd through the water with a *grace*.
It happen'd that a band of boys,
Observant of their harmless joys,

* See Sir William Hamilton's account.

Thoughtless, resolv'd to spoil their happy sport;
One phrensy seiz'd both *great* and *small*,
On the poor frogs the rogues began to fall,
Meaning to *splash* them, not to do them *hurt*.

Lo, as old authors sing, 'the stones 'gan pour,'
Indeed an Otaheite show'r!
The consequence was *dreadful*, let me tell ye;
One's eye was beat out of his head,
This limp'd away, that lay for dead—
Here mourn'd a broken back, and there a belly.

Amongst the *smitten*, it was found,
Their beauteous queen receiv'd a wound;
The blow gave ev'ry heart a sigh,
And drew a tear from ev'ry eye :—
At length King Croak got up, and thus begun—
'My lads, you think this very pretty *fun!*

Your pebbles round us fly as thick as hops,—
Have *warmly* complimented all our chops ;—
To *you* I guess that these are *pleasant stones!*
And so they might be to *us frogs*,
You damn'd, young, good-for-nothing dogs,
But that they are so *hard*, they break our bones.'

Peter! thou mark'st the meaning of this fable—
So put thy Pegasus into the stable;
Nor wanton thus with cruel pride,
Mad, Jehu-like, o'er harmless people ride.

To drop the metaphor—the fair*,
Whose works thy Muse forbore to spare,
Is blest with talents *Envy* must approve;
And didst thou know her heart, thou sure wouldst say,
'*Perdition* catch the *cruel lay!*'
Then strike the lyre to *Innocence* and *Love*.

'Poh, poh!' cried Satire, with a smile,
'Where is the glorious freedom of our isle,

* Mrs. Cosway.

If not permitted to call names?'
Methought the argument had weight—
'Satire,' quoth I, 'you're very right'—
So once more forth volcanic Peter flames!

ODE II.

The Poet correcteth the Muse's Warmth, who beginneth with little less than calling names—Hinteth at some academic Giants—And concludeth with a Pair of apt and elegant Similies.

'TAGRAGS and bobtails of the sacred brush!'—
For Heaven's sake, Muse, be prudent:—Hush! hush! hush!
The great R. A.'s, so jealous of their fame,
Will all declare, of *them* we make a game;
And then, the Lord have mercy on our skins!

Think what a formidable phalanx, Muse,
Strengthen'd by Messieurs Garvay, and Rigaud, and
How *dangerous* such a body to abuse! [Co.

Then there's among the academic crew,
A MAN* that made the President look blue;
Brandish'd his weapon—with a whirlwind's forces,
Tore by the roots his flourishing discourses;
And swore his own sweet Irish howl could pour
A half a dozen such, in half an hour.

Be prudent, Muse!—once more I pray—
In vain I preach! th' advice is thrown away:
Ev'n now you turn your nose up with a sneer,
And cry—Lord! Reynolds has no cause to fear:

* Mr. Barry.

When Barry dares the President to fly on,
'Tis like a mouse, that, work'd into a rage,
Daring most dreadful war to wage,
Nibbles the tail of the Nemæan lion.

Or like a louse, of mettle full,
Nurs'd in some giant's skull—
Because Goliath scratch'd him as he fed,
Employs with vehemence his angry claws,
And gaping, grinning, formidable jaws,
To *carry off* the *giant's head!*

ODE III.

The Poet addresseth Sir William Chambers, *a Gentleman of Consequence in the Election of* R. A.'s *—He accuseth the Knight of a partial and ridiculous Distribution of the academic Honours—Threateneth him with Rhime—Adviseth a Reformation.*

ONE minute, gentle irony, retire—
Behold! I'm graver than a *mustard-pot*;
The Muse, with bile as hot as fire,
Could call *fool, puppy, blockhead*, and what not;
As brother Horace has it—*tumet jecur*:—
Nor in her angry progress will I check her.

I'm told, that Satan has been long at work
To bring the Academy into disgrace;
Oh! may that member's b-ck—de feel his fork,
Who dares to violate the sacred place!
Who dares the Devil join
In so nefarious a design?
Yet, lo! what dolts the honours claim!
I leave their works to tell their name.

Th' Academy is like a microscope—
For, by the magnifying power, are seen
Objects, that for *attention* ne'er could hope;
No more, alas! than if they ne'er had *been*.

So rare a building, and so grac'd
With monuments of ancient taste,
Statues and busts, relievos and intaglios;
For *such poor things* to watch the treasure,
Is laughable beyond all measure—
'Tis just like eunuchs put to guard seraglios.

Think not, Sir William, I'm in jest—
By Heaven! I will not let thee rest:
Yet thou mayst bluster like bull-beef so big;
And of thy own importance full,
Exclaim, 'Great *cry*, and little *wool!*'
As Satan holla'd, when he shav'd the pig.

Yes, thou shalt feel my tomahawk of satire,
And find that *scalping* is a serious matter:
Shock'd at th' abuse, how rage inflames my veins!
Who can help *swearing*, when such wights he sees
Crept to th' Academy by ways and means,
Like mites and skippers in a Cheshire cheese?

What beings will the next year's choice disclose,
The academic list to grace?
Some *skeletons of art*, I do suppose,
That ought to blush to show their face.

Sir William! tremble at the Muse's tongue;
Parnassus boasts a formidable throng!
All people recollect poor Marsyas' fate,
Save such as are dead, drunk, or fast asleep:
Apollo tied the culprit to a gate,
And flay'd him as a butcher flays a sheep:
And why?—Lord! not as history rehearses,
Because he scorn'd his *piping*, but his *verses:*
In vain, like a poor pillory'd punk, he bawl'd,
And kick'd and writh'd, and said his pray'rs, and sprawl'd;

'Twas all in vain—the God pursu'd his sport,
And pull'd his *hide* off—as you'd pull your *shirt!*
Then bid not rage the Muse's soul inflame,
Whose thund'ring voice *damnation* makes or *fame.*

You'll ask me, p'rhaps, 'Good master Peter, pray
What right have *you* to speak?'—then pertly smile.
I'll tell you, sir—My pocket help'd to pay
For building that expensive pile,
A pile that credit to the nation gains,
And does *small* honour to your worship's brains.

It made a tax on candles and shoe-leather,
Of monstrous use in dirty weather:
It also made a tax on butchers' shops,
So spread its influence o'er *poetic chops*;
A most alarming tax to ev'ry poet,
Whose poor lank greyhound ribs with sorrow show it.

Therefore, Sir Knight, pray mend your manners:
And don't choose cobblers, blacksmiths, tinkers, tanners:
Some people love the converse of low folks,
To gain broad grins for good-for-nothing jokes—
Though *thou*, 'midst dulness, mayst be pleas'd to shine,
Reynolds shall ne'er sit cheek-by-jowl with *swine.*

ODE IV.

The Poet again payeth his Respects to Sir William Chambers—*Complaineth of his Illiberality in his Choice of* R. A.'s—*Adviseth him to keep Company with* Prudence, *whom he describeth most* naturally—*He threateneth the Knight—And concludeth with a beautiful Simile.*

THE Muse is in the fidgets—can't sit still—
She must have t'other talk with you, Sir Will.
Since her last ode, with sorrow hath she heard

You want not men with heav'nly *genius* blest,
But wish the title of R. A. conferr'd [best,
On such as catch the bugs, and sweep the spiders
Wash of the larger statues best, the faces,
And clean the dirty linen of the Graces;
Scour best the skins of the young marble brats,
Trap mice, and clear th' Academy from rats.

You look for men whose heads are rather *tubbish*,
Or, drum-like, better form'd for *sound* than *sense*;
Pleas'd with the fine Arabian to dispense,
You want the *big-bon'd drayhorse* for your *rubbish*.

Raise not the Muse's anger, I desire;
High-born, she's hotter than the lightning's fire,
And proud! (believe the poet's word)
Proud as the lady of a new-made lord;
Proud as, in all her gorgeous trappings drest,
Fat Lady Mayoress at a city feast;
Whose spouse makes wigs, or some such glorious thing,
Shoes, gloves, hats, nightcaps, breeches, for the King.

Prudence, Sir William, is a jewel—
Is clothes, and meat, and drink, and fuel!
Prudence! for man the very best of *wives*,
Whom *Bards* have *seldom* met with in their lives;
Which, *certès*, doth account for, in some measure,
Their grievous want of worldly treasure,
On which the *greatest blockheads* make their *brags*;
And showeth why we see, instead of lace,
About the poet's back, with little grace,
Those fluttering, *French-like* followers, call'd *rags*.

Prudence! a sweet, obliging, curtseying lass,
Fit through this hypocritic world to *pass!*
Who kept at first a little peddling shop,
Swept her own room, twirl'd her own mop,
Wash'd her own smocks, caught her own fleas,
And rose to fame and fortune by degrees;
Who, when she enter'd other people's houses,
Till spoke to, was as silent as a mouse is;

And of opinions, though possess'd a store,
She left them with her pattens—at the door.

Sir William, you're a *hound!* and hunting *Fame;*—
Undoubtedly the *woman* is fair game:
But, Nimrod, mind—my Muse is *whipper-in!*
So that, if ever you disgrace,
By turning *cur*, your noble race,
The Lord have mercy on your *curship's* skin!

ODE V.

The Poet openeth his Account of the Exhibitors at the Academy—Praiseth Reynolds—*Half damneth* Mr. West—*Completely damneth* Mr. Wright *of Derby—Complimenteth* Mr. Opie.

MUSE, sing the wonders of the present year:
Declare what works of sterling worth appear.
Reynolds, his heads divine, as usual, gives,
Where Guido's, Rubens', Titian's genius lives!
Works! I'm afraid, like beauty of *rare quality*,
Born soon to fade!—too subject to mortality!

West most judiciously my counsel takes,
Paints by the acre—witness parson Peter*:
For garbs, he very pretty blankets makes,
Deserving praises in the sweetest metre.

The flesh of Peter's audience is not *good*—
Too much like ivory, and stone, and wood;
Nor of the figures dare I praise th' *expression*,
With *some folks* thought a *trifle of transgression*.

West, your *Last Supper* is a *hungry* piece;—
Your Tyburn saints will not your fame increase:

* Peter preaching, by West.

With looks so thievish, with such skins of copper!
Were they for sale, as Heaven's my judge,
To give five farthings for them I should grudge,
Nay, ev'n my old tobacco-stopper.

Candour must own, that frequently thy paints
Have play'd the *Devil* with the *Saints*:
For *me!* I fancy them like *doves* and *throstles!*
But *thou*, if we believe *thy* art,
Enough to make us pious Christians *start*,
Hast very scurvy notions of *Apostles*.

What of thy landscape* shall I say,
Holding the old white sow, and sucking litter?
Curs'd be the moment, curs'd the day,
Thou gav'st the Muse such reason to be bitter!
But, Muse, be *soft* towards him—only *sigh*,
'More damned stuff was never seen by eye.'

Thou really dost not equal Derby Wright*,
The Man of night!
O'er *woollen* hills, where *gold* and *silver* moons
Now mount like *sixpences*, and now *balloons*;
Where sea-reflections, nothing *nat'ral* tell ye,
So much like fiddle-strings, or vermicelli—
Where ev'ry thing exclaimeth, how severe!
'What *are* we?' and 'what bus'ness have we here?'

* A most pitiable performance indeed. It may be fairly called the *dotage* of the art.

† A painter of moon-lights. In this new edition of the Odes, it is but just to acknowledge, that the author has seen some landscapes of a late date, by this artist, that do him great credit.

ODE VI.

The Poet addresseth Majesty—Pleadeth the Cause of poor, starving Poetry—He acknowledgeth in a former Ode the Kindnesses of Fame, yet throweth out a Hint to his Majesty that his Finances may be improved—*He relateth a marvellous Story of a Jesuit—Recommendeth something similar to his Sovereign.*

AN'T please your Majesty, I'm overjoy'd
To find your family so fond of painting;
I wish her sister Poetry employ'd—
Poor, dear neglected girl! with hunger fainting.
Your royal grandsire (trust me, I'm no fibber)
Was vastly fond of Colley Cibber.

For subjects, how his Majesty would hunt?
And if a battle grac'd the Rhine or Weser,
He'd cry—' Mine poet sal mak Ode upon't!'
Then forth there came a flaming Ode to Cæsar.

Dread sire, pray recollect a bit
Some glorious action of your life;
And then your humble poet's wit,
Sharp as a razor, or a new-ground knife,
Shall mount you on her glorious balloon odes,
Like Rome's great Cæsar, to th' immortal Gods*.

A Naples' Jesuit, history declares,
On slips of paper scribbled prayers,
Which show'd of wisdom great profundity;
Then sold them to the country folks,
To give their turkeys, hens, and ducks,
To bring increase of fowl-fecundity:

* Divisum imperium, cum Jove, Cæsar habet.

It answer'd.—On their turkeys, ducks, and hens,
The country people all were full of brags—
Whose little bums, in barns, and mows, and fens,
Squat down, and laid like conjuration bags.

I wish this *sage* experiment were try'd
On me, cries Muse, my gentle bride;
And slips of paper giv'n me, with this *pray'r*—
'Pay to the bearer fifty pounds at sight.'
My sweet prolific pow'rs 'twould so *delight!*
I'd breed like a *tame rabbit* or a *hare!*

Muse, give thine idle supplication o'er—
And know that avarice is always *poor.*

ODE VII.

Peter's *Account of wonderful Reliques in* France, *with the Devotion paid to them—The sensible Application to Painters and Painting, by way of Simile.*

IN France, some years ago—some twenty-three,
At a fam'd church, where hundreds daily jostle,
I wisely paid a priest six *sols* to see
The *thumb* of Thomas the Apostle.

Gaping upon Tom's thumb, with *me* in wonder,
The rabble rais'd its eyes—like ducks in thunder;
Because in virtues it was vastly rich,
Had cur'd possess'd of devils, and the itch;
Work'd various wonders on a scabby pate—
Made little sucking children straight,
Though crook'd like rams' horns by the rickets;
Made people see, though blind as moles—
And made your sad, hysteric souls,
As gay as grasshoppers and crickets;

Brought noses back again to faces,
Long stol'n by *Venus* and her *Graces*;
And eyes to fill their parent sockets:
Of which sad Love had pick'd their pockets:
And had the priest *permitted*, with their kisses,
The mob had smack'd this holy thumb to pieces.

Though, reader, 'twas not the Apostle's thumb—
But mum!—
It play'd as well of *miracles* the trick,
Although a *painted* piece of rotten *stick!*

For six *sols* more, behold! to view, was bolted
A *feather* of the angel Gabriel's wing!
Whether 'twas pluck'd by force, or calmly molted,
No holy legends tell, nor poets sing.
But was it Gabriel's feather, heav'nly Muses?
It was *not* Gabriel's feather, but a *goose's!*
But stay! from truth we would not wish to wander,
For, probably, the owner was a *gander*.

Painters! you take me right:—The Muse supposes
You make your *coup-de-maître* dashes,
Christen them eyes, and cheeks, and lips, and noses,
Beards, chins, and whiskers, and eye-lashes;
As like, p'rhaps, as a *horse* is like a *plum*,
Or 'foresaid stick, St. Tom th' Apostle's thumb.

With purer eyes the British vulgar sees;
We are no *crawthumpers*, no *devotees*;
So that, whene'er your figures are *mere wood*,
Our eyes will never deem 'em *flesh* and *blood*.

ODE VIII.

The generous Peter *rescueth the immortal* Raphael *from the Obloquy of* Michael Angelo—*The Poet moralizeth—Telleth a Story not to the Credit of* Michael Angelo, *and nobly defendeth* Raphael's *Name against his invidious Attack—Concludeth with a most sage Observation.*

HOW difficult in artists to allow
  To brother brushmen ev'n a grain of merit!
Wishing to tear the laurels from their brow,
  They show a sniv'ling, diabolic spirit.

So 'tis! however moralists may chatter—
What's worse still—nature will be always nature.
We can't brew Burgundy from sour small beer,
Nor make a silken purse of a sow's ear.

Sweet is the voice of *Praise!*—from eve to morn,
  From blushing morn to darkling eve again,
My Muse the brows of *Merit* could adorn,
  And, lark-like, swell the panegyric strain.

Praise, like the balm which evening's dewy star
  Sheds on the drooping herb and fainting flower,
Lifts modest, pining *Merit* from despair,
  And gives her clouded eye a golden hour.

P-x take me if I ever read the story
  Of Michael Angelo, without much swearing:
'Tis such a slice cut off from Michael's glory,
  He surely had been brandying it or beering:
That is, in plainer English, he was drunk,
And candour from the man with horror shrunk.

Raphael did honour to the Roman school,
Yet Michael did vouchsafe to call him *fool*;

When working in the Vatican, would stare,
Throw down his brush, and stamp and swear,
If e'er a porter let him in—he'd *stone* him;
And, if he Raphael caught, most surely *bone* him.
He swore the world was a rank ass
To pay a compliment to Raphael's *stuff*;
For that he knew the fellow well enough,
And that his paltry metal would not *pass*.

Such was the language of this false Italian:
One time he christen'd Raphael a Pygmalion,
Swore that his madams were compos'd of stone;
Swore his expressions were like owls so tame,
His drawings, like the lamest cripple, lame;
That, as for composition, he had none.

Young artists! these assertions I deny;—
'Twas vile ill manners—not to say a *lie:*
Raphael did *real* excellence inherit;
And if you ever chance to paint as well,
I *bona fide* do foretel,
You'll *certainly* be men of *merit.*

ODE IX.

The gossiping Peter *telleth a* strange *Story, and* true, *though* strange—*Seemeth to entertain no very elevated Opinions of the Wisdom of Kings—Hinteth at the narrow Escape of* Sir Joshua Reynolds——Mr. Ramsay's *Riches——A Recommendation of Flattery as a Specific in Fortune-making.*

I'M told, and I believe the story,
That a fam'd Queen of Northern brutes,
A gentlewoman of *prodigious* glory,
Whom *ev'ry sort* of epithet *well suits*;

Whose husband *dear*, just happening to *provoke* her,
Was shov'd to Heaven upon a *red-hot poker!*
Sent to a *certain* King, not King of *France*—
Desiring by Sir Joshua's hand his Phiz—
What did the royal quiz?
Why, *damn'd genteelly*, sat to Mr. Dance*!
Then sent it to the Northern Queen—
As sweet a bit of *wood* as e'er was seen!
And *therefore* most *unlike* the princely head—
He might as well have sent a pig of lead.

Down ev'ry throat the piece was cramm'd
As done by Reynolds, and deserv'dly damn'd;
For as to Master Dance's art
It ne'er was worth a single ——!
Reader, I *blush!*—*am delicate this time!*
So let *thy impudence* supply the *rhime*.

Thank God! that monarchs cannot taste control,
And make each subject's poor, submissive soul
Admire the *work* that *judgement* oft cries fie on:
Had *things been so*, poor Reynolds we had seen
Painting a *barber's pole*—an *ale-house queen*,
The *Cat* and *Gridiron*, or the *Old Red Lion!*
At Plympton†, p'rhaps, for some grave Doctor Slop,
Painting the pots and bottles of the shop;
Or in the *Drama*, to get meat to munch,
His brush divine had pictur'd scenes for *Punch!*
Whilst West was whelping 'midst his paints,
Moses and Aaron, and *all sorts* of saints!

* The true reason that induced his Majesty to sit to Mr. Dance, was *laudable royal* economy. Mr. Dance charged fifty pounds for the picture—Sir Joshua Reynolds's price was somewhat more than a hundred—a very great difference in the market-price of paint and canvass; and, let me say, that justified the preference given to the man who worked *cheapest*.

† Sir Joshua's native spot, in Devonshire.

Adams and Eves, and snakes and apples,
And dev'ls, for beautifying *certain chapels:*
But Reynolds is no *favourite,* that's the *matter*—
He has not learnt the noble art—to *flatter**.

Thrice happy times, when *monarchs* find them *hard things,*
To teach us *what* to view with *admiration ;*
And, like their heads on *halfpence* and *brass farthings,*
Make their *opinions current* through the nation !

I've heard that Ramsay†, when he died,
Left just nine rooms well stuff'd with queens and kings;
From *whence* all nations might have been supplied,
That *long'd* for *valuable things.*
Viceroys, ambassadors, and plenipos,
Bought them to join their raree-shows
In foreign parts,
And show the *progress* of the *British arts.*

Whether they purchas'd by the *pound* or *yard,*
I cannot *tell,* because I never *heard ;*
But *this* I *know,* his *shop* was like a *fair,*
And dealt most *largely* in this *royal ware.*
See what it is to gain a monarch's smile ;—
And hast thou miss'd it, Reynolds, all this while?
How stupid ! pr'ythee, seek the *courtier's school,*
And learn to manufacture *oil* of *fool.*

Flattery's the turnpike-road to *Fortune's* door—
Truth is a *narrow lane,* all full of quags,
Leading to broken heads, abuse, and rags,
And workhouses—sad refuge for the poor!—

* This Ode was composed before Sir Joshua was dubbed King's Painter. Possibly the great artist *dreamt* of my *beautiful lyric,* and pursued its advice.

† Late painter to his majesty.

Flattery's a *mountebank* so *spruce*—gets riches;
Truth, a plain *Simon Pure,* a *Quaker preacher,*
A *moral mender,* a disgusting *teacher,*
That never got a sixpence by her *speeches!*

ODE X.

The lofty Peter *beginneth with an* original *Simile —Displayeth a* deep *Knowledge of* Homer *and modern Duchesses—Concludeth with a Prophecy about his Sovereign.*

PAINTERS who figure in the Exhibition,
Are pretty nearly in the same condition
With cocks on Shrove-tide, which the season gathers;
Flung at by ev'ry lubber, ev'ry brat,
Possessing sense to throw a bat,
To break their bones, and knock about their feathers.

This little difference, however, lies
Between the *painter* and the *fowl,* I find :—
The artist for the post of danger *tries*—
The fowl is fasten'd much against his *mind;*
Who damns his sentence, would annul it,—
Sue out his *habeas corpus,* and instead
Of being beat with bats about the head,
Make handsome love to a smart pullet.

And yet the painter like a booby groans,
Who courts the very bats which break his bones.
But *who* from scandal is exempt?
Who does not meet, at times, contempt?

Great Jove, the god of gods, in *figures* rich,
Oft call'd his bosom queen a *saucy bitch;*
Achilles* call'd great Agamemnon *hog,*
An impudent, deceitful, dirty *dog!*

* Vid Homer.

Behold our lofty duchesses pull caps,
And give each other's reputations raps,
As *freely* as the drabs of Drury's school; [King,
And who, pray, knows that George our gracious
(Said by his courtiers to know *every* thing)
May not, by *future times*, be call'd a *fool!*

ODE XI.

The Bard sensibly reproveth the young Artists for their Propensity to Abuse—Most wittily compareth them to Horse-leeches, Game-cocks, and Curs.

THE mean, the ranc'rous jealousies that swell
In some sad artists' souls, I do despise;
Instead of nobly *striving* to *excel*,
You *strive* to pick out one the other's eyes.
To be a painter, was Correggio's glory:—
His speech should flame in gold—'*Sono pittore*.'

But what, if truth were spoke, would be your *speeches?*
This—'We're a set of fame-sucking horse-leeches;
Without a *blush*, the *poorest* scandal speaking—
Like cocks, for ever at each other beaking;
As if the globe we dwell on were *so small*,
There really was not *room enough* for *all*.'

Young men!—
I do presume that *one* of you in *ten*
Has kept a dog or two, and has remark'd,
That when you have been comfortably feeding,
The curs, without one atom of court breeding,
With wat'ry jaws, have whin'd, and paw'd, and bark'd;

Show'd anxiousness about the mutton bone,
And, 'stead of *your* mouth, wish'd it in their *own*;
And if you gave this bone to one or t'other,
Heav'ns, what a snarling, quarrelling, and pother!
This, p'rhaps, has often touch'd you to the quick,
And made you teach *good manners* by a *kick*;
And if the tumult was beyond all bearing,
A little bit of *sweet* emphatic swearing,
An eloquence of wondrous use in wars,
Amongst sea captains and the brave jack tars.

Now tell me honestly—pray don't you find
Somewhat in Christians just of the same kind
That you experienc'd in the curs,
Causing your anger and demurs?
As, for example, when your mistress, *Fame*,
Wishing to celebrate a worthy name,
Takes up her trump to give the just applause;
How have you, puppy-like, paw'd, wish'd, and whin'd;
And growl'd, and curs'd, and swore, and pin'd,
And long'd to tear the trumpet from her jaws!
The dogs deserv'd *their* kicking to be sure;
But *you!* O fie, boys! go and sin no *more*.

ODE XII.

The compassionate Peter *lamenteth the Death of* Mr. Hone, an R.A.—*Recommendeth him to* Oblivion, *the great Patron of a Number of* Geniuses.

THERE's one R.A. more dead! stiff is poor Hone!
His works be with him under the same stone:
I think the sacred art will not bemoan 'em;
But, Muse!—*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*—
As to his host a *trav'ller*, with a sneer,
Said of his *dead small-beer*.

Go then, poor Hone! and join a numerous train
 Sunk in *Oblivion's* wide pacific ocean;
 And may its *whale-like* stomach feel no motion
To cast thee, like a Jonah, up again.

ODE XIII.

The Poet exhibiteth the Inconstancy of the World, by a most elegant *Comparison of a Flock of Starlings.*

YOUNG artists, it may so fall out,
 That folks shall make a grievous rout;
Follow you—praise your painting to the skies;
 When, probably, a ribband (fie upon it!)
 A feather, or a tawdry bonnet,
Caught, by its *glare*, their *wonder-spying* eyes.

Therefore, don't *thence* suppose that you inherit
Mountains of unexampled merit;
That *always you shall* be pursu'd,
And like a *wondrous* beauty woo'd.

Great is the world's inconstancy, God knows!—
Fame, like the ocean, *ebbs*, as well as *flows*;
Next year the million pitches on a ruff,
A balloon cap—a shawl—a muff;—
For *you*, no longer cares a single rush,
Following *some other brother* of the brush.
To raise to nobler flights the Muse's wing,
A *simile*'s a very pretty thing;
To whose sweet aid I'm oft an humble debtor,
 T'illustrate with more force the thing I mean;—
 And if the *simile* be neat and clean,
Tant mieux—that is—*so much the better*.

Therefore, young folks, as there's a great deal in't,
Accept one just imported from the mint.

You've seen a flock of starlings, to be sure,
A hundred thousand in a *mess*, or more;
Who fortunately having found
A lump of horse-litter upon the ground,
Down drops the chattering cloud upon the dung,
Then, Lord, what *doings!* Heav'ns, what *admiration!*
What *joy*, what *transport* 'midst the speckled nation!
How busy ev'ry *beak*, and ev'ry *tongue!*
All talking, gabbling, but none list'ning,
Just like a group of gossips at a christ'ning;—
Let but a *cowdab* show its grass-green face,
They're *up*, without so much as saying grace;
And lo! the busy flock, around it pitches!
Just as upon the lump before,
They gabble, wonder, and adore!
And equal *brother* Martyn's* speeches.
These starlings show the world, with great propriety,
Mad as March hares, or curlews for *variety*.

ODE XIV.

The Great Peter *despiseth Frenchmen.*

I BEG it as a favour, my young folks,
You will not copy, monkey-like, the French,
Whose pictures, justly, are all standing jokes,
Whether they represent a man or wench,
If monsieur paints a man of fashion,
Making an *obeisance* well bred,
The gentleman's a *ram-cat* in a passion,
His back all crumpled o'er his head:

* A *much-admired* speaker in the House of Commons, who *nem. con.* was baptized the *Starling* Martyn.

Or, if he paints a wretch upon the wheel,
  And bone-breaking's no *triflingthing*, G--d knows!
Amidst his pains the fellow's so *genteel!*
  He *feels* with such *decorum* all the blows.
Or if a culprit's going to the *devil*,
Which some folks also deem a serious *evil*,
  So *dégagée* you see the man advance,
His arms, hands, shoulders, turn'd-out toes,
Madona-lifted eyes, and cock'd up nose
  Proclaim the pretty puppy in a dance.
I've seen a sleeping Venus, I declare,
With hands and legs stretch'd out with *such* an air!
Her neck and head *so* twisted on one shoulder,
With *such* a *heav'nly* smile, that each beholder
Would swear (disdaining *dancing's vulgar* track)
The dame was walking minuets on her *back!*
E'en an old woman yielding up her breath
  By means of cholic, stone, or gravel,
How smirkingly she feels the pangs of death;
  With what a *grace* her soul prepares to *travel!*

A Frenchman's angel is an *Opera Punk*;
His Virgin Marys—milliners half drunk;
Our blest Redeemer, a rank *petit-maître*,
In every attitude and feature;
The humble Joseph, so *genteelly* made,
Poor gentleman—as if above his trade,
And only fit to *compliment* his wife—
  So *delicate!* as if he scarcely knew
  Oak from deal board—a gimlet from a screw,
And never made a *mouse-trap* in his life.

Think not I wantonly the French attack:—
I never will put *Merit* on the rack:
No!—yet, I own, I hate the shrugging dogs—
I've liv'd amongst them, eat their frogs,
And vomited them up, thank God, again;
    So that I'm able now to say,
    I carried nought of *theirs* away,
Which otherwise had made the puppies *vain*.

ODE XV.

The conceited Peter *turneth an arrant Egotist—Mentioneth a Number of fine Folks—This Minute condemneth* Will Whitehead's *Verses; and the next, exculpateth the Laureat, by clapping the* right saddle *on the* right horse.

NO giant more rejoiceth in his course,
Not Count O'Kelly in a winning horse;
Not Mistress Hobart* to preserve a box,
Not George the Third to triumph o'er Charles Fox;
Not Spain's *wise* monarch to bombard Algiers—
Not pillories, obeying law's stern voice,
Can more rejoice
To hold Kitt Atkinson's two ears;
Not more rejoiceth patriotic Pitt,
By patriotic grocers to be fed;
Not Mother Windsor† in a nice young tit,
Nor gaping deans, to hear a bishop's dead:
Not more reform'd John Wilkes, to *court* the crown;
Nor Skinner in his aldermanic gown,
Nor common-councilmen on turtle feeding:

Not more rejoice old envious maids, so stale,
To hear of weeping beauty *a sad tale*,
And tell the world a reigning toast is *breeding*.—
Than I, the poet, in a lucky ode,
That catches at a hop the cynic face;
Kills by a laugh its grave Bubonic face;
And tears, in spite of him, his jaws abroad.

* The contest between Mrs. Hobart and Lady Salisbury, with their *seconds*, about a box at the Opera, is a *subject* for the most *sublime* epic!

† A priestess of the Cyprian goddess.

And are there such grave dons that read my rhimes?
All gracious Heav'n forgive their crimes!
Oh! be their lot to have *wise-talking* wives;
And if in *reading* they delight,
To read, ye gods! from morn to night,
Will Whitehead's* birth-day sonnets all their lives.

Perhaps, reader, thou'rt a tinker, or a tanner,
And mendest kettles in a pretty manner;
Or tannest hides of bulls, and cows, and calves:
But if the saucepan, or the kettle,
Originally be bad metal,
Thou'lt say, 'It only can be done by *halves*;'
Or if by *nature* bad the bullocks' skins,
'They'll make vile shoes and boots for people's *shins*.'

Then wherefore do I thus abuse
Will Whitehead's *hard-driv'n* Muse?
Who merits rather *Pity's* tend'rest sigh;
For what the devil can he do,
When forc'd to praise—*the Lord knows who!*
Verse *must* be dull on subjects so damn'd *dry*.

* This Ode was written before a late laureat resigned his *earthly* crown for a *heavenly* one. May Mr. Tom Warton be more successful in his Pindaric adulations, and not verify the Latin adage—*Ex nihilo, nihil fit*.

ODE XVI.

The classic Peter *adviseth Painters to cultivate Taste—Lasheth some of the Ignorant—Accuseth Painters of an Affection for Vulgarity, whom he horse-whippeth—Recommendeth a charming Subject—Telleth the Secret of his Love, and giveth a* die-away *Sonnet of former Days—Persecuth* Tenier's *Devils, but applaudeth the Execution.*

PAINTERS, improve your education;
That surely stands in need of reformation.
I've heard that some can neither write nor read,
Which does no honour to the hand or head.

Many, I know, would rather paint a *bear*,
Or *monkey* playing his quaint tricks,
Than some sweet damsel, whom all hearts revere,
Would rather see a *stump* with strength express'd,
Than all the snowy fulness of her breast,
Or *lip*, that innocence so sweetly moves,
Or *smile*, the fond Elysium of the loves.
This brings those days to mem'ry, when my tongue
To Cynthia's beauty pour'd my soul in song;
When, on the margin of the murm'ring stream,
My fancy frequent form'd the golden dream
Of Cynthia's grace—of Cynthia's smiles divine,
And made those smiles and peerless beauty *mine*.

It brings to mem'ry, too, those dismal times,
When nought my sighs avail'd, and nought my [rhimes;
When at the silent, solemn close of day,
My pensive steps would court the darkling grove,
To hear, in Philomela's lonely lay,
The fainting echoes of my luckless love;

Till night's increasing shades around me stole,
And mingled with the gloom that wrapp'd my soul.

Reader—dost choose a sonnet of those days?
Take it—and say not I'm a foe to *praise*.

TO CYNTHIA.

O Thou! whose love-inspiring air
  Delights, yet gives a thousand woes;
My day declines in dark despair,
  And night hath lost her sweet repose;

Yet who, alas! like me was blest
  To *others* e'er thy charms were known;
When fancy told my raptur'd breast,
  That Cynthia smil'd on *me* alone?

Nymph of my soul! forgive my sighs:
  Forgive the jealous fires I feel;
Nor blame the trembling wretch, who dies
  When others to thy beauties kneel.

Lo! theirs is every winning art,
  With fortune's gifts, unknown to *me!*
I only boast a simple heart,
  In love with *innocence* and *thee.*

Build not, alas! your popularity
On that beast's back yclep'd *vulgarity*;
A beast that many a booby takes a pride in—
A beast beneath the noble Peter's riding.

How should the man who loves to be *unchaste,*
  To feed on carrion dread his hound-like paunch,
Judge of an ortolan's delicious taste,
  Or feel the flavour of a fine fat haunch?

Or, wont with bitter purl to wet his clay,
How should *he* judge of claret or tokay?

Teniers's devils, witches, monkeys, toads,
That make me shudder whilst I pen these Odes,
Most *truly painted*, to be pure, you'll find:—
How greater far the excellence, to paint
With heaven-directed eye, the beauteous *saint*,
And mark th' emotions of her angel-mind!
Envy not *such* as have in *dirt* surpast ye;—
'Tis *very, very easy* to be *nasty!*

ODE XVII.

The moralizing Bard exposeth the unfairness of Mankind in the Article of Laughing—*Descanteth upon* Wit—*Disclaimeth Pretension to it—Maketh Love to* Candour, *and* modestly *concludeth.*

HOW dearly mortals love to laugh and grin!
Just as they love to stuff themselves to *chin*
With other people's meat—good saving sense!
Because at other folks' expense;
But turn the laugh on *them*—how chang'd their [notes!
'O damn 'em! this is *serious*—cut their throats!'

Wit, says an author that I do not know,
Is like *Time's* scythe—cuts down both friend and foe;
Ready each object, tiger-like, to *leap on!*
'Lord! what a butcher this same *wit!* thank God!
(A critic cries) in Master Pindar's Ode,
We spy th' effect of no such *dangerous weapon.*'

No, sir—'tis dove-ey'd *Candour's* charms
I woo to these desiring arms;

She is my *goddess*—to her shrine I bend :
Nymph of the voice, that beats the morning lark,
Sweet as the dulcet note of either Park*,
Be thou my soft companion and my friend.

Thy lovely hand my Pegasus shall guide,
And teach thy *modest* pupil how to ride :
Thus shall I hurt not any *group-composers*,
From Sarah Benwell's *brush*, to Mary Mozer's†.

ODE XVIII.

The judicious Peter *giveth most wholesome Advice to Landscape Painters.*

WHATE'ER your wish in landscape to excel,
London's the very place to mar it ;
Believe the *oracles* I tell,
There's very little landscape in a *garret*.
Whate'er the flocks of *fleas* you keep,
'Tis badly copying *them* for *goats* and *sheep* ;
And if you'll take the poet's honest word,
A *bug* must make a miserable *bird*.

A *rush-light* winking in a bottle's neck,
Ill represents the glorious *orb* of *morn* ;
Nay, though it were a candle with a *wick*,
'Twould be a *representative forlorn*.

I think, too, that a man would be a fool,
For *trees*, to copy legs of a *joint-stool* ;

* Two brothers, of the most distinguished merit on the oboe.

† The last of those ladies, an R. A. by means of a *sublime* picture of a plate of *gooseberries*—the other in *hopes* of academic honours, through an *equal* degree of merit.

Or ev'n by *them* to represent a *stump*:
As also *broomsticks*—which, though well he rig
Each with an old *fox-colour'd wig*,
Must make a very poor *autumnal clump*.

You'll say, 'Yet *such ones*, oft a person sees
In many an artist's trees;
And in some paintings, we have all beheld,
Green baize hath surely sat for a green field;
Bolsters for mountains, hills, and wheaten mows;
Cats, for ram-goats; and curs, for bulls and cows.'

All this, my lads, I freely grant;
But better things from *you*, I want.
As Shakespeare says (a Bard I much *approve*)
'List, list, oh! list,' if thou dost *painting* love.

Claude painted in the open air!
Therefore to Wales at once repair;
Where scenes of true magnificence you'll find:
Besides this great advantage—if in debt,
You'll have with creditors no *tête-à-tête*:
So leave the bull-dog bailiffs all behind;
Who, hunt you with what noise they may,
Must hunt for needles in a stack of hay.

ODE XIX.

The Poet hinteth to Artists the Value of Time.

THE man condemn'd on Tyburn-tree to swing,
Deems such a show, a very dullish thing;
He'd rather a *spectator* be, I ween,
Than the sad *actor* in the scene.

He blames the *law's* too rigid resolution:
If with a beef-steak stomach—in his prime,
Lord, with what reverence he looks on time!
And, most of all—the hour of execution!

And as the cart doth to the tree advance,
How wondrous willing to postpone the *dance!*

Believe me, time's of monstrous use;
But, ah! how subject to abuse!
It seems that with him, folks were often *cloy'd:*
I do pronounce it, time's a public good,
Just like a youthful beauty—to be *woo'd,*
Made *much* of, and be *properly* enjoy'd.

Time's sand is wonderfully small;
It slips between the fingers in a hurry;
Therefore, on each young artist let me call,
To prize it as an Indian does his *curry**;
Whether his next rare *exhibition* be
Amidst the great R. A.'s—or on a *tree.*

XX.

The unfortunate Peter *lamenteth the Loss of an important Ode by Rats—He prayeth devoutly for the Rats.*

HIATUS *maxime deflendus!*
I've lost an Ode of charming praise;
From like misfortune, Heav'n defend us!
The sweetest of my lyric lays!
Where many a youthful artist shone with fame,
Like his own pictures in a fine gilt frame.

Perdition catch the roguish rats!
Their trembling limbs shall fill the maws of cats,
Were I to be their sole adviser:
Vermin! like trunk-makers, kings, pastry-cooks,
Dealing in legions of delightful books,
Yet, with the learning, not a whit the wiser.
Thank G-d! the Ode unto *Myself* they spar'd:
And, lo! the labour of the lucky bard.

* A universal food in the East-Indies.

ODE XXI.

TO MYSELF.

The exalted Peter *wisheth to make the gaping World acquainted with the Place of his Nativity; but before he can get an Answer from* himself, *he most* sublimely *bursteth forth into an Address to* Mevagizzy *and* Mousehole, *two Fishing-towns in Cornwall—the first celebrated for Pilchards, the last for giving Birth to* Dolly Pentreath—*The Poet praiseth the* Honourable Daines Barrington *and Pilchards—Forgetteth the Place of his Nativity; and, like his great Ancestor of* Thebes, *leaveth his Readers in the* dark.

O THOU! whose daring works sublime
Defy the rudest rage of *Time*,
Say!—for the world is with conjecture dizzy,
Did *Mousehole* give thee birth, or *Mevagizzy?*

HAIL, *Mevagizzy!* with such wonders fraught!
Where boats, and men, and stinks, and trade, are stirring;
Where pilchards come in myriads to be caught!
Pilchards! a thousand times as good as herring.

Pilchard! the idol of the Popish nation!
Hail, little instrument of vast salvation!
Pilchard, I ween, a most soul-saving fish,
On which the Catholics in Lent are *cramm'd*;
Who, had they not, poor souls, this lucky dish,
Would *flesh* eat, and be consequently *damn'd*.

Pilchards! whose bodies yield the fragrant oil,
And make the London lamps at midnight smile;
Which lamps, wide spreading salutary light,
Beam on the wandering *beauties* of the night,
And show each gentle youth their cheeks' deep roses,
And tell him whether they have eyes and noses.

Hail, *Mousehole!* birth-place of old Doll Pentreath*,
The *last* who jabber'd Cornish—so says Daines,
Who, bat-like, haunted ruins, lane, and heath,
With Will-o'-wisp, to brighten up his brains.

Daines! who a thousand miles, unwearied, trots
For bones, brass farthings, ashes, and old pots,
To prove that folks of old, like *us*, were made
With heads, eyes, hands, and toes, to drive a trade.

* A very old woman of Mousehole, supposed (*falsely*, however,) to have been the *last* who spoke the Cornish language. The honourable antiquarian, Daines Barrington, Esq. journeyed, some years since, from London to the Land's-end, to converse with this wrinkled, yet delicious, *morceau*. He entered Mousehole in a kind of triumph, and, peeping into her hut, exclaimed, with all the fire of an enraptured lover, in the language of the famous Greek philosopher—'*Eureka!*' The couple kissed —Doll soon after *gabbled*—Daines listened with admiration—committed her speeches to paper, not venturing to trust his memory with *so much treasure*. The transaction was announced to the Society—the Journals were *enriched* with their dialogues—the old lady's picture was ordered to be taken by the most eminent artist, and the honourable member to be publicly thanked for the *discovery!*

ODE XXII.

The following Ode *was written just after the great Crashes and Falls at Somerset House.*—Peter is *charmingly ironical.*

SIR William! cover'd with Chinese renown,
Whose houses* are no sooner *up* than *down,*
Don't heed the discontented nation's cry:
Thine are *religious* houses!—very *humble*;
Upon their *faces* much inclin'd to tumble;
So *meek,* they cannot keep their heads on *high.*

I know the foolish kingdom all runs riot,
Calling aloud for Wyat, Wyat, Wyat!
Who on their good opinion hourly gains.
But where lies Wyat's merit?—What his praise!
Abroad this roving man spent half his days,
Contemplating of *Rome,* the great remains.

This Wyat's works a *classic taste* combine,
Who studied thus the *ancients* o'er and o'er;
But, lo! the *greater reputation thine,*
To do what no man ever did *before.*

* I take it for granted, that the houses in general built by the knight, are as much in the style of gingerbread as Somerset House.

ODE XXIII.

Peter *concludeth his Odes—Seemeth hungry—Expostulateth with the Reader—And getteth the Start of the World, by first praising his own Works.*

TOM Southern to John Dryden went one day,
To buy a head and tail piece for his play:—
'Thomas,' quoth John, 'I've sold my goods *too cheap*;
So, if you please, my price shall take a *leap*.'

O reader, look me gravely in the face ;—
Speak, is not that with *me* and *thee* the case ?
For this year's Odes I charge thee half a crown:
So, without grumbling, put thy money down:
For things are desperately ris'n, good Lord!
Fish, flesh, coals, candles, window-lights, and board.
Why should not charming *poetry* then rise?
That comes so dev'lish far too—from the *skies!*
And, lo! the verses that adorn *this* page,
Beam, comet-like, alas! but *once* an age.

FAREWEL ODES,

FOR

MDCCLXXXVI.

—— Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat? HORAT.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL

LYRIC ODES.

ODE I.

Peter *talketh of resigning the Laureatship—The Works of the* Artists *give* God *Thanks upon the Occasion—He prophesieth the Triumph of the* Artists *on his Resignation—The* Artists *also prophesy to* Peter's *disadvantage*—Peter's *last Comforts, should their Prophecy be fulfilled.*

PETER, like fam'd Christina, queen of Sweden,
 Who thought a wicked court was not an Eden,
This year resigns the laurel crown for ever!
 What all the fam'd Academicians wish;
 No more on painted fowl, and flesh, and fish,
He shows the world his carving skill so clever:
Brass, iron, woodwork, stone, in peace shall rest—
'Thank God!' exclaim the works of Mr. West:

'Thank God!' the works of Loutherbourg exclaim—
For guns of critics, no ignoble game—
'No longer now afraid of rhiming praters,
Shall we be christen'd tea-boards, varnish'd waiters:
No verse shall swear that ours are paste-board rocks,
Our trees brass wigs, and mops our fleecy flocks.

'Thank Heav'n!' exclaims Rigaud, with sparkling
eyes—
'Then shall my pictures in importance rise,
And fill each gaping mouth and eye with wonder!'
Monsieur Rigaud,
It may be so,
To think thy stars have made so strange a blunder,
That bred to paint the genius of a glazier:
That spoil'd, to make a dauber—a good brazier:
None but thy partial tongue (believe my lays)
Can dare stand forth the herald of thy praise:
Could Fame applaud, whose voice my verse reveres,
Justice should break her trump about her ears.

'Thank Heav'n!' cries Mr. Garvy; and 'Thank God!'
Cries Mr. Copley, 'that this man of ode,
No more, Barbarian-like, shall o'er us ride:
No more like beads, in nasty order strung,
And round the waist of this wild Mohawk hung,
Shall Academic scalps indulge his pride.

'No more hung up in this dread fellow's rhime,
Which he most impudently calls sublime,
Shall we, poor inoffensive souls,
Appear just like so many moles,
Trapp'd in an orchard, garden, or a field;
Which mole-catchers suspend on trees,
To show their titles to their fees,
Like doctors, paid too often for the kill'd.'
Pleas'd that no more my verses shall annoy,

Glad that my blister odes shall cease their stinging;
Each wooden figure's mouth expands with joy—
Hark! how they all break forth in singing!

In boastful sounds the grinning artists cry,
'Lo! Peter's hour of insolence is o'er:
His muse is dead—his lyric pump is dry—
His odes, like stinking fish, not worth a groat a score:
Art thou then weak, like us, thou snarling snivl'ler?
Art thou like one of us, thou lyric driv'ller?

Our kings and queens in glory now shall lie,
  Each unmolested, sleeping in his frame;
Our ponds, our lakes, our oceans, earth and sky,
  No longer scouted, shall be put to shame:
No poet's rage shall root our stumps and stumplings,
And swear our clouds are flying apple-dumplings:
Fame shall proclaim how well our plumb-trees bud,
And sound the merits of our marle and mud.

Our oaks, and brushwood, and our lofty elms,
No jingling tyrant's wicked rage o'erwhelms,
    Now this vile feller is laid low:
In peace shall our stone-hedges sleep,
Our huts, our barns, our pigs and sheep,
    And wild fowl, from the eagle to the crow.

They who shall see this Peter in the street,
With fearless eye his front shall meet,
    And cry—'Is this the man of keen remark?
Is this the wight?' shall be their taunting speech;
'A dog! who dar'd to snap each artist's breech,
    And bite Academicians like a shark?

He whose broad cleaver chopp'd the sons of paint;
Crush'd, like a marrow-bone, each lovely saint;
    Spar'd not the very clothes about their backs:
The little duck-wing'd cherubims abus'd
That could not more inhumanly be us'd,
  Poor lambkins! had they fall'n amongst the blacks?
He, once so furious, soon shall want relief,
Stak'd through the body like a paltry thief.

'How art thou fall'n, O Cherokee!' they cry;
    'How art thou fall'n!' the joyful roofs resound;
    'Hell, shall thy body for a rogue, surround,
And there, for ever roasting, mayst thou lie:
Like Dives mayst thou stretch in fires along,
Refus'd one drop of drink to cool thy tongue.'

Ye goodly gentlemen, repress your yell:
    Your hearty wishes for my health restrain;

For if our works can put us into h-ll,
Kind sirs! we certainly shall meet again:
Nay, what is worse, I really don't know whether
We must not lodge in the same room together.

ODE II.

Peter *floggeth the Academicians and Dinner—Pitieth the* Prince of Wales—Duke of Orleans, Duke Fitzjames, Count Lauzun, Lords Caermarthen *and* Besborough, &c.—*and praiseth* Mr. Weltjie—*Exculpateth the* President—*Condemneth* Sir W. Chambers *and the* Committee *for their bad Management*—Peter *talketh of visiting the* French King *and the* Duke of Orleans.

WHENE'ER academicians run astray,
Such should the moral Peter's song reclaim—
Of paint, this ode shall nothing sing or say,
My eagle satire darts at diff'rent game—
Against decorum I abhor a sinner;
And therefore lash the academic dinner.

Th' Academy, though marvellously poor,
Can once a year afford to eat:
By means of kind donations at the door,
The members made a comfortable treat:
Like gipsies in a barn around their king,
That annual meet, to munch, and dance, and sing.

A feast was made of flesh, fish, tarts, creams, jellies,
To suit the various qualities of bellies:
Mine grumbl'd to be ask'd, and be delighted;
But wicked Peter's paunch was not invited.

Yet though no message waited on the bard,
With compliments from academic names;

The Prince of Wales receiv'd a civil card,
His Grace of Orleans too, and Duke Fitzjames;
Count de Lauzun, and Count Conflan,
A near relation to the man,
In whose poor sides old Hawke once fix'd his claws,
Were welcom'd by the academic lords,
Either by writing or by words,
To come and try the vigour of their jaws.

Unfortunately for the modest Dukes,
The nimble artists, all with greyhound looks,
Fell on the meat with teeth prodigious able:
Seiz'd, of the Synagogue, the highest places,
And left the poor forlorn, their Gallic Graces,
To nibble at the bottom of the table.

There sat, too, my good Lord Caermarthen,
As one of the canaille, not worth a farthing!
But what can titles, virtues, at a feast,
Where glory waits upon the greatest beast?

To see a stone-cutter and mason
High mounted o'er those men of quality,
By no means can our annals blazon
For feats of courtly hospitality.
I've heard, however, one or two were tanners:
Granted—it doth not much improve their manners.

They probably, in answer, may declare,
They thought the feast just like a hunt;
In which, as soon as ever starts the hare,
Each Nimrod tries to be first in upon't:
The greatest, he, amidst the howling fuss,
Who first can triumph o'er poor dying puss.

Peters* most justly rais'd his eyes with wonder,
And wanted decently to give them grace;
But bent on ven'son and on turbot plunder,
A clattering peal of knives and forks took place:

* A respectable clergyman, and one of the Academicians.

Spoons, plates, and dishes, rattling round the table,
Produc'd a new edition of old Babel.

They had no stomach o'er a grace to nod;
Nor time enough to offer thanks to God:
That might be done, they wisely knew,
When they had nothing else to do.

His Highness* entering rather somewhat late,
Could scarcely find a knife, or fork, or plate:
But not a single maiden dish,
Poor gentleman! of flesh or fish!
Most wofully the pastry had been paw'd,
And trembling jellies barbarously claw'd:
In short, my gentle readers to amaze,
His Highness pick'd the bones of the R. A.'s.

O Weltjie†, had thy lofty form been there,
And seen thy Prince so serv'd with scrap and slop,
Thou surely wouldst have brought him better fare—
A warm beef steak, perchance, or mutton chop.

Thou wouldst have said, *De* Prence of Wales, *by Got,*
Do too mush honour to be at der feast;
Vere he can't heb von beet of meat dat's hot,
But treated vid de bones just like a beast.
De Prence, *he vas too great to sit and eat*
De bones and leafings of de meat;
And munsh vat dirty low lif'd rogues refuse,
By Got! not fit to vipe de Prence's *shoes!*'

Great Besborough's Earl too came off second best;
His murmuring stomach had not half a feast;
And therefore it was natural to mutter:
To rectify the fault, with joyless looks,
His Lordship bore his belly off to Brookes,
Who fill'd the grumbler up with bread and butter.

Sirs! those manœuvres were extremely coarse—
This really was the essence of ill-breeding:

* The Prince of Wales.
† The Prince's German cook.

Not for your souls could you have treated worse
  Bum-bailiffs, by this dog-like mode of feeding.
Grant, you eclips'd a pack of hounds, with glee
  Pursuing, in full cry, the fainting game—
Surpass'd them too, in gobbling down the prey:
  Still great R. A.'s., I tell you 'twas a shame:

Grant, each of you the wondrous man excell'd,
  Who beat a butcher's dog in eating tripe;
And that each paunch with guttling was so swell'd,
  Not one bit more could pass your swallow-pipe:

Grant, that you dar'd such stuffing feats display,
That not a soul of you could walk away:
Still, 'midst the triumphs of your gobbling fame,
I tell you, great R. A.'s, it was a shame.

Grant, you were greas'd up to the nose and eyes,
  Your cheeks all shining like a lantern's horn,
With tearing hams and fowls, and giblet pies,
  And ducks, and geese, and pigeons newly born:
Though great, in your opinion, be your fame,
I tell you, great R. A.'s, it was a shame.

This, let me own—the candour-loving muse
Most willingly Sir Joshua can excuse,
    Who tries the nation's glory to increase;
Whose genius rare is very seldom nodding,
But deep, on painting subjects, plodding,
    To rival Italy and Greece.

But pray, Sir William*, what have *you* to say?
No such impediment lies in your way;
  Genius can't hurt your etiquette attention;
And Messieurs Tyler, Wilton, and Rigaud,
Have you a genius to impede you?—No!
  Nor many a one besides that I could mention.

This year (God willing) I shall visit France,
  And taste of Lewis, Grand Monarque! the prog:

* Sir W. Chambers.

His Grace of Orleans, so kind, perchance,
May ask me to his house to pick a frog:
And yet, what right have I to visit there,
Who see a prince so vilely treated here?

Ye Royal Artists, at your future feasts,
I fear you'll make their Graces downright Daniels,
And as the Prophet din'd amongst wild beasts,
The dukes will join your pointers and your spaniels.

ODE III.

Peter *administereth sage Advice to mercenary Artists, and telleth a most delectable Story of a Country Bumpkin and a Peripatetic Razor-seller.*

FORBEAR, my friends, to sacrifice your fame
To sordid gain, unless that your are starving:
I own that hunger will indulgence claim
For hard stone heads, and landscape carving,
In order to make haste to sell and eat;
For there is certainly a charm in meat:
And in rebellious tones will stomachs speak,
That have not tasted victuals for a week.

But yet there are a mercenary crew,
Who value fame no more than an old shoe;
Provided for their daubs they get a sale;
Just like the man——but stay—I'll tell the tale.

A fellow in a market town,
Most musical, cried razors up and down,
And offer'd twelve for eighteen pence;
Which certainly seem'd wondrous cheap,
And for the money quite a heap,
As ev'ry man wou'd buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard:
Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a thick, black beard,
That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose:
With cheerfulness the eighteen pence he paid,
And proudly to himself, in whispers, said,
'This rascal stole the razors, I suppose:

'No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,
Provided that the razors *shave:*
It *sartinly* will be a monstrous prize:'
So home the clown, with his good fortune, went,
And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,
Just like a hedger cutting furze:
'Twas a vile razor!—then the rest he try'd—
All were impostors—'Ah,' Hodge sigh'd!
'I wish my eighteen pence within my purse.'

In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces,
He cut, and dug, and winc'd, and stamp'd, and swore;
Brought blood, and danc'd, blasphem'd, and made wry faces,
And curs'd each razor's body o'er and o'er:

His muzzle, form'd of opposition stuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff;
So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds:
Hodge in a passion, stretch'd his angry jaws,
Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench'd claws,
On the vile cheat that sold the goods.
Razors! a damn'd confounded dog,
Not fit to scrape a hog!'

Hodge sought the fellow—found him, and begun—
'P'rhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun,
That people flay themselves out of their lives:
You rascal! for an hour have I been grubbing,
Giving my scoundrel whiskers here a scrubbing,
With razors just like oyster knives.

Sirrah! I tell you, you're, a knave,
To cry up razors that can't shave.'

Friend,' quoth the razor-man, 'I am no knave:
As for the razors you have bought
Upon my soul I never thought
That they wou'd shave.'
'Not think they'd shave!' quoth Hodge, with won-
d'ring eyes,
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;
'What were they made for then, you dog?' he cries:
'Made!' quoth the fellow, with a smile,—'*to sell.*'

ODE IV.

Peter *observeth the* Lex Talionis.

WEST tells the world, that Peter cannot rhime—
Peter declares, point blank, that West can't paint;
West swears, I've not an atom of sublime—
I swear, he hath no notion of a saint:

And that his cross-wing'd cherubims are fowls,
Baptiz'd by naturalists, owls:
Half of the meek apostles, gangs of robbers:
His angels, sets of brazen-headed lubbers.

The Holy Scripture says, 'All flesh is grass;'
With Mr. West, all flesh is brick and brass;
Except his horse-flesh, that I fairly own
Is often of the choicest Portland stone.
I've said too, that this artist's faces
Ne'er paid a visit to the graces:

That on expression he can never brag:
Yet for this article hath he been studying;
But in it never could surpass a pudding—
No, gentle reader, nor a pudding bag.

I dare not say, that Mr. West
    Cannot sound criticism impart:
I'm told the man with technicals is blest;
    That he can talk a deal upon the art:
Yes, he can talk, I do not doubt it—
'About it, goddess, and about it!'

Thus, then, is Mr. West deserving praise—
    And let my justice the fair laud afford:
For, lo! this far-fam'd artist cuts both ways;
    Exactly like the angel Gabriel's sword:
The beauties of the art his *converse* shows:
    His *canvass* almost ev'ry thing that's bad!
Thus at th' Academy, we must suppose,
    A man more useful, never could be had:
Who in himself, a host, so much can do;
Who is both precept and example too!

ODE V.

Great Advice is given to Gentlemen *Authors—To* Mr. Webb *and* Mr. H. Walpole *particularly—* Peter *taketh the Part of* Lady Lucan—*Showeth wonderful knowledge in the Art of Painting —Administereth Oil of Fool, vulgarly called Praise, to the Squire of* Strawberry Hill.

ASTRONOMERS should treat of stars and comets,
  Physicians of the bark and vomits:
Of apoplexies, those light troops of death,
That use no ceremony with our breath;
Ague and dropsy, jaundice and catarrh,
The grim-look tyrant's heavy horse of war.

Farriers should write on farcys and the glanders:
  Bug-doctors only upon bed-disorders:
Farmers on land, pigs, cattle, geese and ganders:
  Nightmen alone, on aromatic odours:

The artists should on painting solely write:
Like David, then they may 'good things indite.'
But when the mob of *gentlemen*
Break on their province and take up the pen,
The Lord have mercy on the art!
I'm sure their goose-quills can no light impart.
This verse be thine, 'Squire Webb*—it is thy due:
Pray, Mr. Horace Walpole†, what think *you?*

Horace, thou art a man of taste and sense,
Then don't, of folly, be at such expense:
Do not to Lady Lucan‡ pay such court—
Her wisdom surely will not thank thee for't—
Ah! don't endeavour thus to dupe her,
By swearing that she equals Cooper§.

So gross the flattery, it seems to show
That verily thou dost not know
The pow'rs requir'd for copying a picture,
And those for copying Dame Nature:
Alas! a much more arduous matter!
So don't expose thyself, but mind my stricture.

Thou'lt say it was mere compliment;
That nothing else was thy intent,
Although it might disgrace a boy at school:
I grant the fact, and think that no man
Says or writes sillier things to woman;
But still 'tis making each of you a fool.

Yet, Horace, think not that I write
Through spite:

* Author of a Treatise on Painting, who seems to display more erudition than science.

† A gentleman well known in the literary world, an amateur in the Graphic line.

‡ A lady of *copying* ingenuity in the miniature department.

§ A famous miniature painter in the time of Cromwell.

Think not I read thy works with jealous pain :
Lord ! no, thou art a favourite with me :
I think thee one of us, *un bel esprit*—
By heav'ns ! I like the windmill of thy brain :
It is a pretty and ingenious mill :
Long may it grind on Strawb'rry Hill.

ODE VI.

Peter *still continueth to give great Advice, and to exhibit deep Reflection—He telleth a miraculous Story.*

THERE is a knack in doing many a thing,
Which labour cannot to perfection bring :
Therefore, however great in your own eyes,
Pray do not hints from other folks despise :

A fool on something great, at times, may stumble,
And consequently be a good adviser :
On which, for ever, your wise men may fumble,
And never be a whit the wiser.

Yes! I advise you, for there's wisdom in't,
Never to be superior to a hint—
The genius of each man, with keenness view—
A spark from this, or t'other, caught,
May kindle, quick as thought,
A glorious bonfire up in you.

A question of you, let me beg—
Of fam'd Columbus and his egg,
Pray, have you heard ? 'Yes.'—O, then, if you please
I'll give you the two Pilgrims and the Peas.

THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

A TRUE STORY.

A BRACE of sinners, for no good,
Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt, in wax, stone, wood,
And in a fair white wig look'd wondrous fine.

Fifty long miles had those sad rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse than gravel:
In short, their toes so gentle to amuse,
The priest had order'd peas into their shoes:

A nostrum famous in old Popish times
For purifying souls that stunk of crimes:
A sort of apostolic salt,
Which Popish parsons for its powers exalt,
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.

The knaves set off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray:
But very diff'rent was their speed, I wot:
One of the sinners gallop'd on,
Swift as a bullet from a gun;
The other limp'd, as if he had been shot.

One saw the Virgin soon—*peccavi* cried—
Had his soul white-wash'd all so clever;
Then home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit, with saints above, to live for ever.

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother rogue about half way—

Hobbling, with out-stretch'd bum and bending knees;
Damning the souls and bodies of the peas:
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in sweat,
Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

'How now,' the light-toed, white-wash'd pilgrim,
'You lazy lubber!' [broke,
'Ods curse it,' cried the other, ''tis no joke—
My feet, once hard as any rock,
Are now as soft as any blubber.

'Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear—
As for Loretto I shall not get there;
No! to the Dev'l my sinful soul must go,
For damme if I ha'nt lost ev'ry toe.

'But, brother sinner, pray explain
How 'tis that you are not in pain:
What pow'r hath work'd a wonder for *your* toes:
Whilst *I*, just like a snail am crawling,
Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,
Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes?

'How is't that *you* can like a greyhound go,
Merry, as if that nought had happen'd, burn ye!'
'Why,' cried the other, grinning, 'you must know,
That just before I ventur'd on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to boil *my* peas.'

ODE VII.

Peter *grinneth*.

YOUNG men, be cautious of each critic word,
That blasphemous may much offence afford—
I mean, that wounds an ancient master's fame:
At Titian, Guido, Julio, Veronese,
Your length'ning phiz let admiration seize,
And throw up both your eyes at Raphael's name.

Ev'n by a print-shop should you chance to pass,
Revere the effigy inside a glass :
Just as with papists the religious care is,
In churches, lanes, to bend their marrow-bones
To bees-wax saints, bon-dieux of stones,
And beech, or deal, or wainscot Virgin Marys.

Whate'er their errors, they no more remain ;
For time, like fuller's earth, takes out each stain :
Nay more—on faults, that modern works would tar-
Time spreads a sacred coat of varnish. [nish,

Spare not on brother artists' backs the lash ;
Put a good wire in't—let it slash ;
Since ev'ry stroke with int'rest is repaid :
For though you cannot kill the man outright,
Yet by this effort of your rival spite,
Fifty to one, you spoil his trade.
His ruins may be feathers for your nest—
The maxim's not amiss—*probatum est.*

ODE VIII.

The Poet inquireth into the State of the Exhibition—Lasheth Father Time *for making great Geniuses, and destroying them—Praiseth* Reynolds—*Fancieth a very curious Dialogue between* King Alexander *and the Deer, the Subject of* Mr. West's *Picture—Turneth to* Mr. West's *Resurrection.*

WELL, Muse ! what is there in the Exhibition ?
How thrive the beauties of the graphic art ?
Whose racing genius seems in best condition
For Glory's plate to start ?
Say, what sly rogues old Fame cajole ?
Speak,—who hath brib'd her trumpet, or who stole ?

For much is prais'd that ought in fires to mourn—
Nay, what would ev'n disgrace a fire to burn.

What artist boasts a work sublime,
That mocks the teeth of raging Time?
Old fool! who after he hath form'd with pains,
A genius rare,
To make folks stare,
Knocks out his brains:
Like children, dolls creating with high brags;
Then tearing all their handy works to rags.

Lo! Reynolds shines with undiminish'd ray!
Keeps, like the bird of Jove, his distant way—
Yet simple portrait strikes too oft our eyes,
Whilst hist'ry, anxious for his pencil, sighs.

We don't desire to see on canvass live
The copy of a jowl of lead;
When for th' original we wou'd not give
A small pin's head.

This year, of picture, Mr. West
Is quite a Patagonian maker—
He knows that bulk is not a jest;
So gives us painting by the acre:

But, ah! this artist's brush can never brag
Upon King Alexander and the stag:
For as they play'd at loggerheads a rubber;
We surely ought to see a handsome battle
Between the monarch and the piece of cattle;
Whereas each keeps his distance, like a lubber.

His Majesty, upon his breech laid low,
Seems preaching to his horned foe;
Observing what a very wicked thing
To hurt the sacred person of a king:
And seems, about his business, to entreat him
To march, for fear the hounds should eat him.

The stag appears to say in plaintive note,
'I own, King Alexander, my offence:
True! I've not show'd my loyalty, nor sense;
So bid your huntsman come and cut my throat.'

The cavalry, adorn'd with fair stone bodies,
Seem on the dialogue, with wonder, staring;
And on their flinty backs a set of noddies,
Not one brass farthing for their master caring.

Behold! one fellow lifts his mighty spear,
To save the owner of the Scottish crown;
Which, harmless hanging o'er the gaping deer,
Seems in no mighty hurry to come down.

Another on a Pegasus comes flying!
His phiz his errand much belying;
For if he means to baste the beast so cruel,
God knows, 'tis with a face of water-gruel.

So then, sweet Muse, the picture boasts no merit—
As flat as dish-water, or dead small-beer—
Or (what the mark is tolerably near)
As heads of aldermen devoid of spirit.

Well then! turn round—view t'other side the room,
And see his Saviour mounting from the tomb:
Is this piece too with painting sins so cramm'd,
Born to increase the number of the damn'd?

My sentiments by no means I refuse—
Was our Redeemer like that wretched thing,
I should not wonder that the cunning Jews
Scorn'd to acknowledge him for king.

ODE IX.

Peter *moralizeth, and giveth good Advice.*

ENVY and Jealousy, that pair of devils
Stuff'd like Pandora's box with wondrous evils,
I hate, abhor, abominate, detest,
Like Circe turning man into a beast.

Beneath their cankering breath no bud can blow;
Their black'ning pow'r resembles smut in corn,
Which kills the rising ears, that should adorn,
And bid the vales with golden plenty glow.

Yet fierce, in yonder dome*, each demon reigns;
Their poison swells too many an artist's veins,
Draws from each lab'ring heart the fearful sigh,
And casts a sullen gloom on ev'ry eye.

Brushmen! accept the counsel Peter sends,
Who scorns th' acquaintance of this brace of fiends:
Should any with uncommon talents tow'r;
To any is superior science giv'n—
O, let the weaker feel their happy pow'r,
Like plants that triumph in the dews of heav'n.

Be pleas'd, like Reynolds, to direct the blind;
Who aids the feeble falt'ring feet of youth;
Unfolds the ample volume of his mind,
With genius stor'd and nature's simple truth:

Who, though a sun, resembles not his brother,
Whose beams so full of jealousy, conspire,
Whene'er admitted to the room, to smother
The humble kitchen, or the parlour fire.

* The Royal Academy.

ODE X.

Peter *speaketh figuratively—Accommodateth himself to vulgar Readers—Lasheth Pretenders to Fame—Concludeth merrily.*

A MODEST love of praise I do not blame—
But I abhor a rape on mistress Fame—
Although the lady is exceeding chaste,
Young forward bullies seize her round the waist,

Swear, *nolens volens*, that she *shall* be kiss'd;
And, though she vows she does not like 'em,
Nay threatens for their impudence to strike 'em,
The saucy varlets still persist.

Reader!—of images here's no confusion—
Thou therefore understand'st the bard's allusion;
But possibly thou hast a thickish head:
And therefore no vast quantities of brain—
Why then, my precious pig of lead,
'Tis necessary to explain.

Some artists, if I so may call 'em,
So ignorant (the foul fiend maul 'em)
Mere driv'lers in the charming art;
Are vastly fond of being prais'd;
Wish to the stars, like Blanchard*, to be rais'd:
And rais'd they should be, reader—from a cart.

If disappointed in some Stentor's tongue,
Upon themselves they pour forth prose or song,
Or buy it in some venal paper,
And then heroically vapour.

What prigs to immortality aspire,
Who stick their trash around the room!—
Trash meriting a very diff'rent doom—
I mean the warmer regions of the fire!

* The celebrated balloonist.

Heav'n knows, that I am anger'd to the soul,
  To find some blockheads of their works so vain—
So proud to see them hanging, cheek by jowl,
  With his*, whose pow'rs the art's high fame sustain.

  To wondrous merit their pretension,
  On such vicinity-suspension,
Brings to my mind a not unpleasant story,
Which, gentle readers, let me lay before ye.

A shabby fellow chanc'd one day to meet
The British Roscius in the street,
  Garrick, on whom our nation justly brags—
The fellow hugg'd him with a kind embrace—
'Good sir, I do not recollect your face,'
  Quoth Garrick—'No!' replied the man of rags;

'The boards of Drury you and I have trod
  Full many a time together, I am sure—'
'When?' with an oath, cried Garrick—'for by G—
  I never saw that face of yours before!—
    What characters, I pray,
    Did you and I together play?'

'Lord!' quoth the fellow, 'think not that I mock—
When you play'd Hamlet, sir,—I play'd the cock†.'

* The President. † In the ghost scene.

ODE XI.

Peter *talketh sensibly and knowingly—recommendeth it to Artists to prefer Pictures for their Merit—Discovereth musical Knowledge, and showeth that he not only hath kept Company with Fid*-lers, *but Fiddle*-makers—*He satirizeth the Pseudo-cognoscenti*—— *Praiseth his ingenious Neighbour* Sir Joshua.

BE not impos'd on by a name;
But bid your eye the picture's merit trace:
Poussin at times in outline may be lame,
And Guido's angels destitute of grace.

Yet, lo! a picture of some famous school,
A warranted old daub of reputation,
Where charming painting's almost ev'ry rule
Hath suffer'd almost every violation;
Hath oft been gaz'd at by devouring eyes,
Where nature, banish'd from the picture, sighs.

So some old duchess, as a badger grey,
Her snags by Time, sure dentist, snatch'd away,
With long, lank, flannel cheeks,
Where Age in ev'ry wrinkled feature,
Unto the poor weak shaking creature,
Of death unwelcome tidings speaks,
Draws from the gaping mob the envying look,
Because her owner chanc'd to be a duke.

How many pasteboard rocks and iron seas,
How many torrents wild of still stone water,
How many brooms and broomsticks meant for trees,
Because the fancied labours of Salvator*,

* Salvator Rosa.

Whose pencil too most grossly may have blunder'd,
Have brought the blest possessor many a hundred.

Thus prove a crowd a Stainer* or Amati †,
  No matter for the fiddle's sound ;
The fortunate possessor shall not bate ye
  A doit of fifty, nay a hundred, pound ;
And though what's vulgarly baptiz'd a *rep*,
Shall in a hundred pounds be deem'd dog-cheap.

It tickles one excessively to hear
  Wise prating pedants the old masters praise :
Damning by wholesale, with sarcastic sneer,
  The luckless works of modern days ;
Making at living wights such fatal pushes,
As if not good enough to wipe their brushes :

And yet on each wise *cognoscenté* ass,
  Who shall for hours on paint and sculpture din ye,
A person with facility may pass
  Rigaud for Raphael—Bacon for Bernini :
Or, little as an oven to Vesuvius,
Will Tyler for Palladio or Vitruvius !

One wou'd imagine by the mad'ning fools,
Who talk of nothing but the ancient schools,
  And vilify the works of modern brains,
They think poor mother Nature's art is fled,
That now she cannot make a head,
  Who took with old Italian pates such pains ;
Nay, to a driv'ller turn'd, her pow'r so sunk is,
Tame soul ! that nothing now she makes, but mon-
keys :

'Look at your fav'rite Reynolds,' is their strain,—
  'Allow'd by all, the first in Europe's eye :
One atom of repute can Reynolds gain,
  When Titian, Rubens, and Vandyke are nigh ?
Can Reynolds live near Raphael's matchless line ?
Yes, blinkards ! and with lustre shine !

* A German fiddle-maker.
† A maker of the fiddles called Cremonas.

ODE XII.

Peter *increaseth in Wisdom, and adviseth wisely —Seemeth angry at the Illiberality of Nature in the Affair of his good Acquaintance, the* Lord High Chancellor of England *and* Mr. Pepper Arden—Peter *treateth his Readers with Love-Verses of past Times.*

COPY not nature's forms too closely,
 Whene'er she treats your sitter grossly;
For when she gives deformity for grace,
Pray show a little mercy to the face.
Indeed 'twould be but charity to flatter
Some dreadful works of seeming drunken nature:

As for example, let us now suppose
Thurlow's black scowl, and Pepper Arden's nose:
But when your pencil's powers are bid to trace
The smiles of Devonshire—Duncannon's grace—
To bid the blush of beauteous Campbell rise,
And wake the radiance of Augusta's* eyes
(Gad! Muse, thou art beginning to grow loyal),
And paint the graces of the Princess Royal,
Try all your art—and when your toils are done,
You show a flimsy meteor for a sun.

Or should your skill attempt her face and air,
 Who fir'd my heart and fix'd my roving eye—
The loves, who robb'd a world to make her fair,
 Would quickly triumph, and your art defy.

Sweet nymph!—But, reader, take the song,
 Which Cynthia's charms alone inspir'd;
That left of yore the poet's tongue,
 When love his raptur'd fancy fir'd.

* Second daughter of the king.

SONG.

From her, alas! whose smile was love,
  I wander to some lonely cell:
My sighs too weak the maid to move,
  I bid the flatterer, Hope, farewel.

Be all her siren arts forgot,
  That fill'd my bosom with alarms:
Ah! let her crime—a little spot,
  Be lost amidst her blaze of charms.

As on I wander slow, my sighs
  At ev'ry step for Cynthia mourn:
My anxious heart within me dies,
  And sinking, whispers, 'Oh, return!'

Deluded heart! thy folly know—
  Nor fondly nurse the fatal flame—
By absence thou shalt lose thy woe,
  And only *flutter* at her name.

Readers! I own the song of love is sweet,
  Most pleasing to the soul of gentle Peter:
Your eyes then with another let me treat,
  O gentle sirs, and in the same sweet metre.

SONG TO DELIA.

Say, lonely maid, with down-cast eye—
  O Delia, say, with cheek so pale;
What gives thy heart the length'ned sigh,
  That tells the world a mournful tale?

Thy tears, that thus each other chase,
  Bespeak a bosom swell'd with woe:
Thy sighs, a storm that wrecks thy peace,
  Which souls like thine should never know.

O tell me, doth some favour'd youth,
With virtue tir'd, thy beauty slight;
And leave those thrones of love and truth,
That lip and bosom of delight?

Perhaps, to nymphs of other shades
He feigns the soft impassion'd tear,
With songs their easy faith invades,
That treach'rous won thy witless ear.

Let not those maids thy envy move,
For whom his heart may seem to pine—
That heart can ne'er be blest by love,
Whose guilt could force a pang from thine.

ODE XIII.

Pious Peter *acknowledgeth great obligations to the* Reverend Mr. Martyn Luther—*Yet lamenteth the Effects of this Parson's Reformation on Painting.*

WE protestants owe much to Martyn Luther,
Who found to heav'n a shorter way and smoother;
And shall not soon repay the obligation:
Martyn against the papists got the laugh,
Who, as the butchers bleed and bang a calf
To whiteness—bled and bang'd unto salvation:

As if such drubbings could expel their sins:
As if that Pow'r, whose works with awe we view,
Grac'd all our backs with sets of comely skins,
Then order'd us to beat them black and blue.
Well then! we must confess for certain,
That much we owe to brother Martyn,
Who altered for the better our religion—
Yet by it glorious painting much did lose—
Was pluck'd, poor goddess! like a goose,
Or, for the rhime' sake like a pigeon.

Mad at the whore of Babylon and bull;
Down from the churches men began to pull
Pictures that long had held a lofty station—
Pictures of saints of pious reputation,
  For curing by a miracle the ills
That now so stubborn yield not to devotions,
  But unto blisters, bolusses, and potions,
That make such handsome 'pothecaries' bills.

Down tumbled Anthony who preach'd to sprats—
  And he who held discourses with a hog*,
  That grunting after him so us'd to jog,
Came down by favour of long sticks and bats.

The saints who grinn'd on spits like ven'son roasting,
  Broiling on gridir'ns—baking in an oven;
Or on a fork like cheese of Cheshire toasting,
  Or kick'd to death by Satan's hoof so cloven;
All humbled to the ground were forc'd to fall—
Spits, forks, and gridir'ns, ovens, dev'l and all.

Ev'n saints of poor old England's breeding,
In marvels many foreign ones exceeding,
  Our hot reformers did as roughly handle:
In troth, poor harmless souls! they met no quarter;
But down were tumbled miracle and martyr,
  Put up in lots, and sold by inch of candle.

  Had we been papists—Lord! we still had seen
Devils and devils' mates, young pimping liars,
  Tempting the blushing nuns of frail fifteen,
With gangs of ogling, rosy, wanton friars:
Which nuns so pure no love-speech should cajole—
Who starv'd the body to preserve the soul.

  Then had we seen St. Dennis with his head
Fresh in his hand, and with affection kissing;
  As if the nob, that from his shoulders fled
By knife or broad-sword, never had been missing:
Then had we seen, upon their friendly coating,
Saints on the waves, like gulls and widgeons, floating.

* Commonly known by the name of Pig Anthony.

I've seen a saint on board a ship,
To whom for a fair wind the papists pray,
Well flogg'd from stem to stern by birch and whip,
Poor wooden fellow! twenty times a day:

Pull'd by the nose, and kick'd—call'd lubber, owl,
To make him turn a wind to fair from foul!
And often this hath brought a prosp'rous gale,
When pray'rs and curses have been found to fail.

This, had we papists been, had grac'd our churches,
Saints, seamen, nose-pulling, kicks, whips, and birches.

ODE XIV.

Peter *attacketh the* Exotic R. A.'s

YE royal sirs! before I bid adieu,—
Let me inform you, some deserve my praise:
But trust me, gentle 'squires, ye are but few
Whose names would not disgrace my lays:
You'll say, with grinning sharp sarcastic face,
'We must be bad indeed, if that's the case'—
Why, if the truth I must declare,
So, gentle 'squires, you really are.

I'm greatly pleas'd, I must allow,
To see the foreigners beat hollow;
Who stole into that dome* the Lord knows how:
I hope to God no more will follow:
Who, curs'd with a poor sniv'ling spirit,
Were never known to vote for merit—

Poor narrow-minded imps,
Hanging together just like shrimps.
I own (so little they have merited)
That from yon noble dome,
Made almost an Italian and French home,
I long to see the vermin ferreted.

* The Royal Academy.

Yet where's the house, however watch'd by cats,
That can get rid of all its rats?
Or, if a prettier simile may please,
Where is the bed that has no fleas?
Or if a prettier still—what London rugs
Have not at times been visited by bugs?

ODE XV.

Peter *taketh leave—Displayeth wonderful Learning—Seemeth sorry to part with his Readers—Administereth Crumbs of Comfort.*

MY dearest readers! 'tis with grief I tell,
That now, for ever, I must bid farewel!—
Glad if an ode of mine with grins can treat ye,
Valete:
And if you like the lyric Peter's oddity;
Plaudite.
Rich as a Jew am I in Latian lore—
So, classic readers, take a sentence more:
Pulchrum est monstrari digito et dicier hic est!
Says Juvenal, who lov'd a bit of fame—
In English—ah! 'tis sweet amongst the thickest
To be found out, and pointed at, by name.
To hear the shrinking great exclaim, 'that's Peter,
Who makes much immortality by metre,
Who nobly dares indulge the tuneful whim,
And cares no more for Kings than Kings for him!'

Yet one word more, before we part—
Should any take it grievously to heart,
Look melancholy, pale, and wan, and thin,
Like a poor pullet that hath eat a pin,
Put on a poor desponding face and pine,
Because that Peter the divine

Resolves to give up painting odes :—
By all the rhiming goddesses and gods,
I here upon a poet's word protest,
That if it is the world's request
 That I again in lyrics should appear,
Lo! rather than be guilty of the sin
Of losing George the Third one subject's skin,
 My lyric bagpipe shall be tun'd next year.

THE

LOUSIAD,

AN

HEROI-COMIC POEM.

CANTO I.

Prima Syracosio dignata est ludere versu
Nostra, nec erubuit sylvas habitare, Thalia.
Cum canerem reges et prœlia, Cynthius aurem
Vellit et admonuit —— VIRGIL.

I, who so lately in my lyric lays
Sung to the praise and glory of R. A.'s;
And sweetly tun'd to Love the melting line,
With Ovid's art, and Sappho's warmth divine;
Said, (nobly daring!) 'Muse, exalt thy wings,
Love and the Sons of Canvass quit for Kings.'
Apollo, laughing at my powers of song,
Cry'd, 'Peter Pindar, prithee hold thy tongue.'
But I, like poets, self-sufficient grown,
Reply'd, 'Apollo, prithee hold thy *own*.'

TO THE READER.

GENTLE READER,

IT is necessary to inform thee, that his Majesty actually discovered, some time ago, as he sat at table, a *louse* on his plate. The emotion occasioned by the unexpected appearance of such a guest can be better imagined than described.

An edict was, in consequence, passed for shaving the cooks, scullions, &c. and the unfortunate Louse condemned to die.

Such is the foundation of the *Lousiad*. With what degree of merit the poem is executed, the *un*-critical as well as critical reader will decide.

The ingenious *Author*, who ought to be allowed to know somewhat of the matter, hath been heard privately to declare, that in his opinion the Batrachomyomachia of Homer, the Secchia Rapita of Tassoni, the Lutrin of Boileau, the Dispensary of Garth, and the Rape of the Lock of Pope, are not to be compared to it,—and to exclaim at the same time with the modest assurance of an author—

> Cedite, scriptores Romani; cedite, Graii—
> Nil ortum in terris, *Lousiadâ*, melius.

Which, for the sake of the mere English reader, is thus beautifully translated :—

> Roman and Grecian authors, great and small,
> The author of the *Lousiad* beats you all.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Proëmium—Description of the Louse's *Fall—History of his Wife and Family—A wonderfully sublime Simile of a Cow — Discovery of the* Louse *by his Majesty—The King's Horror and Astonishment on seeing him—equal to that he felt at* Mr. Fox's *Attempt on Prerogative—as* Mr. Burke's *dreadful Defalcation of the Royal Table—equal to that he felt in a Tumble from his Horse—equal to the Horrors of disappointed Venison Eaters—of a Serjeant at Law—of a country Girl—of a* Petit-Maître *saluted by a Chimney-sweeper—of the Devil when pinched by* St. Dunstan's *red-hot Tongs—of* Lady Worsley*—of* Sam House *the Patriot—of* Billy Ramus*—of* Kynaston, *the 'Squire of* Leatherhead*—of the perjured* Christopher Atkinson*—of the Prince of* Asturias*—of the King of Spain—of* Dr. Johnson, *and* Dr. Wilson*—Description of his Majesty's Heart—most naturally and wittily compared to a Dumpling—His Majesty's Speech to the Queen—Her Majesty's most gracious and short Answer—The short Speech of the beautiful Princesses—His Majesty's rough Rejoinder—The Fear that*

came on the Queen and her Children—beautiful Apostrophe to the Princesses—The King's Speech to the Pages—The King unable to eat—The Queen able—The King's Orders about the Louse—*Description of* Dixon *the Cook Major—his Speech—A Speech of the Cooks—Fine Simile of Bubble and Squeak; thought more sublime than that of* Homer's *Black Pudding—Speech of a Scullion—of a Scullion's Mate—of a Turnbroche—Noble Comparison—of a* Tartar *Monarch after he hath dined—A long and wise Speech of a Yeoman of the Kitchen—The Cook's Approbation of the Yeoman's Speech—Grand Simile of a Barn and its Lodgers set on Fire by Lightning—The concluding Speech of the Cook Major.*

THE

LOUSIAD.

CANTO I.

THE Louse I sing, who, from some head unknown,
Yet born and educated near a throne,
Dropp'd down—(so will'd the dread decree of fate),
With legs wide sprawling on the monarch's plate:
Far from the raptures of a wife's embrace,
Far from the gambols of a tender race,
Whose little feet he taught with care to tread
Amidst the wide dominions of the head;
Led them to daily food with fond delight,
And taught the tiny wand'rers where to bite;
To hide, to run, advance, or turn their tails,
When hostile combs attack'd, or vengeful nails:
Far from those pleasing scenes ordain'd to roam,
Like wise Ulysses, from his native home;
Yet, like that sage, though forc'd to roam and mourn,
Like him, alas! not fated to return,
Who, full of rags and glory, saw his boy*
And wife† again, and dog‡ that died for joy.

* Telemachus.
† Penelope.
‡ Argus, for whose history see the Odyssey.

Down dropp'd the luckless *louse*, with fear appall'd,
And wept his wife and children as he sprawl'd.
Thus on a promontory's misty brow,
The *poet's* eye, with sorrow, saw a cow
Take leave abrupt of bullocks, goats, and sheep,
By tumbling headlong down the dizzy steep;
No more to reign a queen amongst the cattle,
And urge her rival beaux, the bulls, to battle;
She fell*, rememb'ring ev'ry roaring lover,
With all her wild *courants* in fields of clover.
Now on his legs, amidst a thousand woes,
The *louse*, with judge-like gravity, arose;
He wanted not a motive to entreat him,
Beside the horror that the King might eat him.
The dread of gasping on the fatal fork,
Stuck with a piece of mutton, beef, or pork,
Or drowning 'midst the sauce in dismal dumps,
Was full enough to make him stir his stumps.
Vain hope of stealing unperceiv'd away!
He might as well have tarried where he lay.
Seen was this Louse, as with the royal brood
Our hungry king amus'd himself with food;
Which proves (though scarce believ'd by one in ten)
That kings have appetites like common men;
And that, like London aldermen and mayor,
They feed on solids less refin'd than air.
Paint, heav'nly muse, the look, the *very* look,
That of the sov'reign's face possession took,
When first he saw the Louse, in solemn state,
Grave as a Spaniard, march across the plate!
Yet, could a Louse a British King surprise,
And like a pair of saucers stretch his eyes?
The little tenant of a *mortal* head,
Shake the great ruler of three realms with dread?
Good Lord! (as somebody sublimely sings)
What great effects arise from *little things!*
As many a loving swain and nymph can tell,
Who, following nature's law, have lov'd too well!

* ——— moriens dulces reminiscitur Argos.
VIRG.

Not with more horror did his eyes behold
Charles Fox, that cunning enemy of old,
When triumph hung upon his plotting brains,
And dear *prerogative* was just in chains:
Not with more horror did his eye-balls work
Convulsive on the patriot Burke,
When guilty of œconomy, the crime!
Edmund wide wander'd from the *true sublime*,
And, cat-like, watchful of the flesh and fish,
Cribb'd from the royal table many a dish—
Saw ev'ry slice of bread and butter cut,
Each apple told, and number'd ev'ry nut;
And gaug'd (compos'd upon no sneaking scale)
The monarch's belly like a cask of ale;
Convinc'd that, in his scheme of state-salvation,
To *starve** the palace, was to *save* the nation:
Not more aghast he look'd, when, 'midst the course,
He tumbled, in a stag-chase, from his horse,
Where all his nobles deem'd their monarch dead;
But, luckily, he pitch'd upon his *head!*

Not *ven'son eaters* at the vanish'd fat,
With stomachs wider than a quaker's hat:
Not with more horror Mr. Serjeant Pliant
Looks down upon an empty-handed client:
Not with more horror stares the rural *maid*,
By hopes, by fortune-tellers, dreams, betray'd,
Who sees her ticket a dire blank arise,
Too fondly thought the twenty-thousand prize,

* His majesty was really reduced some time since to a most mortifying dilemma: the apples at dinner time having been, by too great liberality to the royal children, expended, the king ordered a supply, but was informed, that the *Board of Green Cloth* would positively allow no more. Enraged at the unexpected and unroyal disappointment, he furiously put his hand into his pocket, took out sixpence, sent a *page* for two pennyworth of pippins, and received the change.

With which the simple damsel meant, no doubt,
To bless her faithful fav'rite, Colin Clout:

Not with more horror stares each lengthen'd feature,
Of some fine, fluttering, mincing *petit maître*,
When of a wanton chimney-sweeping wag
The beau's white vestment feels the sooty bag;
Not with more horror did the Devil look,
When Dunstan by the nose the dæmon took
(As gravely say our legendary songs),
And led him with a pair of red-hot tongs;
Not Lady Worsley, chaste as *many* a nun,
Look'd with more horror at Sir Richard's fun,
When rais'd on high to view her naked charms,
He held the peeping captain in his arms;
Like David, that most am'rous little dragon,
Ogling sweet Bethsheba without a rag on:

Not more the great Sam House* with horror star'd,
By mob affronted to the very beard;
Whose impudence (enough to damn a jail)
Snatch'd from his waving hand his fox's tail,
And stuff'd it, 'midst his thunders of applause,
Full in the centre of Sam's gaping jaws,
That forcing down his patriotic throat,
Of 'Fox and freedom!' stopp'd the glorious note:

Not with more horror Billy Ramus† star'd,
When Puff‡, the prince's hair-dresser, appear'd

* In Westminster Hall, where the *sense* (the author was just about to say *nonsense*) of the people was to be taken on an election.

† Billy Ramus—emphatically and constantly called by his majesty *Billy Ramus*. One of the pages who shaves the sovereign, airs his shirts, reads to him, writes for him, and collects anecdotes.

‡ Puff, his Royal Highness's hair-dresser, who attending him at Windsor, the Prince, with his usual good-nature, ordered him to dine with the *pages*.

Amidst their eating-room, with dread design
To *sit* with *pages*, and with *pages dine!*

Not with more horror Gloster's duchess star'd,
When (blest in metaphor!) the King declar'd,
That not of all her *mongrel breed, one whelp*
Should in the royal kennel ever *yelp:*

Not more that man so sweet, so unprepar'd,
The gentle 'squire of Leatherhead*, was scar'd,
When, after prayers so good, and rare a sermon,
He found his front attack'd by fierce Miss Vernon;
Who meant (Thalestris-like, disdaining fear!)
To pour her *foot* in thunder on his *rear*;
Who, in *God's* house†, without one grain of grace,
Spit, like a *vixen*, in his worship's face;
Then shook her nails, as sharp as tailor's shears,
That itch'd to scrape acquaintance with his ears:

The pride of the pages immediately took fire, and a petition was dispatched to the king and prince, to be relieved from the distressful circumstance of dining with a *hair-dresser*. The petition was treated with the proper contempt, and the pages commanded to receive Mr. Puff into their mess, or quit the table. With unspeakable mortification Mr. Ramus and his brethren *submitted*; but, like the poor Gentoos who have lost their *cast*, have not held up their heads *since*.

* Kynaston is the name of the gentleman assailed by this furious maid of honour, for disapprobation of the lady as an acquaintance for his wife.

† Verily in the *house* of the *Lord*, on the Lord's day, in the year of our Lord 1785, in the village of Leatherhead, in the county of Surrey, did this profane *salival* assault take place on the phiz of 'Squire Kynaston, to the disgrace of his family, the wonder of the parson, the horror of the clerk, and the stupefaction of the congregation.

Not Atkinson* with stronger terror started
(Somewhat afraid, perchance, of being carted)
When *justice*, a sly dame, one day thought fit
To pay her serious compliments to Kit;
Ask'd him a few short questions about *corn*,
And whisper'd, she believ'd he was *forsworn*;
Then hinted, that he probably would find,
That though she sometimes wink'd, she was not blind:

Not more Asturias' Princess† look'd affright,
At breakfast, when her spouse, the unpolite,
Hurl'd, madly heedless both of time and place,
A cup of boiling coffee in her face,
Because the fair one eat a butter'd roll,
On which the selfish prince had fix'd his soul:
Not more astonish'd look'd that prince, to find
His royal father to his face unkind;
Who, to the cause of injur'd beauty won,
Seiz'd on the proud proboscis of his son
(Just like a tiger of the Libyan shade,
Whose furious claws the helpless deer invade),
And led him, till that son its durance freed,
By asking pardon for the brutal deed;
Led him thrice round the room (the story goes),
Who follow'd with great gravity his nose,
Resolv'd at first (for Spaniards are stiff stuff)
To ask no pardon, though the snout came off:
Not more astonish'd look'd that Spanish king‡,
Whene'er he miss'd a snipe upon the wing:

* Mr. Christopher Atkinson's airing on the pillory is sufficiently known to the public.

† This quarrel between the Prince of Asturias and his Princess, with the interference of the Spanish monarch, as described here, is not a poetic fiction, but an absolute fact, that happened not many months ago.

‡ His most Catholic Majesty's shooting merits are universally acknowledged. Though far advanced in

Not more astonish'd look'd that King of Spain,
To see his gun-boats blazing on the main:
Not Doctor Johnson more, to hear the tale
Of vile Piozzi's marrying Madam Thrale;
Nor Doctor Wilson, child of am'rous folly,
When young Mac Clyster bore off *Kate* Macaulay*.

What dire emotions shook the Monarch's soul!
Just like two billiard balls his eyes 'gan roll,
Whilst anger all his royal *heart* possess'd,
That, swelling, wildly bump'd against his breast,
Bounc'd at his ribs with all its might so stout,
As resolutely bent on jumping out,
T' avenge, with all its pow'rs, the dire disgrace,
And nobly spit in the offender's face.
Thus a large dumpling to its cell confin'd
(A very apt allusion to my mind),
Lies snug, until the water waxeth hot,
Then bustles 'midst the tempest of the pot:
In vain!—the lid keeps down the child of dough,
That bouncing, tumbling, sweating, rolls below.

'How, how? what, what?—what's that, what's that?
he cries,
With rapid accent, and with staring eyes—
'Look there, look there—what's got into my house?
A louse, God bless us! louse, louse, louse, louse,
louse.' [la!'
The queen look'd down, and then exclaim'd, 'Good
And with a smile the dappled *stranger* saw;

years, he is still the admiration of his subjects, and the envy of his brother kings, as a *shot*; and it is well known, that even on those days when the royal robes are obliged to be worn, his breeches pockets are stuffed with gun flints, screws, hammers, and other implements necessary for the destruction of snipes, partridges, and wild pigs.

* The fair historian.

Each princess strain'd her lovely neck to see,
And, with another smile, exclaim'd. 'Good me!'
'Good la! Good me! is that all you can say?'
(Our gracious monarch cry'd, with huge dismay).
'What! what a silly vacant smile take place
Upon your majesty's and children's face,
Whilst that vile *louse* (soon, soon to be unjointed!)
Affront's the presence of the *Lord's anointed!*'

Dash'd, as if tax'd with hell's most deadly sins,
The queen and princesses drew in their chins,
Look'd prim, and gave each exclamation o'er,
And, prudent damsels, '*word spake never more.*'
Sweet maids! the beauteous boast of Britain's isle,
Speak—were those peerless lips forbid to smile?
Lips! that the soul of simple nature moves—
Form'd by the bounteous hands of all the *Loves!*
Lips of delight! unstain'd by satire's gall!
Lips! that I never kiss'd—and never shall.

Now, to each trembling page, a poor mute mouse,
The *pious* monarch cry'd, 'Is this *your louse?*'
'Ah! sire,' replied each page with pig-like whine,
'An't please your majesty, it is not *mine.*'
'*Not thine?*' the hasty monarch cry'd agen,
'What, what? who's, who's then? who the devil's then?'

Now at this sad event the sovereign, sore,
Unhappy, could not take a mouthful more;
His wiser queen, her gracious stomach studying,
Stuck most devoutly to the beef and pudding;
For *Germans* are a very hearty sort,
Whether begot in hog-styes or a court,
Who bear (which shows their hearts are not of stone)
The ills of others better than their own.

Grim terror seiz'd the souls of all the pages,
Of different sizes, and of different ages;
Frighten'd about their pensions or their bones,
They on each other gap'd, like Jacob's sons!

Now to a *page*, but *which* we can't determine,
The growling monarch gave the plate and vermin:
'Watch well that blackguard animal,' he cries,
'That soon or late, to glut my vengeance dies!
Watch, like a *cat*, that vile marauding *louse*,
Or George shall play the devil in the house.
Some *spirit* whispers, that to cooks I owe
The precious *visitor* that crawls below;
Yes, yes! the whisp'ring *spirit* tells me true,
And soon shall vengeance all their locks pursue.
Cooks, scourers, scullions too, with tails of pig,
Shall lose their coxcomb curls, and wear a wig.'
Thus roar'd the *king*—not Hercules so *big*;
And all the palace echo'd—'Wear a wig!'

Fear, like an ague, struck the pale-nos'd cooks,
And dash'd the beef and mutton from their looks,
Whilst from each cheek the rose withdrew its red,
And *Pity* blubber'd o'er each menac'd head.

But, lo! the great *cook-major** comes! his eyes
Fierce as the redd'ning flame that *roasts* and *fries*;
His cheeks like *bladders*, with high passion glowing,
Or like a fat *Dutch trumpeter's* when *blowing*:
A neat white apron his huge corpse embrac'd,
Tied by two comely strings about his waist;
An apron that he purchas'd with his riches,
To guard from hostile grease his velvet breeches—
An apron that in Monmouth-street high hung,
Oft to the winds with sweet deportment swung.

'Ye sons of dripping, on your *major* look!
(In sounds of deep-ton'd thunder cry'd the cook)
By this white apron, that no more can hope
To join the piece in *Mister Inkle's* shop;
That oft has held the best of palace meat,
And from this forehead wip'd the briny sweat;
I swear this head disdains to lose its locks;
And those that do not, tell them they are *blocks*.

* Dixon.

Whose head, my cooks, such vile disgrace endures?
Will it be yours, or yours, or yours, or yours?
Ten thousand crawlers in that *head* be hatch'd,
For ever itching, but be never scratch'd!
Then may the charming perquisite of grease
The mammon of your pocket ne'er increase;—
Grease! that so frequently hath brought you coin,
From veal, pork, mutton, and the great *sir loin:*
O brothers of the spit, be firm as rocks—
Lo! to no *king* on earth I yield these locks.
Few are my hairs behind, by age endear'd!—
But, few or many, they shall not be shear'd.

Sooner shall Madam Schwellenberg*, the jade,
Yield up her fav'rite perquisites of trade,
Give up her majesty's old cloaks and gowns,
Caps, petticoats, and aprons, without frowns:
She! who for ever studies mischief—She!
Who soon will be as busy as a bee,
To get the liberty of locks enslav'd,
And ev'ry harmless cook and scullion shav'd—
She! if by chance a *British servant maid*,
By some insinuating tongue betray'd,
Induc'd the fair forbidden fruit to taste,
Grows, luckless, somewhat bigger in the waist;
Rants, storms, swears, turns the penitent to door,
Grac'd with the pretty names of b—ch and w——,
To range a prostitute upon the town,
Or, if the weeping wretch think better, drown:—
But, if a *German spider-brusher* fails,
Whose nose grows sharper, and whose shape tells tales;
Hush'd is th' affair!—the *queen* and *she*, good dame,
Both club their wits to hide the growing shame;
To wed her, get some fool—I mean some wise man;
Then dub the prudent cuckold an exciseman:
She! who hath got more insolence and pride,
God mend her heart! than half the world beside:

* Mistress of the robes to her majesty.

She! who, of guttling fond, stuffs down more meat,
Heav'n help her stomach! than ten men can eat!
Ten men!—aye, more than ten—the hungry *hag!*—
Why, zounds! the woman's stomach's like a bag:
She! who will swell the uproar of the house,
And tell the *king* damn'd lies about the *louse*;
When probably that louse (a vile old trull!)
Was born and nourish'd in her own grey skull:

Sooner the room shall buxom Nanny* *quit*,
Where oft she charms her master with her wit—
Tells tales of ev'ry body, ev'ry thing,
From honest courtiers to the thieves who swing—
Waits on her *sov'reign* while he reads dispatches,
And wisely *winds up* state affairs or watches:

Sooner the *prince* (may Heav'n his income mend!)
Shall quit his bottle, mistress, or his friend—
Laugh at the drop on *Misery's* languid eye,
And hear her sinking voice without a sigh;
Break for the wealth of realms his sacred word,
And let the world write *coward* on his sword:—
Sooner shall ham from fowl and turkey part,
And stuffing leave a calf's or bullock's heart:
Sooner shall toasted cheese take leave of mustard,
And from the codlin tart be torn the custard:
Sooner these hands the glorious haunch shall spoil,
And all our melted butter turn to oil:
Sooner our pious *king*, with pious face,
Sit down to dinner without saying grace;
And ev'ry night salvation pray'rs put forth,
For Portland, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, and North:
Sooner shall fashion order frogs and snails,
And dishclouts stick eternal to our tails!
Let George view *ministers* with surly *looks*,
Abuse 'em, kick 'em—but revere his *cooks*!'—
'What, lose our locks!'—reply'd the roasting crew,
To barbers yield 'em?—Damme if we do!

* Buxom Nanny—a female servant of the palace, who constantly attends the king when he reads dispatches.

Be shav'd like foreign dogs one daily meets,
Naked and blue, and shiv'ring in the streets?
And from the palace be asham'd to range,—
For fear the world should think we had the mange;
By taunting boys made weary of our lives,
Broad grinning wh—es, and ridiculing wives!'

'Rouse, *Opposition!*' roar'd a tipsey cook,
With hands a-kimbo, and bubonic look:
''Tis *she* alone our noble curls can keep—
Without *her*, *ministers* would fall asleep:
'Tis *she* who makes great men—our Foxes, Pitts,
And sharpens, whet-stone like, the nation's wits:
Knocks off your knaves and fools, however great,
And, broom-like, sweeps the cobwebs of the state:
In casks like sulphur that expels bad air,
And makes, like thunder-claps, foul weather fair;
Acts like a gun, that, fir'd at gather'd soot,
Preserves the chimney, and the house to boot:
Or, like a school-boy's whip, that keeps up tops,
The sinking realm, by flagellation, props.
Our monarch must not be indulg'd too far;
Besides I love a little bit of war.
Whether to crop our curls he boasts a right,
Or not, I do not care the louse's bite;
But then, no force-work! No! no force, by Heav'n!
Cooks! yeomen! scourers! we will not be driv'n.
Try but to force a *pig* against his will,
Behold! the sturdy *gentleman* stands still!
Or, p'rhaps (his pow'r to let the driver know)
Gallops the very road he should not go—
No force for me!—The *French*, the fawning dogs,
E'en let *them* lose their freedom, and eat frogs—
Damme! I hate each pale *soupe-maigre* thief—
Give me my darling liberty and beef.'

He spoke—and from his jaws a lump he slid,
And, swearing, manful flung to earth his *quid*.
Then swelling *pride* forbade his tongue to rest,
Whilst wild emotions labour'd in his breast—
Now sounds confus'd his anger made him mutter,
And, when he thought on shaving, curses sputter.

Such is the sound (the simile's not weak)
Form'd by what mortals *bubble* call, and *squeak**,
When 'midst the frying-pan, in accents savage,
The beef so surly quarrels with the cabbage.

'Be shav'd!' a scullion loud began to bellow,
Loud as a parish bull, or poor Othello,
Plac'd by that rogue Iago upon thorns,
With all the horrors of a pair of horns:
Loud as th' *exciseman*†, struggling for his life,
And panting in a most inglorious strife;
When on his face the smuggling princess sprung,
And, cat-like clawing, to his visage clung.

'Be shav'd like pigs!' rejoin'd the scullion's mate,
His dishclout shaking, and his pot-crown'd pate—
'What barber dares it, let him watch his nose,
And, curse me! dread the rage of these ten toes.'
So saying, with an oath to raise one's hair,
He kick'd with threat'ning foot the yielding air.

Thus have I seen an *ass* (baptiz'd a *jack*)
Grac'd by a *chimney-sweeper* on his back,

* The modest author of the *Lousiad* must do himself the justice to declare here, that his simile of the bubble and squeak is vastly more natural and more sublime than Homer's black pudding on a gridiron, illustrating the motions and emotions of his hero Ulysses. (*Vid*. Odyssey.)

† This affair happened a few years since—An exciseman seizing some smuggled goods belonging to a princess, a relation of the Great Frederick, her highness fell upon the poor *rat de cave*, and almost scratched his eyes out—the exciseman made a formal complaint to the king, begging to be relieved from the disgrace. The gallant monarch returned for answer, that he gave up the duties to his cousin the princess, but could not conceive how the hand of a fair lady could dishonour the face of an exciseman.

Prance, snort, and fling his heels with liberality,
In imitation of a *horse* of *quality*.

'Be shav'd!' an understrapper turnbroche cry'd,
In all the foaming energy of pride—
'Zounds! let us take his majesty in hand!
The king shall find he lives at our command:
Yes; let him know, with all his wondrous state,
His teeth and stomach on *our* wills shall wait:
We rule the platters, *we* command the spit,
And George shall have his mess when *we* think fit;
Stay till *ourselves* shall condescend to eat,
And then, if *we* think proper, have his meat.'

Thus having fed on ven'son rather coarse,
A colt, or crocodile, or dish of horse,
The *Tartar* quits his smoaky hut with scorn,
Sounds to the kingdoms of the world his horn;
And treating *monarchs* like his slaves or swine,
Informs them they have liberty to dine.

'Heav'ns!' cry'd a *yeoman*, with much learning grac'd,
In books as well as meat, a man of taste,
Who read with vast applause the daily news,
And kept a close acquaintance with the *Muse*;
Conundrums, rebus made—acrostic, riddle,
And sung his dying sonnets to the fiddle,
When *Love*, with cruel dart, the murd'ring thief!
His heart had spitted, like a piece of beef:
'Are these,' he said, 'of *kings*, the whims and jokes?
Then *kings* can be as mad as common folks.
Dame Nature, when a *prince's* head she makes,
No more concern about the inside takes,
Than of the inside of a bug's or bat's,
A flea's, a grasshopper's, a cur's, a cat's!
As careless as the *artist*, trunks designing,
About the trifling circumstance of lining;
Whether of Cumberland he use the plays,
Miss Burney's novels, or Miss Seward's lays;

Or sacred dramas of Miss Hannah More,
Where all the *Nine* with little Moses, snore;
Or good 'Squire Pindar's odes, or Warton's stick,
Or Horace Walpole's doubts upon King Dick,
Who furious drives, at times, his old goose quill,
On *Strawb'ry* (reader) not th' *Aonian Hill*;
Whether he doom the *royal speech* to cling,
Or *those* of Lords and Commons to the King;
Where *one* begs money, and the *others* grant
So easy, freely, friendly, complaisant,
As if the cash were really all their own,
To purchase *knick-knacks** that disgrace a throne.
Ah, me! did people know what trifling things
Compose those idols of the earth, called *kings*,
Those counterparts of that *important fellow*,
The children's wonder—*Signor Punchinello*;
Who struts upon the stage his hour away;
His outside, gold—his inside, rags and hay;
No more as *God's* vicegerents would they shine,
Nor make the world cut throats for *right divine*.

'Those *lords* of earth, at dinner, we have seen,
Sunk, by the merest trifles, with the spleen—
Oft for an ill-dress'd egg have heard them groan,
And seen them quarrel for a mutton bone:
At salt or vinegar, with passion, fume,
And kick dogs, chairs, and pages, round the room†.

* The Civil List, we are inclined to think, feels deficiencies from toys. For an instance we will appeal to Mr. Cumming's non-descript of a time-piece at the Queen's House, which cost nearly two thousand pounds. The same artist is also allowed 200*l*. per annum to keep the bauble in repair.

† This is partly a picture of the last reign as well as the present. The passions of George the Second were of the most impetuous kind:—his hat and his favourite minister, Sir Robert Walpole, were too frequently the foot-balls of his ill humour—nay,

'Alas! how often have we heard them grunt,
Whene'er the rushing rain hath spoil'd a hunt!
Their sanguine wishes cross'd, their spirits clogg'd,
Mere riding dishclouts homeward they have jogg'd;
Poor imps! the sport (with all their pride and pow'r)
Of nature's diuretic stream—a show'r!
This *we*, the actors in the farce, perceive;
But *this* the *distant* world will ne'er believe,
Who fancy kings to all the virtues born,
Ne'er by the vulgar storms of passion torn;
But blest with souls so calm, like summer seas,
That smile to heav'n, unruffl'd by a breeze:
Who think that kings, on wisdom always fed,
Speak sentences like Bacon's brazen head;
Hear from their lips the vilest nonsense fall,
Yet think some heav'nly spirit dictates all;
Conceive their bodies of celestial clay,
And, though all ailment, sacred from decay;
To nods and smiles their gaping homage bring,
And thank their God their eyes have seen a king;
Lord! in the circle when our royal master
Pours out his words as fast as hail, or faster,
To country 'squires, and wives of country 'squires;
Like stuck pigs staring, how each oaf *admires!*
Lo! ev'ry syllable becomes a gem!
And if, by chance, the monarch cough, or hem,
Seiz'd with the symptoms of a deep surprise,
Their joints with rev'rence tremble, and their eyes
Roll wonder first; then, shrinking back with fear,
Would hide behind the brains were any there.
How taken is this idle world by show!
Birth, riches, are the Baals to whom we bow;
Preferring, with a soul as black as soot,
A rogue on horseback, to a saint on foot.
See *France*, see *Portugal*, *Sicilia*, *Spain*,
And mark the desert of each *despot's* brain;

poor Queen Caroline came in for a share of his foot benevolence—but he was a prince of virtues—*ubi plura nitent, non ego* paucis *offendar maculis.*

Whose tongues should never treat with taunts a *fool*;
Who prove that nothing is too mean to rule.
What could the prince, high tow'ring like a steeple,
Without the *majesty* of *us* the *people ?*
Go, like the king of Babylon*, to grass,
Or wander, like a beggar with a pass!
However *modern kings* may cooks despise,
Warriors and *kings* were cooks, or hist'ry lies—
Patroclus broil'd beef steaks to quell his hunger;
The mighty Agamemnon potted conger!—
And Charles of Sweden, 'midst his guns and drums,
Spread his own bread and butter with his thumbs.'
Be shav'd!—No!—sooner pill'ries, jails, the stocks,
Shall pinch this corpse, than barbers snatch my locks.'
'Well hast thou said,' a scourer bold rejoin'd—
'Damme! I love the man who speaks his mind.'
Then in his arms the orator he took,
And swore he was an angel of a cook.
Awhile he held him with a Cornish hug;
Then seiz'd, with glorious grasp, a pewter mug,
Whose ample womb nor cider held nor ale,
But nectar fit for Jove, and brew'd by Thrale.
'A health to cooks!' he cry'd, and wav'd the pot,
'And he who sighs for titles is a sot—
Let dukes and lords the world in wealth surpass;
Yet many a lion's skin conceals an ass.
Lo! this is one amongst my golden rules,
To think the greatest men the greatest fools:
The *great* are judges of an opera song,
And fly a Briton's for a eunuch's tongue;
Thus idly squand'ring for a squawl their riches,
To faint with rapture at those cats in breeches.
Accept this truth from me, my lads—the man
Who first found out a spit or frying-pan,
Did ten times more towards the public good,
Than all the tawdry titles since the flood:
Titles! that *kings* may grant to asses, mules,
The scorn of sages, and the boast of fools.'

* Nebuchadnezzar.

He ended—All the cooks exclaim'd, 'Divine!'
Then whisper'd one another, 'twas 'damn'd fine!'
Thus spoke the *scourer* like a man inspir'd,
Whose speech the *heroes* of the kitchen fir'd:
Grooms, master scourers, scullions, scullions' mates,
With all the overseers of knives and plates,
Felt their brave souls like frisky cider work,
Whizzing in opposition to the cork:
Earth's potentates appear'd ignoble things,
And cooks of greater consequence than kings.
Such is the pow'r of words, where truth unites,
And such the rage that injur'd worth excites!
The *scourer's* speech, indeed, with reason blest,
Inflam'd with godlike ardour all the rest:
Thus if a barn heav'n's vengeful lightning draw,
The flame ethereal darts amongst the straw;
Doors, rafters, beams, owls, weazels, mice, and rats,
And (if unfortunately mousing) cats;
All feel the fierce devouring fire in turn,
And mingling in one conflagration, burn.

'Sons of the *spit*,' the major cry'd again,
'Your noble speeches prove you blest with brain;
Brain! that Dame Nature gives not ev'ry head,
But fills the vast vacuity with lead!—
Yet ere for opposition we prepare,
And fight the glorious cause of heads of hair,
Methinks 'twould be but decent to petition,
And tell the king, with firmness, our condition:
Soon as our sad complaint he hears us utter,
His gracious heart may melt away like butter;
Fair mercy shine amidst our gloomy house,
And anger'd majesty forget the *Louse*.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

AS many people persist in their incredulity with respect to the attack made by the barbers, on the heads of the harmless cooks, I shall exhibit a list of the unhappy sufferers; it is the Palace list, and therefore as authentic as the Gazette.

A true List of the Shaved at Buckingham House.

Two master cooks	Two soil-carriers
Three yeoman ditto	Two door-keepers
Four grooms	Eight boys
Three children	Five pastry people
Two master scourers	Eight silver scullery, for laughing at the cooks.
Six under scourers	
Six turnbroches	

In all, fifty-one.

A young man, named John Bear, would not submit, and lost his place.

THE

LOUSIAD,

AN

HEROI-COMIC POEM.

CANTO II.

'—— Qualis ab incepto.' HORACE.

'As it was in the *beginning*, is *now*, and *ever shall be*, world without end.'

THE ARGUMENT.

Invocation to the Muses—Degeneracy of modern Poets—The ragged State of the Ladies of Parnassus—Sad Condition of Bards—Praise of Mr. West's great Picture of King Alexander and the Stag—More Invocation to the Muses—The Tricks of those Ladies—Their Impositions on Poets and Poetesses—A Compliment to King George and Dr. Herschell, on their Intimacy with the Moon, and important Discoveries in that Planet—Invocation to Apollo—Invocation to Conscience—Conscience described—The great Powers of Conscience—More Invocation to Conscience—Truth and Falsehood, their Situations—More Invocation to Conscience—The Praise of Royal Economy and a Hanoverian College—Address to Gottingen—More Invocation to Conscience—Mr. Hastings's Bulse, Mrs. Hastings's Bed and Cradle properly treated—More Words to Conscience—The fatal Power of Conscience over the late Mr. Yorke and Lord Clive—Address to Fame—A Request to the aforesaid Gentlewoman, instructing her how to dispose of some of her Trumpets—De-

scription of her Pseudo-*votaries*—*The Bard blushing for the Quantity of Invocation—Procession of his Epic Poem—Madam Schwellenberg described with a Plate of Ham—Account of her Birth, Parentage, and Education—Account of Pride—Madam Schwellenberg's Visit to the King—His Majesty's most gracious Speech—Madam Schwellenberg's Answers—Address to Readers on Ladies Swearing—Sir Francis Drake, the Steward of the Household, described—not to be confounded with the famous Sir Francis Drake, who died near* 200 *Years ago—The Perquisites of the present Sir Francis—Description of the Dining Room belonging to the Cooks at Buckingham House—The Entertainment and Utensils of this Room—Dixon the Cook-major's Speech—Story of a Nabob and a Beggar—Cook-major Dixon's Speech in Continuance—Speech of another Cook—The Cooks in the Dumps—The Cook-major's Rejoinder to the Cook's Speech—A very sensible Speech—Conclusion with a beautiful Simile—The Petition of the Cooks.*

THE

LOUSIAD.

CANTO II.

NYMPHS of the sacred fount, around whose brink
Bards rush in droves, like cart-horses, to drink;
Dip their dark beards amidst your streams so clear,
And, whilst they gulp it, wish it ale or beer;
Far more delighted to possess, I ween,
Old Calvert's Brewhouse for their Hippocrene;
And blest with beef, their ghostly forms to fill,
Make Dolly's chophouse their Aonian hill;
More pleas'd to hear knives, forks, in concert join,
Than all the tinkling cymbals of the *Nine*;
Assist me—ye who themes sublime pursue,
With scarce a shift, a stocking, or a shoe!
Such pow'r have satires, epigrams, and odes,
As make ev'n bankrupts of the born of gods,
As well as mortal bards, who oft bewail
Their unsuccessful madrigals in jail,
Where penn'd, like hapless cuckows, in a cage,
The ragged warblers pour their tuneful rage;
Deck the damp walls with verse of various quality,
And, from their prisons, mount to immortality.

Ah! tell me where is now thy blush, O *Shame!*
Shall bards through *jails* explore the road to fame?
Like souls of papists in their way to glory,
Doom'd at the half-way house, call'd Purgatory,

To burn, before they reach the realms of light,
Like old tobacco-pipes, from black to white?
Yet let me say again, that pow'rful rhime
Hath lifted poets to a state sublime;
To lofty pill'ries rais'd their sacred ears
High o'er the heads of marvelling compeers,
Whose eggs, potatoes, turnips, and their tops,
Paid flying homage to their tuneful chops!
Blest state! that gives each fair exalted mien,
To grace in print a monthly magazine;
And deck the shops with sweet engravings drest,
'Midst angels, sinners, saints of Mr. West;
Where brave King Alexander and the Deer,
A noble bustling hodge-podge shall appear,
From that fam'd picture* which our wonder drew,
And pour'd its brazen splendours on the view;
Bright as the pictures that with glorious glare,
On pent-house high, in Piccadilly stare,
Where lions seem to roar, and tigers growl,
Hyænas whine, and wolves in concert howl;
And, by their goggling eyes and furious grin,
Inform what shaggy devils lodge within.

Ye Nymphs who, fond of fun, full many a time,
Mount on a jack-ass many a child of rhime,
And make him think, astride his braying hack,
He moves sublime on Pegasus's back:
Ye *Muses*, oft by brainless poets sought
To bid the stanza chime, and swell with thought;
Who, whelping for *oblivion*, fain would save
Their whining puppies from the sullen wave;
Assist me! ye who visit towns and hovels,
To teach our girls in bibs to eke out novels,
And treat with scorn (far *nobler* knowledge studying)
The humbler art of making pie or pudding:
Who make our Sapphos of their verses vain,
And fancy all Parnassus in their brain;

* A whole acre of canvass so daubed by colour as to give it the appearance of a brass foundry.

And, 'midst the bustle of their lucubrations,
Take downright madness for your inspirations;
Charm'd with the cadence of a lucky line,
Who taste a rapture equal, George, to thine;
When, blest at *Datchet*, thro' thy Herschell's glass,
That brings from distant worlds a horse, an ass,
A tree, a windmill, to the curious eye,
Shirts, stockings, blankets, that on hedges dry,
Thine eyes, at evenings late, and mornings soon,
Unsated feast on wonders in the moon;
Where Herschell on volcanoes, mountains, pores,
And happy nature's true sublime explores;
Whilst thou, so modest (wonderful to tell!)
On *lunar trifles* art content to dwell,
Flies, grasshoppers, grubs, cobwebs, cuckow spittle;
In short, delighted with the world of *little*;
Which West shall paint, and grave Sir Joseph Banks
Receive from thy historic mouth with thanks;
Then bid the vermin on the journals* crawl,
Hop, jump, and flutter, to amuse us all.

And thou, great *Patron*† of the double quill,
That flays by rhime, and murders by a pill,
A pretty kind of double-barrel'd gun,
More giv'n to tragedy than comic fun;
Auspicious *Patron* of the paunch and backs
Of those all-daring rascals christen'd quacks,
To whom our purse and lives are legal plunder,
Who, hawk-like, keep the human species under:

God of those gentlemen of gingling brains,
Who, for *their own amusement*, print their strains;
Strains that ne'er soar'd beyond the beetle's flight,
Save on the pinions of a school-boy's kite;
Strains arrant strangers to a depth profound,
Save when deep pilgrimaging under ground,
In humble rags, like tinners in a mine,
They pay their court to Cloacina's shrine;

* Of the Royal Society. † Apollo.

Strains that no ray of light nor warmth proclaim,
Save when, committed to the fire, they flame;
Strains that a *circulation* never found,
Save when they turn'd on beef or ven'son round:
Oh! aid, as lofty Homer says, my *nouse*,
To sing sublime the Monarch and the Louse!

Nymphs, Phœbus, in my *first* heroic chapter
I should have pray'd for crumbs of tuneful rapture:
Thus to forget my friends was not so clever;
But, says the proverb, 'better *late* than *never*.'

Well! since I'm in the invocation trade,
To *Conscience* let my compliments be paid—

Conscience, a terrifying little sprie,
That, bat-like, winks by day, and wakes by night;
Hunts thro' the heart's dark holes each lurking vice,
As sharp as weasels hunting eggs or mice;
Who, when the lightnings flash, and thunders crack,
Makes our hair bristle like a hedge-hog's back;
Shakes, ague-like, our hearts with wild commotion;
Uplifts our saint-like eyes with dread devotion;
Bids the poor trembling tongue make terms with [Heav'n,
And promise miracles to be forgiv'n;
Bid spectres rise, not very like the Graces,
With goggling eyes, black beards, and Tyburn faces;
With scenes of fires of glowing brimstone scares,
Spits, forks, and proper culinary wares,
For roasting, broiling, frying, fricasseeing
The *soul*, that sad offending little *being*;
That stubborn stuff, of salamander make,
Proof to the fury of the burning lake:

O *Conscience!* thou strait jacket of the soul,
The madding sallies of the bard control;
Who, when inclin'd, like brother bards, to lie,
Bring *Truth's* neglected form before his eye;
Fair *maid!* to towns and courts a stranger grown,
And now to rural swains almost unknown,
Whose company was once their prudent choice;
Who once, delighted, listen'd to her voice;

When in their hearts the *gentler* passion strove,
And *Constancy* went hand in hand with *Love!*
Sweet *Truth*, who steals through lonely shades along,
And mingles with the turtle's note her song;
Whilst *Falsehood*, rais'd by sycophantic tricks:
Unblushing, flaunts it in a coach and six:

Conscience! who bid'st our monarch, from the na-
Send sons to Gottingen for education, [tion,
Since helpless *Cam* and *Isis*, lost to knowledge,
Are idiots to this Hanoverian college,
Where simple science beams with orient ray;
The great, the glorious *Athens* of the day!
So says the *ruler* of us English fools,
Who cannot judge like *him* of *Wisdom's* schools.

Dear attic *Gottingen!* to thee I bow,
Of knowledge, oh! most wonderful milch cow!
From whom huge pails the royal boys shall bring,
And give, we hope, a little to the ——.
Through *thee*, besides the knowledge they may reap,
The lads shall get their board and lodging cheap,
And learn, like their good parents, to subsist
Within the limits of the Civil List;
Who seldom bid a minister implore
A little farther pittance for the *poor:*

Conscience! who, to the wonder of his *sire*,
Bad'st from his wonted state a *prince* retire,
And, like a subject, humbly seek the shade,
That not a tradesman might remain unpaid:
An action that the soul of *Envy* stings—
A deed unmention'd in the book of *Kings:*

Conscience! who mad'st a monarch, by thy pow'r,
Send pris'ner the fam'd di'mond* to the Tow'r;
So witchingly that look'd him in the face,
And impudently sought to bribe his *grace:*

* Such is the story of the late sly bulse that stole into St. James's.

Where, too, the cradle and the bed shall rest,
That on the same damn'd errand left the East—
Thus fall of gem and pearl the treas'nous tribe,
And beds and cradles that would *monarchs* bribe!

Conscience! who now canst like a cart-horse draw;
Now, lifeless sinking, scarcely lift a straw;
So different are thy pow'rs at diff'rent times,
Thou dear companion of the man of rhimes!
Thou! who at times canst like a lion roar
For one poor sixpence; yet, like North, canst snore,
Though rapine, murder, try to ope thine eyes,
And raging Hell with all his horrors rise;
Whose eye on petty frauds can fiercely flame,
Yet wink at full-blown crimes that *blast* a name!

O *Conscience!* who didst bid to madness work
(So great thy pow'r) the brain of hapless Yorke,
And mad'st him cut from ear to ear his throat,
That luckless spoil'd his patriotic note;
Yet wantedst strength to force from *his* hard eye
One drop—who *help'd* him to yon spangled sky;
Whose damned pray'rs, feign'd tears, and tongue of [art
Won on the weakness of his honest heart!
Poor Yorke! without a stone whose reliques lie,
Though *Virtue* mark'd the murder with a sigh!

O *Conscience!* who to Clive didst give the knife
That, desp'rate plunging, took his forfeit life;
Who, lawless plund'rer, in his wild career,
Whelm'd *Asia's* eye with woe, and heart with fear:
Whose wheels on carnage roll'd, and, drench'd with blood,
From gasping nature forc'd the blushing flood;
Whilst *Havock*, panting with triumphant breath,
Nerv'd his red arm, and hail'd the hills of death.—
And now to thee, O lovely *Fame*, I bend;
Let all thy trumpets this great work commend:
Give one apiece to all the learn'd Reviews,
And bid them sound the labours of the Muse:

Give to the Magazines a trumpet each,
And let the swelling note to doomsday reach:
To daily news-papers a trumpet give:
Thus shall my epic strain for ever live:
Thus shall my book descend to distant times,
And rapt posterity resound my rhimes.
By future *beauties* shall each tome be prest,
And, like their lapdogs, live a parlour guest.

Thee, dearest *Fame*, some mercenaries hail,
Merely to gain their labours a good sale;
Or rise to fair preferment by thy tongue,
Though deaf as adders to thy charms of song;
Just as the hypocrites say pray'rs, sing psalms,
Bestow upon the blind and cripple alms;
Yield glory to the *Pow'r* who rules above,
Not from a principle of heav'nly love,
But, sneaking rascals! to obtain—when dead—
A comfortably lodging over head,
When, forc'd by age, or doctors, or their spouses,
The vagrants quit their sublunary houses.

With tiresome invocation having done,
At length our glorious epic may go on.—
Lo! Madam Schwellenberg, inclin'd to *cram*,
Was wondrous busy o'er a plate of ham;
A ham that once adorn'd a German pig,
Rough as a bear, and as a jack-ass big;
In woods of *Westphaly* by hunters smitten,
And sent a present to the Queen of Britain.

But ere we farther march, ye Muses, say,
Somewhat of Madam Schwellenberg, I pray:—
If ancient poets mention but a horse,
We read his genealogy of course:
Oh! say, shall horses boast the deathless line;
And o'er a *lady's* lineage sleep the Nine?

By virtue of her father and her mother,
This woman saw the light without much pother;

That is,—no grand commotions shook our earth—
Apollo danc'd no hornpipe at her birth,
To say to what perfection she was born,
What wit, what wisdom should the nymph adorn:
No bees around her lips in clusters hung,
To tell the future sweetness of her tongue;
Around her cradle perch'd no cooing dove,
To mark the soul of innocence and love;
No smiling Cupids round her cradle play'd,
To show the future conquests of the maid;
Whose charms would make the jealous sex her foes,
And with their lightnings blast a thousand beaus.
Indeed the Muse must own a trifling pother
Sprung up between the father and the mother;
For, after taking methods how to gain her, [her.
They knew not how the dev'l they should maintain

Heav'ns! what! no prodigy attend *her* birth,
Who awes the greatest palace upon earth?
Yes!—a black cat round the bantling squall'd,
Join'd its young cries, and all the house appall'd:
Now here, now there, he sprung with visage wild,
And made a bold attempt to kiss the child;
Bats pour'd in hideous hosts into the room,
And, imp-like, flitting, form'd a sudden gloom;
Then to the cradle rush'd the dark'ning throng,
And, raptur'd, shriek'd congratulating song;
Which song, in concert with the squalls of puss,
Seem'd, in plain German, '*Thou art one of us.*'
In Strelitz first this dame the light espy'd,
Born to a good inheritance of pride;
For, howe'er paradoxical it be,
Pride pigs with people of a *low* degree,
As well as with your folks of fortune struts;
Like rats that live in palaces or huts;
Or bugs, an animal of pompous gait,
That dwell in beds of straw or beds of state;
Or monkeys vile, whose tooth inglorious grapples,
Now with ananas, now with rotten apples.

Hail, *Proteus Pride*, whose various pow'rs of throat
Can swell the trumpet's loud and saucy note;
And if a meaner air can serve thy turn,
In panting, quiv'ring sounds of Jews'-harps, mourn!
Hail, *Pride*, companion of the great and little,
So abject, who canst lick a patron's spittle;
Whine like a sneaking puppy at his door,
And turn the hind part of thy wig before;
Nay, if he orders, turn it inside out,
And wear it, merry-andrew like, about;
Heed not the grinning world a single rush,
But bear its pointed scorn without a blush.
Yet fain wouldst thou the crouching world bestride,
Just like the *Rhodian Bully* o'er the tide;
The brazen wonder of the world of yore,
That proudly stretch'd his legs from shore to shore,
And saw of Greece the loftiest navy travel,
In dread submission, underneath his navel.

So much for pride—great, little, humble, vain;
And now for Madam Schwellenberg again.

Whether the nymph could ever boast a grace,
That deign'd to pay a visit to her face,
The Muse is ignorant, she must allow;
Yet knows this truth, that not one sparkles *now*.
If ever beauties, in delight excelling,
Charm'd on her cheek, they long have left their dwell- [ing.
This nymph a mantuamaker was, I ween,
And priz'd for cheapness by our saving queen,
Who (where's the mighty harm of loving money?)
Brought her to this fair land of milk and honey,
And plac'd her in a most important sphere—
Inspectress General of the royal geer.

Soon as this woman heard the Louse's tale,
At once she turn'd, like walls of plaster pale.
But first the ham of *Westphaly* she gobbled,
And then to seek the *Lord's Anointed* hobbled:
Him full of wrath, like Peleus' son of yore,
When Agamemnon took away his wh——,

In all the bitterness of wrath she found;
The queen and royal children staring round.
'O *Swelly!*'—thus the madden'd monarch roar'd,
Whilst wild impatience wing'd each rapid word;
For, lo! the *solemn* march of graceful speech,
The *king* long since had bid to kiss his b——h.
The broken language that his mouth affords
Are heads and tails, and legs and wings of words,
That give imagination's laughing eye
A lively picture of a giblet pie.

'O *Swelly, Swelly!*' cry'd the furious king,
'What! what a dirty, filthy, nasty thing!—
That thus you come to ease my angry mind,
Indeed is very, very, very, very kind.—
What's your opinion, hæ!'—the monarch rav'd:
'Yes, yes, the cooks shall ev'ry one be shav'd—
What! what! hæ! hæ! now tell me, *Swelly*, pray,
Shan't I be right in't—What! what! *Swelly*, hæ?
Yes, yes, I'm sure on't, by the Louse's looks,
That he belong'd to some one of the cooks.—
Speak, *Swelly*; shan't we shave each filthy jowl?
Yes, yes, and that we will, upon my soul.'

To whom the *dame*, with elevated chin,
Wide-staring eyes, and broad, contemptuous grin:

'Yes, sure as dat my soul is to be sav'd,
So sure de dirty rascals sal be shav'd—
Shav'd to de quick be ev'ry moder's son—
And curse me if *I* do not see it done:
De barbers soon der nasty locks sal fall on,
Nor leave one standing for a louse to crawl on.
If on der skulls de razor do not shine,
May gowns and petticoats no more be mine—
Curl, club, and pigtail, all sal go to pot,
For sush curs'd nastiness, or I'll be rot;
Or else to Strelitz let me quickly fly,
Dat dunghill, dat poor pighouse to de eye;
Where from his own mock trone de prince, so great,
Can jomp into another prince estate—

Yes, by de God dat made dis eart and me,
No single lousy rascal sal go free.'

Reader, thou raisest both thy marv'lling eyes,
In all the staring wildness of surprise;
As if the poet did not truth revere,
And fanciest *gentlewomen* could not swear:
Go, fool, and seek the ladies of the mud,
Queens of the lakes, or damsels of the flood,
Nymphs, Nereids, or what vulgar tongues call drabs,
Who vend at Billingsgate their sprats and crabs;
Tell them their fish all stink, and thou wilt hear
Whether fine *gentlewomen* ever swear:
Nay, visit many of our courtly dames,
When wrath their dove-like gentleness inflames;
Lo! thou shalt find, by many a naughty word,
They use small ceremony with the Lord,
In spite of all that godly books contain,
That teach them not to take his name in vain.

'Thanks, *Swelly*, thanks, thanks, thanks,' the *king* reply'd;
'Like me, you have not got a grain of pride.—
Yes, yes, if I am master of this house—
Yes, yes, the locks shall fall, and then the Louse.'

He spoke—and to confirm the dreadful doom,
His head he shook, that shook the dining room.
Thus Jove, of old, the dread, the *thund'ring god*,
Shook, when he swore, Olympus with his nod.

'Yes,' cry'd the *king*—'yes, yes, their curls shall quake—
But tell me, where, where, where's Sir Francis Drake?'

O, reader, think not 'twas that Drake, Sir Francis,
Whose wondrous actions seem almost romances;
Who shone in sense profound, and bloodiest wars,
And rais'd the nation's glory to the stars;
Who first in triumph sail'd around the world,
And vengeance on the foes of Britain hurl'd;

But *he* who sculks around the royal kitchen,
Which if he catch a neighbour's dog or bitch in,
Lets fly, to strike the four-legg'd mumper dead,
A poker, or a cleaver, at his head.
Not *that* Sir Francis Drake who, god-like, bore
Fair freedom, science to the' Atlantic shore;
To Pagans gave the Gospel's saving grace,
And planted virtue 'midst a barb'rous race;
Spread on the darken'd realms the blaze of light—
But *he* who sees the spoons and plates are bright;
Sees that the knives before the king and queen
Are, like the pair of royal stomachs, *keen :*
Not *he*, whose martial frown whole kingdoms shook,
But he whose low'ring visage shakes a cook:
Not he who pour'd on Mexico his tars,
But he, at *London*, who with *linen* wars,
Napkins and damask tablecloths* assails
With scissars, razors, knives, and teeth, and nails;
Who dares with Doylies desp'rate war to wage,
Such is *his* province and domestic rage,
If, like his predecessors, he hath grace,
And calls his conquests, *perquisites of place.*—
'Twas not that Drake who bade his daring crew
Run with their bayonets the Spaniards through;
But that important Drake, in office big,
Instructing cooks to spit a goose or pig:
Not *he* who took the Spaniards by the nose,
And prisons fill'd with Britain's graceless foes;
But he who bids the geese, his pris'ners, die,
And stuffs their legs and gizzards in a pie:
He who, three times a week, a green-cloth lord,
Sits, wisdom-fraught, at that important board

* It was a common practice, in the last and preceding reigns, to tear and cut the royal linen privately, which, on account of the teeth, knife, nail, or scissar wounds, were never more used, but went as perquisites to treasurers and masters of the household.

With wise compeers, in judge-like order studying,
Whether the *king* shall have a tart or pudding.
Not *he*, by virtues to the world endear'd,
By foes respected, and by friends rever'd;
Prompt to relieve the supplicating sigh,
Who never dash'd with tears the asking eye;
But wak'd of joy the long departed beam,
Deep sunk in sorrow's unremitting stream:
But *he*, with greatness at eternal strife,
Who never gave a sixpence in his life;
Who, if he ever ask'd a friend to dine,
Requested favours that outweigh'd his wine;
From lane to lane, who steals with wary feet,
Just like the cautious hare that seeks his seat:
Who, though a city* near him rears her head,
And wealthy villages around him spread,
No friend, no neighbour near his mansion found;
Like Cain he walks in solitude around.
'Twas *this* Sir Francis, quite a diff'rent man
From him who round the world with glory ran;
Forbid it Heav'n! that e'er the *Muse* untrue
Should give to any man another's due!

Muse, leave we now the monarch, vengeance brewing,
To take a peep at what the cooks were doing.

In that snug room†, the scene of shrewd remark,
Whose window stares upon the saunt'ring park;
Where many a hungry bard, and gambling sinner,
In chop-fall'n sadness, counts the trees for dinner;
In that snug room where any man of spunk
Would find it a hard matter to get drunk‡;
Where coy Tokay ne'er feels a cook's embraces,
Nor port nor claret show their rosy faces;

* Exeter.

† The larder.

‡ This will be deemed strange by my *country* readers—but it is nevertheless true.

But where old Adam's beverage flows with pride,
From wide-mouth'd pitchers, in a plenteous tide;
Where veal, pork, mutton, beef, and fowl, and fish,
All club their joints to make one *handsome* dish;
Where stew-pan covers serve for plates, I ween,
And knives and forks and spoons are never seen;
Where pepper issues from a paper bag,
And for a cruet stands a brandy cag;
Where Madam Schwellenberg too often sits,
Like some old tabby in her mousing fits,
Demurely squinting with majestic mien,
To catch some fault to carry to the *queen:*
In that snug room, like those immortal Greeks,
Of whom, in book the thirteenth, Ovid speaks—
Around the table, all with sulky looks,
Like culprits doom'd to Tyburn, sat the cooks:
At length, with phiz that show'd the man of woes,
The sorrowing king of spits and stew-pans rose;
Like Paul at Athens, very justly sainted,
And by the charming brush of Raphael painted,
With out-stretch'd hands, and energetic grace,
He fearless thus harangues the *roasting race*;
Whilst gaping round, in mute attention, sit,
The poor forlorn disciples of the spit:
'Cooks, scullions, hear me ev'ry mother's son—
Know that I relish not this royal fun:
George thinks us scarcely fit ('tis very clear)
To carry guts, my brethren, to a bear.'—
'Guts to a bear!' the cooks, up-springing, cry'd—
'Guts to a bear,' the major loud reply'd.
'Guts to the dev'l!' loud roar'd the cooks again,
And toss'd their noses high in proud disdain:
The plain translation of whose pointed noses
The reader needeth not, the bard supposes;
But if the reason some dull reader looks,
'Tis this—whatever kings may think of cooks,
Howe'er crown'd heads may deem them low-born things,
Cooks are possess'd of souls as well as kings.

Yet are there some who think (but what a shame!)
Poor people's souls like pence of Birmingham,
Adulterated brass—base stuff—abhorr'd—
That never can pass current with the Lord;
And think because of wealth they boast a store,
With ev'ry freedom they may treat the *poor:*
Witness the story that my Muse, with tears,
Relates, O reader, to thy shrinking ears:

With feeble voice and deep desponding sighs,
With sallow cheek and pity-asking eyes,
A wretch, by age and poverty decay'd,
For farthings lately to a nabob pray'd;
The nabob, turkey-like, began to swell,
And damn'd the beggar to the pit of hell.
'Oh! Sir,' the supplicant was heard to cry
(The tear of mis'ry trickling from his eye),
'Though I'm in rags, and wondrous, wondrous poor,
And *you* with gold and silver cover'd o'er,
There won't in heav'n such difference take place,
When we before the Lord come face to face.'—
'*You* face to face with *me!*' the nabob cry'd,
In all the insolence of upstart pride:—
'*You* face to face with *me*, you dog, appear!
Damme, I'll kick you, if I catch you there.'—
Oh, shocking blasphemy! oh, horrid speech!
Where was the fellow born? the wicked wretch!—
So black an imp would pull, I do suppose,
A bulse of di'monds from a Begum's nose;
Or make, like Doulah, careless of his soul,
A new edition of the old Black Hole.

'What's life,' the major said, 'my brethren, pray,
If force must snatch our first delights away?
Relentless shall the royal mandate drag
The hairs that long have grac'd this silken bag;
Hairs to a barber scarcely worth a fig,
Too few to make a foretop for a wig?
Must razors vile these locks, so scanty, shave,
Locks that I wish to carry to my grave;

Hairs, look, my lads, so wonderfully thin,
Old Schwellenberg hath more upon her chin?'
'Yes, that she hath,' exclaim'd a cook, 'by G-d,
A damn'd old German good-for-nothing toad.'
Yes, yes, her mouth with beard divinely bristles—
Curse me, I'd rather kiss a bunch of thistles.
Oh! were it but his majesty's commands
To give her gentle jawbones to these hands,
I'd shave her, like a punish'd soldier, *dry*—
I'd pay my compliments to madam's chin—
I'll answer for't I'd make the devil grin—
The razor most deliciously should work—
I'd trim her muzzel—yes, I'd scrape her pork—
I'd teach her to some purpose to behave,
And show the witch the nature of a shave—
O! woman, woman! whether lean or fat,
In face an *angel*, but in soul a *cat!*'

He ended—when each mouth upon the stretch,
Crown'd with a loud horse-laugh the classic speech.

Too soon, alas! Resentment seiz'd the hour,
And *Joke* resign'd his grin-provoking pow'r;
Rage dimm'd of mirth the sudden sunny sky,
And fill'd with gloomy oaths each scowling eye;
Whilst *Grief*, returning, took her turn to reign,
Sunk every heart, and sadden'd ev'ry mien;—
Drew from their giddy heights the laughing graces—
For much is grief dispos'd to bring down faces.

'Son of the spit,' the major, strutting, cry'd,
'I like thy spirit, and revere thy pride:
I'd rather hear thee than a bishop preach,
For thou hast made a very pretty speech.
Such is the language that the gods should hear,
And such should thunder on the royal ear.
Yet, son of dripping, tho' thou speak'st my notions,
We must not be too nimble in our motions—
Awhile, heroic brothers, let us halt;
Soft fires, the proverb tells us, make sweet malt.
And yet again I bid you stand like rocks,
And battle for the honour of your locks.

Lo! in these aged hairs is all my joy—
To shave them, is my *being* to destroy.
What's life, if life has not a bliss to give?—
And, if unhappy, who would wish to live?
Content can visit the poor spider'd room;
Pleas'd with the coarse rush mat and birchen broom;
Where parents, children, feast on oaten bread,
With cheeks as round as apples, and as red;
Where health with vigour nerves their backs and hams,
Sweet souls, though ragged as young colts or rams;
Where calmly sleep the parents with their darlings,
Though nibbled by the fleas as thick as starlings;
Lull'd to their rest, beneath the coarsest rugs,
And dead to bitings of a thousand bugs.

Content, mild maid! delights in *simple* things,
And envies not the state of queens or kings;
Can dine on sheep's head, or a dish of broth,
Without a table or a tablecloth;
Nor wishes, with the fashionable group,
To visit Horton's shop for turtle soup;
Can use a bit of packthread for a jack,
And sit upon a chair without a back:
Nay, wanting knives, can with her fingers work,
And use a wooden skewer for a fork.
Sweet maid! who thinks not shoes of leather shocking,
Nor feels the horrors in a worsted stocking;
Her temper mild, no huckaback can shock,
Though for her lovely limbs it forms a smock:
Pleas'd with the nat'ral curls her face that shade,
No graves are robb'd for hair to form a braid:
Her breast of native plumpness ne'er aspires
To swelling *merry thoughts* of gauze and wires,
To look like crops of ducks (with labour born)
Stretch'd by a superfluity of corn.
With nature's hips, she sighs not for *cork rumps*,
And scorns the pride of pinching stays or jumps;
But, pleas'd from whalebone prisons to escape,
She trusts to simple nature for a shape;

Without a warming-pan can go to bed,
And wrap her petticoat about her head;
Nor sigh for cobweb caps of Mechlin lace,
That shade of quality the varnish'd face:
Sweet nymph, like doves, she seeks her straw-built nest,
And in a pair of minutes is undrest;
Whilst all the *fashionable* female clans,
Undressing, seem unloading caravans.
No matter from what source contentment springs;
'Tis just the same in cooks as 'tis in kings;
And if our souls are set upon our hair,
Let snip-snap barbers, nay, let *kings* beware,
Nor tempt the dangerous rage of true John Bulls,
And clap, like fools, the edge-tool to our skulls.
Tread on a worm, he shows his rage and pain,
By turning on the wounding toe again;
Nay, ev'n *inanimates* appear to feel:—
On the loose *stone*, if chance direct your heel,
Lo! from its womb the sudden stream ascends,
To prove the foot was not among its friends;
And calling in the aid of neighbour mud,
O'er the fair stocking spouts the sable flood.'

So spoke the major, with resentment fir'd—
Spoke like a man—indeed, like man *inspir'd.*—
Some critic cries, with sharp, fastidious look,
'Bard, bard, this is not language for a cook.'—
O snarler! but I'll lay thee any wager,
It is not too sublime for a *cook-major*.'—

'Behold! to remedy our sad condition,'
The major cry'd, 'I've cook'd up a petition:
This carries weight with it, or I'm mistaken,
Shall shake the monarch's soul, and save our bacon.'
Then jumping on a barrel, thus aloud
He read sonorous to the gaping crowd.

Thus reads a parish-clerk in church a brief,
That begs for burnt-out wretches kind relief—

Relief, alas! that very rarely reaches
The poor petitioners, the ruin'd wretches;
But (lost its way) unfortunately steers
To fat churchwardens and fat overseers;
Improves each dish, augments the punch and ale,
And adds new spirit to the smutty tale.

THE

PETITION OF THE COOKS.

'YOUR majesty's firm friends and faithful cooks,
Who in your palace merry liv'd as grigs,
Have heard, with heavy hearts and down-cast looks,
That we must all be shav'd, and put on wigs:
You, sire, who with *such honour* wear *your* crown,
Should never bring on *ours* disgraces down.

Dread sir! we really deem our heads our own,
With ev'ry sprig of hair that on them springs:—
In France, where men like spaniels lick the throne,
And count it glory to be *cuff'd* by kings,
Their locks belong unto the *Grand Monarque*,
Who swallows privileges like a shark.

Be pleas'd to pardon what we now advance;—
We dare your sacred majesty assure,
That there's a diff'rence between *us* and France;
And *long*, we hope, that *diff'rence* will endure.
We know King Lewis would, with pow'r so dread,
Not only cut the *hair* off, but the *head*.

Oh! tell us, sir, in loyalty so true,
What dire designing raggamuffins said,
That we, your cooks, are such a nasty crew,
Great sir! as to have crawlers in our head?

My liege, you can't find one through all our house,—
Not if you'd give a guinea for a louse.

What creature 'twas you found upon your plate
We know not—if a louse, it was not ours:—
To shave each cook's poor unoffending pate,
Betrays too much of arbitrary pow'rs;—
The act humanity and justice shocks:—
Let him who *owns* the crawler lose his locks.

But grant upon your plate this louse so dread,
How can you say, sir, it belongs to *us?*
Maggots are found in many a princely head;
And if a maggot, why then not a louse?
Nay, grant the fact;—with horror should you shrink?
It could not *eat* your majesty, we think.

Hunger, my liege, hath oft been felt by kings,
As well as people of *inferior state;*—
Quarrels with cooks are therefore dangerous things—
We cannot answer for your stomach's fate;
For, by your size, we frankly must declare,
You feed on more substantial stuff than *air*.

My liege, a universe hath been your foes;
The times have look'd most miserably black—
America hath *try'd* to pull your nose—
French, Dutch, and Spaniards, *try'd* to bang your back:
'Twould be a serious matter, we can tell ye,
Were *we* to buccaneer it on your *belly*.

You see the spirit of your cooks, then, sire—
Determin'd nobly to support their locks;
And should your guards be order'd out to fire,
Their guns may be oppos'd by spits and crocks:
Knives, forks, and spoons, may fly, with plates a store,
And all the thunder of the kitchen roar.

Nat. Gardner, yeoman of the mouth, declares
He'll join the standard of your injur'd cooks—
Each scullion, turnbroche, for redress prepares,
And puts on very formidable looks:
Your women too—*imprimis, Mistress Dyer*,
Whose eggs are good as ever felt a fire:

Next sweeper-general *Bickley, Mistress Mary*,
With that fam'd bell-ringer, call'd *Mistress Lo-man*—
Ann Spencer, guardian of the necessary,
That is to say, the necessary woman—
All these, an't please you, sir, so fierce, determine
To join us in the cause of hair and vermin.

There's *Mistress Stewart, Mister Richard Day*,
Who find your sacred majesty in linen,
Are ready to support us in our fray—
You can't conceive the passion they have been in;
They swear so much your scheme of shaving hurts,
You shan't have pocket-handkerchiefs or shirts.

The grocers, *Clarke* and *Taylor*, curse the scheme,
And say, whate'er we do, the world won't blame us—
So *Comber* says who gives you milk and cream—
And thus your old friend *Mister Lewis Ramus*:
We think your sacred majesty would mutter
At loss of sugar, milk, and cream, and butter.

Suppose, an't please you, sir, that *Mistress Knutton*
And *Mistress Maishfield*, fierce as tiger cats;
One overseer of all the beef and mutton,
The other lady president of sprats—
Suppose, in opposition to your wish,
This locks away the flesh, and *that* the fish?

Suppose *John Clarke* refuse supplies of mustard,
So necessary to your beef and bacon?

Will Roberts, all the apple-pie and custard?
  Your majesty would growl, or we're mistaken.—
Suppose that *Wells*, to plague your stomach studying,
From Sunday, *sacrilegious*, steals the pudding?

Suppose that *Rainsforth* with our *corps* unites;
  We mean the man who all the tallow handles—
Suppose he locks up all the mutton lights—
  How could your majesty contrive for candles?
You'd be (excuse the freedom of remark)
Like *some* administrations—in the *dark*.

We dare assure you that our grief is great—
  And oft, indeed, our feelings it enrages,
To see your sacred majesty beset
  By such a graceless gang of idle pages—
And, with submission to your judgement, sire,
We think old Madam Schwellenberg a liar.

Suppose, great sir, that, by your cruel *fiat*,
  The barbers should attack our humble head,
And that we should not choose to breed a riot,
  Because we might not wish to lose our bread;
Say, would the triumph o'er each harmless cook
Make George the Third like Alexander look?

Dread sir, reflect on Johnny Wilkes's fate,
  Supported chiefly by a paltry rabble—
Wilkes bade defiance to your frowns and state,
  And got the better in that famous squabble;
Poor was the victory you wish'd to win,
That set the mouth of Europe on the grin.

O king, our wives are in the kitchen roaring,
  All ready in rebellion now to rise—
They mock our humble method of imploring,
  And bid us guard against a *wig* surprise:—
'*Yours* is the hair,' they cry'd, 'th' Almighty gave ye,
And not a king in Christendom should shave ye.'

Lo! on th' event the world impatient looks,
  And thinks the joke is carried much too far—
Then pray, sir, listen to your faithful cooks,
  Nor in the palace breed a civil war:
Loud roars our band, and, obstinate as pigs,
Cry, 'Locks and liberty, and damn the wigs!'

6

THE

LOUSIAD,

AN

HEROI-COMIC POEM.

CANTO III.

Magnum iter ascendo, sed dat mihi gloria vires—
Non juvat ex facili lecta corona jugo.
PROPERTIUS.

Bold is th' ascent, but *glory* nerves my pow'rs;
I like to pick on *precipices*, flow'rs.

THE ARGUMENT.

A sublime, natural, elegant, and original Description of Night—*Modesty of the Stars—Slumbering Situation of their M—j—s, with a Compliment to their Constancy——The charming* Princesses *asleep—high Compliments bestowed on them—A prophetic Suggestion of a Courtship between one of our* Princesses *and* some great *German Duke—An Account of* Mr. Morpheus, *vulgarly called the God of Sleep—his Civility to the People, in giving them pretty Dreams, by way of Compensation for shutting up their Mouths, Eyes, and Ears, for a Dozen or fourteen Hours together—The solemn Amusements of* Silence—*A Night-Picture of London—The Palace, a Night-Scene—The Goodness of certain* Court Lords *to the* Maids *of* Honour—*Kind Embraces placed in a new Light, and vindicated—More Account of the Palace; containing a thirsty Fly, a hungry Cat, a starved Bull-dog, and frost-nipped Crickets—An Account of* Madam Fame's *Journey to the Den of* Madam Discord—*An account of* Madam Discord—*An Inventory of her Cell—Account of her Excursions—her Pictures and Music—her sudden Flight to Buckingham-*

House—assumes the Shape of Madam Schwellenberg*—whispers his Majesty—the Speech to Majesty—Majesty's fine Answer in his Sleep—* Discord *quits Majesty—takes the Form of* Madam Haggerdorn*—and goes to the* Major's *bedside, and whispers Rebellion to him—Her Speech—The* Major *sits upright in his Bed—handles his Pig-tail—The* Major's *most pathetic Curses—his sensible Soliloquy on Wigs—his Attack on Kings* in general, *and Praise of our most gracious King in* particular*—The* Major *strikes a Light—a rich Comparison—visits a Master Cook—Vast Difference between a Battle fought in a Field and in a News-paper—The Descent of the Cooks to the Kitchen—A great and apt Comparison—The Cooks look about for Day-light with Horror—The Situation of their Souls described—finely illustrated by a* great Woman's *Apprehensions for her fine diamond Stomacher—Lord* Egl—t—n *and an old Maid—A most tender and just Apostrophe to the frail* Fair-ones *of the Town—a Tear dropped on their unhappy Condition—their Part taken by the Poet, and, in a great Measure, vindicated—The Poet's Thunder-bolt launched at a certain great Limb of the Law, by way of Palliation—A short yet most charming Reflection on the female Heart, when in Love—The Poet returns to the Cooks—continues to describe their Dread of Day-light, by more apt Comparisons of hungry Authors—General Conflagration*— Sir William Chambers *and the*

THE ARGUMENT.

Bishop *of* Exeter—*Some Allusion to his Majesty's Journey to Exeter—Extracts from a Manuscript Poem of a Devonshire Humourist, one* John Plougshare—*The* Major *vainly endeavours to banish his Fears by whistling and humming a Couple of Tunes—The Names of the unsuccessful Tunes—The* Major's *Choice of them only known to the great* Author *of* Nature.

THE

LOUSIAD.

CANTO III.

NIGHT, like a widow in her weeds of woe,
Had gravely walk'd for hours our world below:
Hobgoblins, spectres in her train, and cats;
Owls round her hooting, mix'd with shrieking bats,
Like wanton Cupids in th' Idalian grove,
That flick'ring sport around the Queen of Love.
Now like our quality, who darkling rise,
Each star had op'd its fashionable eyes;
Too proud to make appearance, too well bred,
Till *Sol*, the *vulgar wretch*, had gone to bed.

His wisdom dead to sublunary things,
In leaden slumber snor'd the *best* of *****;
In slumber lifeless, with seraphic mien,
Close at his back, too, snor'd his *gentle* *****:
Unlike the pair of modern days, that weds,
And, in *one* fortnight, bawls for different beds!

Blest imp! now Morpheus o'er each princess stole,
And clos'd those radiant eyes that vainly roll!
Eyes! love's bright stars! but doom'd in vain to shine;
For, ah! what youth shall say, 'those orbs are mine?'

Then, what are eyes, alas! the *brightest* eyes,
Forbid to languish on a lover's sighs?
The pouting lip, the soft luxuriant breast,
If coldly fated never to be press'd?
Ah, vainly *those* like dew-clad cherries glow;
And *this* as vainly vies with Alpine snow!
The breath that gives of Araby the gales,
The voice that sounds enchantment, what avails?
The Juno form, the purple bloom of May,
Gifts of the Graces, all are thrown away!

But, possibly, some German duke may move,
And make a *tendre* of his heavy love!
His wide dominions—miles, p'rhaps, nine or ten;
His Myrmidonian phalanx—fifty men!
But, lo! his *heart*, the fount whence honour springs,
Swell'd with the richest blood of ancient kings!
He comes! not for high birth, his own before!
Great duke! he comes to woo our golden ore,
And add (how truly happy Britain's fate!)
Another leech to suck the sanguine state;
To join (composing what a goodly row!)
The place-broker, old Schw——— and Co.

Now Morpheus (in compassion to mankind,
Made, by his magic, deaf, and dumb, and blind)
Amus'd with dreams man's ambulating soul,
To recompense him for the time he stole;
Bade the beau dance, his Delia melt away,
Who box'd his ears so cruel through the day.
Of ancient damsels eas'd the lovesick pains,
Brought back lost charms, and fill'd their laps with swains;
Gave placid cuckoldom a constant dame;
To brainless authors, bread and cheese and fame;
Made driv'ling monarchs schemes of wisdom plan,
And nature's rankest coward kill his man;
Gave to the chap-fall'n courtier wealth and power,
Who felt no favour at the levee-hour,
Though tip-toed, hawk-like, watchful all the while,
To seize the faintest glimpse of royal smile;

Bade happy aldermen assume new airs,
Be-chain'd with all the splendor of lord may'rs;
And bade them too (without a groat to pay)
Re-gobble all the turtle of the day:
Bade Gl——r think his might could match a mouse,
And Chambers fancy he could build a house;
And Lady Mount, th' antipodes of grace,
Think that she does not *frighten* with her face.

Now *Silence* in the country stalk'd the dews,
As if she wore a flannel pair of shoes,
Lone list'ning, as the poets well remark,
To falling mill-streams, and the mastiff's bark;
To loves of wide-mouth'd cats, most mournful tales;
To hoot of owls amid the dusky vales,
To hum of beetles, and the bull-frog's snore,
The spectre's shriek, and ocean's drowsy roar.—
Lull'd was each street of London to repose,
Save where it echo'd to a *watchman's* nose;
Or where a *watchman*, with ear-piercing rattle,
Rous'd his brave brothers from each box to battle;
To fall upon the Cynthias of the night,
Sweet nymphs! whose sole profession is delight!
Thus the gaunt wolves the tender lambs pursue,
And hawks, in blood of doves, their beaks imbrue!
Thus on the flies of evening rush the bats,
And mastiffs sally on the am'rous cats!

Still was the palace, save where now and then
The tell-tale feet of love-designing men,
Night-wand'ring lords, soft patting on the floor,
Of maids of honour sought the chamber door;
Obliging door! that, op'ning to the tap,
Admitted lords to take a social nap,
And chase most kindly from each timid maid
The ghosts that frightful haunt the midnight shade:
For very horrid 'tis, we all must own,
For poor defenceless nymphs to lie alone;
Since nights are often doleful, dark, and drear,
And raise in gentle breasts a world of fear.

Nay, were not lords ordain'd for ladies' charms;
To guard from perils dire, and dread alarms?
Yes! and like lock'd-up gems those charms to keep,
Amidst the spectred solitude of sleep.
How wicked then to fly in *Nature's* face,
And deal damnation on a kind embrace!
Pardon, ye grave divines, this doctrine strange,
Who think my morals may have caught the mange.
Still was the palace, save where some poor fly,
With thirst just ready to drop down and die,
Buzz'd faint petitions to his Maker's ear,
To show him one small drop of dead small beer;
Save where the cat, for mice, so hungry, watching,
Swore the lean animals were scarce worth catching;
Save where the dog so gaunt, in grumbling tone,
By dreams deluded, mouth'd a mutton bone;
Save where, with throats to sounds of horror strain'd,
Crickets of coughs and rheumatisms complain'd,
Lamenting sore, amid a royal hold,
'How hard that crickets should be kill'd by cold!'

Now *Fame* to *Discord's* dreary mansion flew,
To tell the beldame more than all she knew,
Who, at the Devil's table, for her work,
For ever welcome finds a knife and fork:
Discord, a sleepless hag, who never dies,
With snipe-like nose, and ferret-glowing eyes,
Lean, sallow cheeks, long chin, with beard supply'd,
Poor crackling joints, and wither'd parchment hide,
As if old drums, worn out with martial din,
Had clubb'd their yellow heads to form her skin;
Discord, who, pleas'd a universe to sway,
Is never half so bless'd as in a fray:
Discord, to deeds, indeed, most daring giv'n,
Who bade vile Satan raise a dust in heav'n;
Stirr'd up the sweetest angels to rebel,
And sunk the fairest forms to darkest hell;
Bade by her din, the humblest spirits rise,
Bold to dethrone the Monarch of the Skies;

For which they very *properly* were sent,
Unhappy legions! into banishment;
Doom'd, for such most abominable sinning,
To broil on charcoal, with eternal grinning.

Discord, who whisper'd to the jealous Cain,
'Go crack thy brother's box that holds his brain;'
Which Cain perform'd, in godliness unstable,
That foe to piety and brother Abel:
Discord, who haunts poor G——'s maudlin *dame*,
And makes her duke of wisdom cry out 'Shame!'
Who, *after* dinner, for her honours screams,
And grasps a British crown in drunken dreams;
Then roars as though (what richly she deserves)
The d—ke had clapp'd a broomstick to her nerves:
Discord, who also often doth profane
The goodly streets and courts of Drury-lane;
Where bawd meets bawd, blaspheming, swearing, drunk,
Pimp knocks down pimp, and punk abuses punk:
Discord, delighting in the wordy war,
The pillar of the senate and the bar:
Discord, who makes a ** delight in ode,
Slight Square of Hanover* for Tott'nham Road;
Where, with the taste sublime of Goth and Vandal,
He orders the worst works of heavy Handel;
Encores himself †, till all the audience gape,
And suffers not a quaver to escape:
Discord, all eye, all mouth, all ear, all nose,
For ever warring with a world's repose!

When *Fame* arriv'd, the shaving tale to tell,
Pleas'd was the red-ey'd fury in her cell,

* Gallini's Rooms are in this square, in which is performed the celebrated professional concert.

† This was a most ludicrous circumstance that happened not long since, when his ***** and the orchestra were left to themselves and *God save the king*.

Where scorpions crawl'd, where screech'd that noisy
Known in Great-Britain by the name of *owl*; [fowl,
Bats shriek'd, and grillatalpas join'd the sound,
Cats squall'd, pigs whin'd, and adders hiss'd around.

Close to the restless wave her mansion lay,
Receding from the beam of cheerful day:
Hence on black wing the *hag* was wont to roam,
And join the witches 'mid the stormy gloom;
Howl with delight amid the thunder's roar;
Hang o'er the wrecks that crowd the billowy shore;
See, 'midst each flash, the heads of seamen rise,
And drink with greedy ears their drowning cries.—
Around her dwelling various portraits hung,
Of those whose noisy names in hist'ry rung,
Here, with spread arms, whom grace and fury fill,
Thund'ring damnation, star'd Stentorian Hill:
There curs'd, Sir Joseph Banks, in quest of fame,
At finding fleas and lobsters not the same.
Here a prime fav'rite, of a sainted band,
Hell in his heart, and torches in his hand;
Lord George by mobs huzza'd, and, what is odd,
Burning poor Papists for the love of God;
Pleas'd as old Nero on each falling dome,
Sublimely fiddling to the flames of Rome!
There, in respect to kings, not over nice,
That revolution-sinner—Doctor Price:
Whose labours, in a most uncourtly style,
Win not, like *gentle* Burke's, the royal smile;
Gain not from *good divines* both praise and thanks,
Call'd, by the wicked, 'Gospel mountebanks,
Mere quack pretenders, from their lofty station
Puffing off idle *nostrums* of salvation;
Who, where the milk and honey flows, resort,
Like rooks in corn fields, black'ning all the court.'
Here, leading all her bears so savage forth,
Wild rag'd the *Amazonian* of the north,
With *ruin* leagu'd, t' attack the Turkish hive,
And leave not half a Mussulman alive:

There storm'd a *vixen*, far and near renown'd
For *sweetness*, *meekness*, *piety profound*;
Her sons abusing (in abuses old),
With all the fury of a German scold!—
These, with some scores, were seen, of equal fame,
Thanks to a lonely taper's livid flame!
The form of Madam Schwellenberg she took,
Her broken English, garb, and sin-like look;
Then sought the palace, and the royal ear,
And whisper'd thus, 'Mine God, sir, nebber fear—
Oh, please your majesty, you ver ver right:
Shave all de rascal, if but out of spite.
Lord! Lord! how vill a mighty monarch look,
Not able, O mine God! for shave a cook!
Dat like a king, I say, what can't do dat?
Mine God! pray haf more spirit dan a cat.
Ser, in mine court, de prince be great as king—
He scorn to ax one word about a ting.
Mine God! de cook muss nebber dare make groan,
Nor dare to tell a prince der soul der own:
'Tis de dam Englis only, dat can say,
"Boh! fig for king! by God, I'll haf my way."

'I haf see court enough—a prince and dook,
But nebber wish on sush as dis to look:
I say ver often to myself—Goode God!
I nebber vish a crown mine head for load!
I do not vish myself more greater efils—
A king of Englis be a king of defils:
To punishment de lousy rascal bring,
And show dem all vat 'tis for be a king.
America haf cover us vid shame;
Jack Wilkes, too, be a dam, dam uglish name;
And sal de paltry cook be conqueror too?—
No, God forbid! as dat vill nebber do.
De hair muss fall before your royal eye,
'Tis someting, fags! to triumph 'pon poor fly.'—
Pleas'd with her voice, the king of nations smil'd,
For pow'r with monarchs is a fav'rite child:—

'What! what! not shave 'em, shave 'em, shave 'em,
shave 'em?
Not all the world, not all the world shall save 'em.
I'll sheer 'em, sheer 'em, as I sheer my sheep.'—
Thus spoke the mighty monarch in his sleep:
Which proves that kings in sleep a speech may make,
Equal to what they utter broad awake.

Charm'd with the mischief full on fancy's view,
Quick to the major's room the *Fury* flew;
Put off the form of Schwellenberg, and took
Of Madam Haggerdorn the milder look:
A woman, in whose soul no guile is seen,
The mistress of the robes to our *good* queen;
A queen, who really has not got her peer;
A queen, to this our kingdom, wondrous *dear*;
Which shows, however folks are apt to sport,
That all the virtues may be found at court.—
Now, in the *major's* ear the beldame said,
'Yan Dixon—Yan, you must not, man, be fraid.
I like mush your peteeshon to de king,
Though George will swear 'tis dam, dam saucy ting;
And swear, dat as his soul is to be save,
Dat ebbry von of you sal all be shave:
Yan Dixon, rader your dear life lay down,
Dan be de laugh (mine Gote) of all de town.
De ver, ver littel boy an girl you meet,
Vill point and laugh and hoot you trow de street.
De same (mine Gote) vill chimney-sweep behave,
And cry, "Dere go de blockhead dat vas shave:"
"Dere go von poor shave fellow!" cry de trull,
"Because he had de louse upon his skull."
I know he say, dat you sal lose your lock,
Before te morrow mornin twalfe o'clock.
I tink dere may be battle—nebber mind,
I hope dat Godamighty will be kind.
What, if de king make noise about de house,
For noting but his dam confounded louse;
He be but von, you know; an den for you,
Mine Gote! Yan Dixon, you is fifty-two:

Tink, Yan, how George vas frighten by de mob,
When Lord George Gordon make dat burnin job.
Mine Gote! Yan, mind me, rader lose dy place,
Dan suffer such dam nasty dam disgrace.
I tell you true, indeed, ver true, dear Yan,
His majesty be ver goot sort of man;
But ver ver like indeed as oder men,
Dat is, a leetel stubborn now an den.—
Tink, Yan, of dat ver ugly ting, a wig,
For pot-boy and de pot-girl run der rig!
Boh! filty ting, enough de deffil for scare;
An made perhap of dismal dead man's hair!
I sal not wonders if, dy soul for shock,
A ghost come seize upon der stolen lock.
No, fags! nor vonders if dey come an pull
De vig vid mush, mush fury from dy skull.
Pon som poor strumpet head perhap dat grow'd,
Dat die of dam dissorder, nasty toad!'—
Thus saying, lo! the Fury made retreat,
And left the lord of saucepans in a sweat.
Just like King Richard in his tent, John rear'd,
And verily a man of woes appear'd.
Now handling his small pig-tail, 'Now you're here,'
Exclaim'd the *Major*, 'but not long, I fear:
Perhaps some good may follow this same dream,
And resolution mar this shaving scheme.
Curs'd be the louse that so much mischief bred,
And yields to barbers' boys, the harmless head:
Curs'd be the razor-maker, curs'd the prig
Who thought upon that greasy thing—a wig.
Sure, 'twas some mangy beast, some scabby rogue,
Who brought a thing so filthy into vogue!
Had Nature meant the scare-crow to be worn,
Infants with wigs had certainly been born.—
But, lo! with little hair, and that uncurl'd,
But not with *wigs*, they come into the world!
What shame, that sheep, that horses, cows, and bulls,
Should club their tails, to furnish Christian skulls!
But what a sacrilegious shame, the *dead*
Can't keep, poor souls, their locks upon their head!

What shame the spectres, in the midnight air,
Should wander, screaming for their plunder'd hair!
Curs'd be the shaving plan, I say again,
Although the bantling of a royal brain!'
Thus curs'd the *Major* to *Night's* list'ning ear,
Enough to turn a Christian pale to hear!
Thus, heedless of hereafter, for a pin
Will men and women run their souls in sin!
Now paus'd the *Major*, with a thoughtful air;
And now soliloquied with solemn stare:—
'Drunk with dominion, gorg'd with vicious thoughts,
With folly teeming, doz'd by flatt'ry's draughts,
Taught to admire their very maudlin dreams,
And think their brains' dull mudpools, *Wisdom's* streams,—
Too many a monarch lives; but, lo! not ours!
A king, who *Wisdom's* very self devours;
Snaps at arts, sciences, where'er they rise,
With all the fire of boys at butterflies.—
Such cannot, surely, own a little heart;
Therefore our locks and we *may* never part.'
Now, from a stool, a tinder-box he took,
And fiercely with the stone the steel he struck;
And, after many unsuccessful shocks,
The sparks inflam'd the tinder in the box;
Which, by a match which John did sagely handle,
Gave sudden lustre to a farthing candle.
Thus, if small things with great we may compare,
We see hard pedagogues, with furious air,
Strike with the fist, and often with a stick,
Light through a scholar's skull, ten inches thick.

Now, full illuminated, Dixon stole,
Where lay a master-cook within his hole:
From whence, to all th' inferior cooks they went,
Inclin'd to opposition's big intent;
But, not so fierce, alas! for opposition,
As in the threat'ning, bullying petition;
For men (it is reported) dash and vapour
Less on the field of battle, than on paper.

Thus, in the hist'ry of each *dire* campaign,
More carnage loads the newspaper than plain.
And now the cooks and scullions left each nest;
And now, behold, they one and all were drest.

Lo! sullen to the kitchen mov'd the throng,
Gloom on each eye, and silence on each tongue:
How much like crape-clad mourners round a bier!
But, ah! impress'd with sorrow more sincere;
For oft, at *tombs*, with joy the bosom burns—
There, 'tis the *sable back alone* that mourns.
Now making, with a few dry chips, a fire,
They sullen sat, their grief commix'd with ire;
Sad ruminating all around the flame,
Like Harry and his band, of deathless name,
Near Agincourt, expectant of the day
Big with the horrors of a bloody fray;
A fray that threaten'd his poor little band,
To sweep it, just like spiders, to that land
Terra incognita yclep'd, which stretches
Afar!—of which, imperfect are our sketches;
Since all who have survey'd this distant bourn,
So welcom'd, were not suffer'd to return.—
Thus did the cooks expect the fatal morn,
When, sheep-like, ev'ry head was to be shorn.

Now to the whit'ning east they cast their sight,
And wish'd, but vainly, an eternal night:
Not with less pleasure stares upon the day,
The wretch condemn'd hard nature's debt to pay;
Condemn'd ere noon to act a deed abhorr'd;
To stretch, for justice' sake, the fatal cord:
Not with less pleasure shrunk (unknown to shame),
A meat, drink, snuff, and diamond-loving *dame*,
When told, 'That if poor Hastings went to pot,
Away went pearls, and jewels, and what not,
Torn from the stomacher so fine, yet foul,
Which *Av'rice* thirsted for, and *Rapine* stole:'
Not with less pleasure, in the vale of life,
Poor Egl-n-t-n beheld a youthful wife,

(Forc'd, on a bed of ice, sweet fl w'r, to bloom;
Ah! forc'd to shine, a sun-beam, on a tomb)
That blooming youthful wife, inclin'd to stray
With Ham-lton, all in a billing way;
Just like two turtles, or a pair of lambs,
Or ewes so playful with the frisky rams:

Not with less glee an old and hopeless maid,
Surveys the sun ascending from the shade;
A sun, that gives a younger sister's charms,
So hated, to a bridegroom's happy arms:
Not with less joy, that raging chaste old maid
Sees the frail fair-ones in the Cyprian trade
Escape the whip and gaol, and hemp beside,
By means of *gentle* Mister Justice Hyde:
Sweet wrecks of beauty! though, with aspic eye,
And glance disdainful, *Prudery* pass them by,
With mincing step, and squinting cautious dread,
As though their looks alone contagion shed.—
I view each pallid *wretch* with grief sincere,
And call on *Pity* for her tend'rest tear;
See, on their cheeks, the blush of *virtue* burn;
Hear from their souls, the sigh of *ruin* mourn;
View, veil'd in *horror's* gloom, their swimming eyes,
Beaming with hopeless wishes to the skies,
Like the pale *Moon's* dim solitary form,
Wrapp'd in the darkness of the midnight storm.
Too oft, by *Treach'ry's* winning smile betray'd,
Too fondly trusting, falls the simple maid!
Too many a Th—l—e walks the world of woe,
To foul of *Innocence* the sacred snow!
To love, yet nurse the thought of villain art,
How hard a lesson for the *partial* heart!
Too hard a lesson for the female soul,
Where *Love* no partner owns, and scorns control.

Not with less pleasure doth a poet look
On cruel criticism, which damns his book,
Or recommends it to that peaceful shore
Where books and bards are never heard of more,

Than look'd each man, with lengthen'd boding beard,
On that sad morn, which doom'd them to be shear'd:
Not with less pleasure, likewise, let me say,
A hungry author sees his dying play;
Child of his dotage, who surveys its fall,
Just as mankind shall view the tumbling ball;
When sun, moon, stars, and all the distant spheres,
Burst in one general wreck about their ears.
Not with less pleasure did Sir William's* eye
See *Somerset's* bold wing desert its sky;
A fall, at which the nation's purse exclaims,
That thund'ring crush'd the back of roaring *Thames*:
Not with less pleasure did Sir William's ear,
A *second* crash of this fam'd fabric hear;
When poor Sir Joshua, with his painting band,
Swore the dread day of judgement just at hand.
Not with less glee, tenacious of his dross,
Ross† started—Reader! not the Man of Ross—

* This gentleman still retains the place of comptroller of the board of works, to the kingdom's surprise; but demerit in building, as well as in painting, is a sufficient recommendation to a *certain species* of *patrons*, particularly if the professors are despised by the people at large. It is the money of this nation, that is sought for, not the merit. The circumstance of being a foreigner too (for this same Sir William Chambers is a Swede), carries with it another strong claim to favouritism!

† The present Bishop of Exeter, who, when his majesty visited that ancient city, lately *most handsomely* excused himself the honour of entertaining his *royal master*, by billeting him upon Dean Buller. The following lines, extracted from a manuscript performance of one John Ploughshare, called the *Royal Progress*, we think, will elucidate this part of our *epic*, and not be unacceptable to our readers.

'In comm'd the king at laste to town
With doust and zweat az nutmeg brown,

When majesty, to rest his royal head,
Ask'd of the church's mitred son a bed,—
Poor man! who proving, like his sovereign, poor,
Begg'd him to knock at good Dean Buller's door;
Buller, who took his wand'ring master in,
And stuff'd with corn and oil his scrip and skin;
For which (on gratitude so wont to dote)
The monarch gave a *tumbler*—worth a groat!

The hosses all in smoke;
Huzzaing, trumpeting, and ringing,
Red colours vleeing, roaring, dringing,
Zo mad zeem'd all the voke.

Wiping his zweaty jaws and poll,
All over douste we spied 'Squire Rolle,
Close by the king's coach trattin;
Now shoving in the coach his head,
Meaning (we thoft) it might be zed,
"'Squire Rolle and George be chattin."

Now went the *Aldermen* and *May'r*,
Zome with cut wigs, and zome with hair,
The royal voke to ken;
When Measter May'r, upon my word,
Pok'd to the king a gert long sword,
Which *he* pok'd back agen.

Now thoose that round his worship stood,
Declar'd it clumsily was dood;
Yet *Squirt*, the people zay,
Brandish'd a gert hoss glyster-pipe,
To make un in his lesson ripe,
That took up half a day.

Now down droo Vore-street did they com,
Zum hallowin, and screeching zum:
Now trudg'd they to the *dean's*;
Becaze the *bishop* zent mun word,
"A could not meat and drink avord,
A had not got the means."

O glorious act! an act, how seldom seen!
O what a day of gladness for the Dean!
A gift so rare, so noble, so sublime,
Will stupefy the sons of distant time.
This, let the Buller family record;
This little treasure let the Bullers hoard;

A zed, that, 'az vor he, poor man,
A had not got a pot or pan,
Nor spoon, nor knive, nor vork;
That he was weak, and ould, and squeal,
And zeldom made a hearty meal,
And zeldom drade a cork.'

Indeed, a is a moderate man,
And zo be all the clargy clan,
That with un come to chatter;
Who, when they're ax'd to a glass of wine,
To one the wother they tip the sign,
And beg my lord's fine water.

Then az vor rooms—why, there agen
'A could not lodge a cock, nor hen,
They were zo small,' a zed.;
And, az vor beds, they wudn't do,
In number about one or two,
Vor self and Joan the maid.

In voolish things, a wudn't be cort;
'Twas stoopid to treat vokes for nort:—
No; twazn't heese desire.
Prefarment, too, waz to an eend;
The king would never more vor'n zend,
To lift un one peg higher.

And yet vokes zay's a man o' sense,
Honest and good—but hoardth his pence;
Can't peart with drink nor met.
An then why vore? the peepel rail:—
To greaze a vat ould pig in the tail—
Ould Weymouth o' Long Leat.

Yet show, exulting, upon gala days,
To bid some favour'd *guest* admire and praise.

Now did the *major* hum a tune so sad!
Chromatic,—in the robes of sorrow clad:
But, lo! the ballad could not fear control,
Nor exorcise the barbers from his soul:
And now his lifted eyes the cieling sought;
And now he whistled—not for want of thought.
A mournful air the whistling *major* chose:
Still on his rolling eye the razors rose.
From grave to sprightly now he chang'd—a jig—
Still o'er his haunted fancy wav'd the wig;
Still saw his eye alarm'd, the scratch* abhorr'd,
Like wild Macbeth's, the visionary sword.—
Thus, from what kings, alas! may fancy fun,
His loving subjects may be glad to run:
Thus, when Saint Swithin from his fountain pours;
Saint Swithin, tutelary saint of show'rs;
Beaux skip, belles scamper, fly the cocks and hens,
With drooping plumage, to the shelt'ring pens;
While, lo! the waddling ducks *te deum* utter,
Flap their glad wings, and gabble through the gutter.

Sing, *Muse!* or, lo! our *canto* not complete,
What air he humm'd, and whistled all so sweet.
Homer, of ev'ry thing minutely speaks,
From Heaven's ambrosia, to a camp's beef-steaks:
Then let us, *Muse*, adopt a march sublime,
And try to rival Homer with our rhime;

Well, to the *dean's*, bounce in they went,
And all the day in munchin spent,
And guzlin, too, no doubt;
And, while the *gentry* drink'd *within*,
The *mob*, with brandy, ale, and gin,
Got roaring drunk *without*.'

* A small wig, or rather an apology for a wig, so called, and generally worn by our most amiable and august monarch.

Who, had a *nit*, in Juno's tresses bred,
Dropp'd on divine Minerva's wiser head;
Or Cook-like *flea*, exploring some new track,
Hopp'd from the clouds to Agamemnon's back;
The *bard* had sung the fall in verse divine,
And *critics* heard the sound along the line.
Jove call'd his Juno only *saucy bitch*;
The *poet* thought it would his song enrich:
Jove, too, just threaten'd, with some birchen rods,
To whip her publicly before the gods;
The *bard* (though but a flogging bout at most)
Deem'd it, indeed, too sacred to be lost:
Jove call'd his daughter only bitch and fool
(Poor Pallas, treated like a girl at school),
Threaten'd to ham-string her six fav'rite nags,
And tear her bran new phaëton to rags;
The *bard*, who never wrote an idle word,
Bade his bold verse, the *god's* bold speech record:
And had the *Thund'rer* but broke wind, the song
Had, imitative, borne the blast along.—
Then be it known to all the world around,
To folks above, and people underground,
To fish and fowl, and every creeping thing—
Lillibullero, and *God save the king*,
Were actually the very airs he chose!
But wherefore—God Almighty only knows!

THE

LOUSIAD,

AN

HEROI-COMIC POEM.

CANTO IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Morning *and* Majesty *get out of Bed together—A most solemn and pathetic Address to the Muse, with Respect to* Omens—*A serious Complaint against the Omens for their Non-appearance on so* important *an Occasion—The Wives and Daughters of the Cooks seek the Palace, to encourage their Husbands—A beautiful Comparison of Cocks and Hens—The Dismay of the Cooks—The natural History of Eyes—Mister Ramus enters the Kitchen—Mister Ramus is praised for Dexterity in shaving* Majesty—*Mister Ramus's Consequence with* Majesty *superior to that of great* Ministers—*Mister Ramus's* namby-pamby *name* Billy, *given by* Majesty—*The Dread occasioned by Mister Ramus's Appearance amongst the Cooks—Mister Secker, Clerk of the Kitchen, enters in a Passion—Mister Secker threatens tremendously—A* Wife *of one of the Cooks nobly answers Mister Secker, and vows Opposition—Mister Secker replies with Astonishment, Vociferation, and Threat—The* Heroine's *Rejoinder to Mister Secker, with much Sarcasm—Mister Secker groweth very wroth—studieth Revenge—* Prudence *appeareth to him, and administereth*

great and wholesome Advice—Prudence *becalmeth the Clerk of the Kitchen—A* second Heroine *appeareth, speechifieth, and threateneth—slily alludeth to the immense Wealth of* male Majesty, *and the Heaps of Diamonds belonging to* female Majesty—*praiseth her Husband's Cleanliness, and denieth a Louse-Existence in his Head, and squinteth at Mister Secker as the probable Owner of the Animal—Mister Secker rageth a second Time—One of the finest Comparisons in the World, between Mister Secker in a Passion, and a* Leg of Mutton *and* Turnips *in the Pot—The* Poet *pauseth, moralizeth, and trembleth at that Devil, lately introduced to the World, called* Equality, *the Enemy of* Majesty—*Some of the sweetest Lines in the World on the Occasion*—Prudence *re-entereth to becalm Mister Secker, by clapping her Hand on his Mouth—An inexpressibly apt Bottle-of-small-beer Comparison—The* Cook-major *riseth in Wrath, and is very satirical on Mister Secker—The* Clerk of the Kitchen *replies with Intrepidity—A great deal of* good Company *rushes into the Kitchen—Mister Secker commands Silence, and announces the Will of his Sovereign—the Sovereign eloquently announceth also his own will—A* sweet *and sublime Comparison, equal to any thing in* Homer.

THE

LOUSIAD.

CANTO IV.

WITH beauteous Lambert's blush, and Russel's smiles,
Aurora peep'd upon the first of Isles;
And, lo! to bleating flock, and whistling bird,
Uprose the sun, and uprose G. the Third,
Who left his queen so charming, and her room,
To talk of hounds and horses with the groom.
Say, *Muse*, what! not *one* cloud with low'ring looks,
To gloom compassion on the heads of cooks?
What! not *one* solitary omen sent;
Not *one* small sign, to tell the great event?
On Cato's danger, clouds of ev'ry shape
Hung on the firmament their dismal crape;
Aurora wept, poor girl, with sorrow big;
And Phœbus rose without his golden wig!
But now the skies their usual manners lost,
The sun and moon, and all the starry host!
No raven at the window flapp'd his wings,
And croak'd portentous to the cooks of kings;
No horses neigh'd, no bullocks roar'd so stout;
No sheep, like sheep be-devil'd, ran about;

No lightnings flash'd, no thunder deign'd to growl;
No walls re-echo'd to the mournful owl;
No jackass bray'd affright; no ghost 'gan wail;
No comet threaten'd empirès with his tail;
No witches, wildly screaming, rode the broom;
No pewter platters danc'd about the room.
Thus unregarded droop'd each menac'd head,
As though the omens all were really dead;
As unregarded (what a horrid slur!)
As though the monarch meant to shave a cur!

Now to the kitchen of the palace came
Full many a damsel sweet, and daring dame,
The wives and daughters of those cooks forlorn
Whose luckless heads were threaten'd to be shorn:
Ire in each eye, and vengeance in each hand,
To cheer their husbands, pour'd the boastful band!
Thus, when the ancient Britons rush'd to battle,
Their wives intrepid join'd the general rattle;
Encouraging their husbands in the fray,
For fear some pale-nos'd rogues might run away:
O glorous act!—repelling coward fear.—
Thus cocks fight bravest when the hens are near.

Now on the band of ladies star'd the cooks,
And seem'd to show hair-ruin in their looks.
Great is the eloquence of eyes indeed—
Much hist'ry in those tell-tale orbs we read!
What though no bigger than a button hole,
Yet what a wondrous window to the soul!
The bosom's joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
In lively colours are depicted here!

Now to the crowded kitchen Ramus springs,
Ramus, call'd *Billy* by the best of kings;
Who much of razors and of soapsuds knows,
Well skill'd to take great Cæsar by the nose:
Much by his sovereign lov'd, a trusty page,
Who often puts great statesmen in a rage;
Poor *lords!* compell'd against their will to *wait,*
Though ass-like laden with affairs of state,

Till page and monarch finish deep disputes
On buckskin breeches, or a pair of boots!

Billy, a pretty name of love, so sweet,
Familiar, easy, for affection meet!
Thus formal *Patrick* is transform'd to *paddy*;
And *father*, by the children christen'd *daddy:*
And Oliver, who could e'en *kings* control,
By many a thousand is baptiz'd *Old Noll.*

Speak, *reader*, didst thou ever see a ghost?
If so—thou stoodest, staring like a post:
Thus did the cooks on Billy Ramus stare,
Whose frightful presence porcupin'd each hair.
Now enter'd Secker*—and now thus he spoke:—
'This Louse affair's a very pretty joke!
Arn't you asham'd of it, you dirty dogs?—
Zounds! have you all been sleeping with the hogs?
But mind—you'll be, to all your great delight,
Bald as so many coots before 'tis night.
No murmurs, gentlemen—'tis all in vain:
When monarchs order, who shall dare complain?'
Now from the female band, a heroine rav'd,
'G-d curse me, if my husband *shall* be shav'd!
You shan't, you shan't the fellow's head disgrace—
I say, the man shall sooner lose his place.
Wigs, like the very devil, I loath, I hate—
And curse me, if a *nightcap* hugs his pate.'—
'How, *impudence!*' the wrathful Secker cry'd,
With horror staring, and a mouth yard wide—
'Where, where's my stick, my cane, my whip, my
switch?'
'Who taught rebellion t'ye, you saucy b—?
'*Myself*,' with hands akembow cry'd the dame—
'I tell ye, Mister Secker, 'tis a shame—
I tell ye that the cooks will all be fools,
To suffer razors to come *near* their skulls.
Bitch too, forsooth! the language of a hog!
If I'm a bitch, then *somebody*'s a dog.'

* Late clerk of the kitchen.

Now all th' internal man of Secker boil'd—
From thought to thought of turbulence he toil'd:
Now, resolution-fraught, he wish'd to stick her,
Now in her face to spit, and now to kick her.
But *Prudence* in that very moment came,
And sweetly whisper'd to the man of flame—
'Fie, Secker! kick a *woman!* Secker, fie!
On matter more sublime, thy prowess try—
No glory springs from kicking wives of cooks.
Strive to surpass great kings in binding books;
Transcend great kings in forcing stubborn kine
To breakfast on horse-chesnuts, sup, and dine;
In educating pigs, be thou as deep!
And learn, like kings, to feel the rumps of sheep.
Go, triumph at the market towns with wool:
Go, breed for lady-cows the bravest bull;
Tow'r o'er the scepter'd *great* in fat of lambs,
And rise a rival in the breed of rams.—
These be thine acts—from hence fair glory flows,
Whose beam, a bonfire round a monarch glows.
Surpass in charity towards the poor;
Nor bully starving *merit* from the door.
Behold, for patronage lean *genius* pant:
What though the wealthy great a *taste* may want,
Yet, would they cast their eyes on pining *merit*,
Those eyes would quickly warm her frozen spirit.
The *fool* may lift the *mourner* from the tomb,
And bid the buried seeds of *genius* bloom.
Yes, fools of Fortune, did those fools incline
To look on humble *worth*, might bid her shine:
Thus tallow candles in a chandelier,
Make the keen beauties of the glass appear,
Call into note a thousand trembling rays,
And share the merit of the mingled blaze.
The great should sun-like bid their treasures flow,
Whose beams wide-spreading no distinction know;
But equal bid the crab and pine be ripe;
And light at once a system and a pipe.'

Thus *Prudence* spoke, when Secker to the *dame*
Confess'd his fault, and stopp'd the bursting flame.
Now storm'd a *second* heroine from the band,
Call'd Joan, and full at Secker made a stand—
'I say, Tom shan't be shav'd—he shan't—he shan't,
Leek porridge, stir-about, we'll sooner want;
We'll rather hunt the gutters for our meat!
Cry mackrel, or sing ballads through the street;
Foot stockings, mend old china, or black shoes,
Sooner than Tom, poor soul, his locks shall lose.
Humph! what a pretty hóity toity's here?
Thomas, I say, shan't lose his locks, poor dear!
Shav'd too! 'cause people happen to be *poor*—
I never heard of such a trick before.
Folks think they may take freedoms with a cook—
Go, ask your *master* if he'd shave a *duke*.
No—if he dar'd to do it, I'll be curst:
No, Secker, he would eat the razor first.
Good lord! to think *poor* people's heads to plunder
Why, lord! are people drunk, or mad, I wonder?
What! shall my poor dear husband lose his locks
Because *a* han't ten millions in the stocks?
Because on me, forsooth, *a* can't bestow
A di'mond petticoat, to make a show?
Marry come up, indeed—a pretty joke—
Any thing's good enough for humble folk:
Shov'd here and there, forsooth; call'd dog and b—,
God bless us well, because we are not rich.
People will soon be beat about with sticks,
Forsooth, because they han't a coach and six.
A shan't be shav'd, and I'am his lawful wife:
The man was never lousy in his life.
Ax what his *mother* says—his nearest kin—
"Tom never had a blotch upon his skin,
But when *a* had the measles and small pox."
What *for*, then, shall the fellow lose his locks?
"She never in her life-time saw (she says)
A tidier, cleanlier lad, in all her days—
And all her neighbours said with huge surprise,
A finer boy was never seen with *eyes!*"

So, Mister Secker, let's have no more *touse*—
Hunt further for the owner of the Louse.
Sir, 'tis a burning *shame*, I'm bold to say,
To take poor people's character away.
Who knows the varmine isn't your own, odsfish!
You're fond of peeping into ev'ry dish.'

Again of Secker boil'd th' internal man;
Thought urging thought, again to rage began:
Huge thoughts of diff'rent sizes swell'd his soul;
Now mounting high, now sinking low, they roll;
Bustling here, there, up, down, and round about;
So wild the mob, so terrible the rout!
How like a *leg of mutton* in the pot,
With turnips thick surrounded all so hot!
Amid the gulf of broth, sublime, profound,
Tumultuous, jostling, how they rush around!
Now *up* the turnips mount with skins of snow,
While restless, lab'ring *mutton* dives below—
Now lofty soaring, climbs the leg of sheep,
While *turnips* downwards plunges 'mid the deep!
Strange such resemblances in things shoul *lie!*
But what escapes the *poet's* piercing eye?
Just like the *sun*—for what escapes his *ray*,
Who darts on deepest shade the golden day!

Muse, let us pause a moment—here we see
A woman, certainly of low degree,
Reviling *folk* of elevated station;
Thus waging war with mild *subordination*.
Should sweet *subordination* chance to die,
Adieu to kings and courtier-men so high;
Then will that *imp equality* prevail,
Who knows no diff'rence between head and tail;
Then majesty, the lofty nose who lifts,
With tears shall wash and iron her own shifts;
To darn her stockings, from her height descend;
Which now are giv'n to Mackenthun* to mend—

* A lady, attendant on the princesses.

Turn her fair fingers into vulgar *paws*,
And wash her dirty laces and her gauze.
Then dimm'd are coronets that awe inspire,
And sceptres stuff'd, like faggots, in the fire.
Ne'er let me view the hour, my soul that shocks,
When female majesty shall wash her smocks:
Such humbled grandeur let me never see:
Soapsuds and sovereignty but ill agree:
Malkin and majesty but ill accord:
Rubbers and royalty are kin abhorr'd!
Strange union! 'tis the vulture and the bat;
A gulf and mudpool—elephant and rat;
A great archbishop, and an undertaker;
The muse of epic, and a riddle-maker;
A roaring king in tragedy sublime,
And he who plays poor pug in pantomime;
The lord who in the senate wonder draws,
Firm in the fair support of freedom's cause;
And that same Lord, behind the scenes, a snail,
Who, crawling, of an actress holds the tail;
Marchesi on the stage with steel and plume,
And that Marchesi in a lady's room;
Sir Joseph*, Jove-like, with his hammer'd arm,
Who thund'ring breaks of sleep the opiate charm;
And *that* Sir Joseph, with a simple look,
Collecting simples near the simple brook.

Again came *Prudence*, quaker-looking *form*,
Sweet-humour'd goddess, to suppress the storm,
Who clapp'd her hands (indeed an act uncouth)
Full on the gaping hole of Secker's mouth;
Compressing thus a thousand iron words,
Sharp ev'ry soul of them as points of swords:
But soon her hand forsook his lips and chin,
Who own'd the goddess, and but gave a grin.

* Sir Joseph Banks. A part of his royal insignia is a hammer to knock down a dispute, and keep the Royal Society awake.

Thus from a fretful bottle of small beer,
If, mad, the cork should leap with wild career;
Lo, to the bottle's mouth the butler flies,
And with dexterity his hand applies!
In vain the liquor bustles 'mid the dome;
John quells all fury, and subdues the foam!
Now rose the *major*—' Mister Secker—sir,
You make in this affair a pretty stir!
'Twere doubtless a fine present in a *box*,
To offer to our sovereign lord, the locks:
Some *vast* reward would follow to be sure;
A pretty little, sweet, snug *sinecure*.
Yes—Master Secker well can play his cards:
Sublime achievements claim sublime rewards.
I humbly do presume, sir, that his *grace*
Has promis'd ye a warm exciseman's place:—
Some folks are jacks-in-office, fond of power!'
Thus spoke the *cook*, like vinegar so sour.
' No matter, Master Major, what I get;
All that I know, is this, your heads shall sweat:
I'll see the business done, depend upon't—
I'll order matters, d—n me if I don't:
Yes, Master Dixon, you shall know who's who—
Which is the better gemman, I or you.'
Thus answers Secker to the man of woes,
And points his satire with a cock'd-up nose.
Scarce had he utter'd, when a noise was heard;
And now behold a motley band appear'd!
With Babel sounds at once the kitchen rings,
Of groom, page, barber, and the best of kings!
And lo, the best of queens must see the fun;
And lo, the princesses so beauteous run;
And Madam Schwellenberg came hobbling too;
Poor lady, losing in the race a shoe!
But in revenge-pursuit, the loss how slight!
The world would lose a *leg*, to please a spite.

And now for *peace* did Secker bawl aloud;
And lo, *peace* came at once among the crowd.

In courts of justice thus, to hush the hum,
'Silence,' the crier calls, and all is mum—
'Cooks, scullions, all, of high and low degree,
Attend, and learn our monarch's will from *me*.
Our sovereign lord the king, whose word is fate,
Wills in his wisdom to see shav'd each pate:
Then, gentlemen, pray take your chairs at once;
And let each barber fall upon his sconce.'—
Thus thunder'd Secker with a Mars-like face,
And struck dire terror through the roasting race.
Thus roar'd Achilles 'mid the martial fray,
When ev'ry frighted Trojan ran away.

Calm was the crowd, when *thus* the king of isles,
Firm for the shave, but yet with kingly smiles—
'You must be shav'd—you shall, you must indeed:
No, no, I sha'nt let slip a single head—
A very filthy, nasty, dirty trick—
The thought on't turns my stomach—makes me sick.
Louse—louse—a nasty thing, a louse I hate:—
No, no, I'll have no more upon my plate.
One is sufficient—yes, yes—quite a store—
I'll have no more—no more, I'll have no more.'

Thus spoke the king, like ev'ry king who gives
To trifles, lustre that for ever lives.
Thus stinking vapours from the oozy pool,
Of cats and kittens, dogs and puppies full,
Bright *sol* sublimes, and gives them golden wings,
The cloud on which *some* say, the *cherub* sings.

THE

LOUSIAD,

AN

HEROI-COMIC POEM.

CANTO V.

Finis coronat opus.

THE ARGUMENT.

The humane Petition of the Princess Royal—*His M——y's rebukeful Reply, full of Grandeur, and favourable to the Wig Interest—The* Princess *retires—As sublime a Comparison as ever entered the Head of Man, as* Addison *said of his* Angel-*simile in his* famous *and long-forgotten Campaign—The* Princess Augusta *petitioneth with equal Success—A most beautiful Comparison also on the Occasion—The* Bard *again addresseth the* Muse—*The* Cooks *turn rank Cowards, as well as their Wives and Daughters, overpowered by the Blaze of* Majesty, *and a golden Coat—A Bible* Simile—*A sensible Exclamation of the* Poet, *on the unexpected Cowardice of the Cooks—A fine West-Indian Comparison—The* Poet *pathetically mourneth over the gradual Decay of* Royalty—*The impudent and foolish Speech of the Mob in regard to* Royalty *and the* Great—*The* Poet's *short and judicious Reflection on the Speech of the* Mob—*The* Cook-Major's *pathetic Speech to the* King—Madam Schwellenberg *most scornfully and angrily replieth to*

the Cook-Major's *Speech—Another* Great Lady's *Speech, composed of less Acrimony than* Madam Schwellenberg's—*His M——y adviseth the Cooks to be quietly shaved, and promiseth them Wigs* gratis—Dame Avarice *remonstrateth to M——y on the Folly of the* Present *of Wigs, with strong and economical Reasons*—Dame Avarice *abuseth some of the* Quality; *and applaudeth her M——y for the many Instances of her* saving *Powers*—*His M——y becometh a Convert to the Speech of* Dame Avarice—*The* Poet's *fine Reflection on Generosity—His M——y* ordereth *the Cooks to be seated for the* Shave—*The K— speaketh Marvels in favour of Majesty—Deep Reflections of the* Poet *on* Ambition, *with the various Examples of her Power—The* Cooks at length *submit to be* shaved—*An American Comparison on the Occasion,* perhaps *not pleasing to* certain Great People!—*The* Poet *addresseth the* Muse *on the Want of a* Battle, *so necessary to an* Epic Poem—*The* Poet, *glorying in Honour, refuseth to make a Battle where there was none; proclaiming at the same Time his* Ability, *were a Battle necessary—His* M——y *exulteth in his Victory over the Cooks—His* M——y *endeavoureth to prove by* Assertion *the* Property *of the* Louse—*Also the Certainty of its being a* real Louse, *by his great Acquaintance with Natural History—The* K—, *in his great Justice,* showeth *the little* Animal *by way of Conviction—The* Poet *exhibiting his*

lical *and* classical *Knowledge in an Account of Animals that have* spoken, *in order to reconcile the Reader's revolting Mind to the Speech of the* Louse — *The* Louse speechifieth, *and giveth a wonderful History of* himself, *his* Family, *and* Misfortune —Louse *proveth the superior Antiquity of his* Race *to that of* Kings—*The* K—, *in Wrath, giveth* Louse *the* Lie, *and endeavoureth his Destruction*—Zephyr, *trembling at his Danger, suddenly beareth him off to the celestial Region; and, after twice changing his Mind, converteth him into a* Star, *discovered soon after by the* Great Doctor Herschell, *and his Spy-Glass, which, in Compliment to his* Majesty, *the* Doctor *baptized the* Georgium Sidus ! ! !

THE
LOUSIAD.

CANTO V.

NOW, with the sweetest lips that love inspire,
The *Princess Royal* thus address'd her ——:
'O sir, for once attend a daughter's pray'r—
Restrain your fury from your people's hair:
A thousand blessings will their mouths bestow,
And ev'ry heart with gratitude o'erflow:
For *such* a vict'ry, who would give a fig?
Pray, sir, don't make them wear a nasty wig.'
Such sounds, so sweet, nay so divinely broke,
As might have mollified the sturdy oak,
Were doom'd, in vain, on royal ears to fall!
Yet *music* drove the devil out of *Saul!*
To *her* the ——, with most astonish'd eyes,
And surly wrinkled brows so stern, replies;
'What, what? not shave 'em, shave 'em, now they're
caught?
What! have this pretty hubbub all for *nought?*
No, no, girl; no, girl; no, girl; no, girl—no—
Beg on till doomsday, girl—it shan't be so.
How, how, pray, would it look, how, how, pray, look?
People would swear I could not shave a *cook*.
You call wigs *nasty*, miss? Fine speech, indeed!
Don't, don't you see I've one upon my head?

Go back, go back, Miss *Pert,*' he bluntly cry'd;
Then with his elbow push'd the nymph aside:
Although he did not box her lovely ears,
He drown'd the radiance of her eye with tears.

Far from the wrathful —— the *maid* withdrew,
And veil'd her modest beauties from his view.
Thus when the virgin *morn* her blushes spreads,
And paints with purest ray the mountain heads;
Behold, those blushes so divine to shroud,
The surly *Boreas* gathers ev'ry cloud;
Bids the huge phalanx seek the smiling east,
And blot the lustre of her crimson vest:
From pole to pole extends the black'ning band;
Cloud pressing cloud, obeys his rude command:
In tears she moves away, the heav'nly *maid,*
And leaves him monarch of the mighty shade.

Now o'er his lofty shoulder, with a sigh,
The fair Augusta cast a pitying eye;
And whisper'd, ah! so soft, so sweet a pray'r,
To save from razor-rage the heads of hair!
When lo, the ——!
'What, *you* too, miss, petition for a knave?
You, you, too, miss, an enemy to *shave?*'

Mute was the maid; when lo, with modest looks,
Distress'd, she shrunk away from —— and cooks:
Thus, o'er a should'ring cloud the *moon* so bright
Oft gives a peep of momentary light;
Much as to say, 'I wish my smiles to grant,
To cheer you darkling mortals, but I can't.'
Sing, heav'nly *goddess,* how the cooks behav'd,
Who swore they'd all be d—n'd ere they'd be shav'd;
Who penn'd to *majesty* the bold petition,
And daring fum'd with rebel opposition!

Cow'd, cow'd, alas! the lords of saucepans feel—
Each heart so val'rous sunk into the heel:
And then, each threat'ning Amazonian dame—
Her spirit drooping, and extinct her flame—

For lo, of —— the pow'rful blaze,
His coat's bright gold, and eyeball's rolling gaze,
Just like the light that cover'd sad Saint Paul,
Flash'd on their visages, and smote them all!
Who could have thought that things would thus have
ended?
Fate seemingly a dreadful crash intended!
Such stately resolution in the cooks,
Such fierce demeanour in their spouses' looks!
But thus in Western India Jove ordains
At times an aspect wild of hurricanes:
Dark grows the sky, with gleams of threat'ning red:
All nature dumb, the smallest zephyr dead—
Bird, beast, and mortal, trembling, pausing, still,
Expectant of the tempest's mighty will:
Tremendous pause! when lo, by small degrees,
Light melts the mass; with life returns the breeze;
And *Danger*, on his cloud, who scowl'd dismay,
Moves sullen with his threat'ning glooms away.

There royalty succeeded; but, alas!
In foreign climes this gold will scarcely pass.
Sorry am I indeed, and griev'd to hear,
That royalty is falling from its sphere;
War's mighty *first-rate* dwindling to a *skiff*;
The knees of *Adoration* waxing stiff,
That bent so pliantly to *folk* of state—
Cock-turkey *Grandeur* verging to his fate.
But thus exclaims the mob:—' In folly far,
Folk deem'd a beam from bogs a falling star,
And fancied thunder, all so dread, ador'd,
The voice tremendous of an anger'd Lord;
The lightning his swift vengeance—never dreaming
That mortals, ever poring, ever scheming,
Should find that in a phial they should lock it,
And bear Heav'n's vengeance in their breeches pocket.
See France! lo, *Homage* much hast lost her awe,
And *blushes* now to kiss the *lion's* paw:
Nay, dares to fancy (an old rebel jade)
Emp'rors and thrones of *like* materials made;

Nay, fancy too (on bold rebellion's brink)
That subjects have a right to *speak* and *think*;
Revileth ——, for praise and wonder born;
Calleth crowns *fool caps*, that their heads adorn;
And sacred sceptres, which we *here adore*,
Mean picklocks for the houses of the *poor*.—
Thus *Curiosity* no longer springs,
And wide-mouth'd *Wonder* gapes no more at kings.
Heavens! if *Equality* all ranks confounds,
No more shall we be whistled to like hounds;
Freedom will talk to kings in dauntless tone,
And female *majesty* be just *plain* Joan!

Now taking courage, to his honest breast
His hand the *major* energetic press'd;
Cloth'd with humility's mild beam his eye,
He thus address'd the —— with a sigh:—
'O ——! you've call'd me an old fool, to whine:
But I'm not *old*—still many a year is mine;
So white, as though from *Time*, my temples grow,
Ingratitude's cold hand hath form'd their snow—
Grief dims these eyes, and whitens ev'ry hair;
And, lo, my wrinkles are the tracks of *care!*
To tread *Life's* wild, unwounded by a thorn,
Was ne'er the lucky lot of woman-born.
Man should be kind to man, O best of ——,
And try to blunt the ills that *Nature* brings;
Not bid the cup of bitterness o'erflow,
And to her thousands add *another woe*.
Ah! if a *trifle* can a smile employ,
How cruel, sir, to *kill* the infant joy!
How faint of happiness the scatter'd ray,
That cheers of life, alas! the little day;
While *Care* and *Sorrow's* imp-like host invade,
And fill a sighing universe with shade!
Then bid your noble indignation cease,
And suffer our poor locks to rest in peace.'
He ended—Now, with scorn so keen inspir'd,
And anger, uninvited, undesir'd,

Did Madam Schwellenberg, devoid of grace,
O'er the ——'s shoulder poke her cat-like face;
And thus: 'Mine Got den—vat a saucy vretch!
How cleberly dis poor old fella preach!
Bring him de polepit—dat he sal be pote in—
Jan beat de Mettodisses all as notin.'

Now spoke the *spouse* of our most *glorious* ——,
Who deem'd a louse a very nasty thing;
For *folk* of Strelitz are so neat and clean,
They think on vermin with abhorrent mien!
For cleanliness so much in Strelitz thrives,
Folks never saw a louse in all their lives:
'Mine Gote! 'mong men an women, an de boys,
Dis shave indeed make very pretty noise!
Goote Gote! make rout about a leetel hair!
Wig be de fashion—Dixon, take de shair—
Sheet down, and don't make hubbub shust like pig:
Dere's noting terrible about a wig.
Mine Gote! de tremblin fellow seem afred,
As if we put a tiger 'pon his head—
De *ladies* now wear wig upon der crown;
So sheet you down, Jan Dixon, sheet you down.
Cook tell his king and queen he von't be shave!
Egote! de Englis don't know how behave!
Let cook say so in Strelitz, ah! mine Gote!
Dere would be soldiers dat would cut der troat.
You know dat king an queen, you rebel, Jan,
Can cut your head off in a moment, man—
Lord! den, you may be tankfull dat we *spare*,
An only cut off goote-for-notin hair.
You know dat in our history you read,
How king of Englond cut off subjects head!'—
Now silence broke the ——: 'Sit down, sit down!
Come, come, let ev'ry barber take his crown;
I'll show some mercy, t'ye, ye nasty pigs;
For mind, mind, mind, I'll *pay* for all the wigs!'

At these last words, forth crawl'd an *ancient dame*,
Sharp-nos'd, half-starv'd, and *Avarice* her name;

With wrinkled neck, and parchment-like to view,
That e'en the coarsest kerchief seldom knew;
With hawk-like eyes that glisten'd o'er her gold,
And, raptur'd, ev'ry hour her treasure told;
Who of her fingers form'd a comb so fair,
And with a garter filleted her hair;
Who fiercely snatch'd, with wild devouring eyes,
An atom of brown sugar from the flies;
Made a sad candle from a dab of fat,
And stole a stinking fish head from a cat;
Saves of the mustiest bread the crumbs, and sees
A dinner in the *scrapings* of a cheese:
Whiffing a stump of pipe, a frequent treat,
That gives the stomach smoke, poor thing, for meat:
Forth hobbled this old dame, with shaking head,
Like, in her crooked form, the letter *zed*—
The Palace-watch, and guardian most severe
Of drops of dying and of dead small-beer:
A dame who hated idle dogs and cats,
And trembled at a rompus of the rats;
Nay, listen'd, jealous of a scratching mouse,
Afraid the imp might swallow the whole house:
The province hers, to sell old palace shoes,
Old hats, old coats, and breeches to the Jews;
And drive, with dog-like fury, from the door,
The plaintive murmurs of the famish'd poor:
The dame who bade the great Sir Francis sell
The sacred pulpit, and the good old bell*!
Forth hobbled *she*, and in a quick shrill tone,
Thus to the king of nations spoke the crone:—
'God bless us, sir, why give me leave to say,
Your —— is throwing things away!

* Sir Francis Drake. Verily this is a fact. The baronet lately disposed of the pulpit and bell of the old chapel at Nutwell, in Devonshire, built by his immortal ancestor. The annual interest of four shillings was too fascinating to be withstood!

What! give the fellows wigs for every head!
A piece of rare extravagance indeed!
Let them *buy* wigs *themselves*, a dirty crew!
An't please your ——, what's that to you?
You buy the rascals wigs, indeed, so nice!
It only gives encouragement to lice.
Marry come up, indeed, I say—new wigs!
No—let them *suffer* for't, the nasty pigs!
Lord! they can well afford it—sir, their hair
Costs (Heav'n protect us!) what would make you stare.
Hours in the barber's hands, forsooth, they sit
Reading the newspapers, and books of wit!
Just like our men of quality, forsooth,
Each full-ag'd gentleman, and dapper youth!
Newmarket now, and now the *nation* studying,
In clouds of flour sufficient for a pudding.
Lord! what extravagance I see and hear!
Unlike your majesty, and madam there,
Our *great* consume and squander, fling away—
'Tis rout and hubbub—spend, spend, night and day
Such racketting, that people's peace destroys,
As if the world was only made for noise.
Would ev'ry duchess copy our good queen,
More money in their purses would be seen;
Her —— to *things* can condescend,
Which our fine quality, with nose an end,
Behold with *such* contempt, and *such* a grin,
As though a little saving was a sin!
Her ——, God bless her! does not scorn
To see a stocking and a shoe *well worn*;
To mend, or darn, or clean a lutestring gown,
So mock'd, indeed, by all the great in town.
Her —— at Frogmore*, day and night,
Can to their labour keep her pupils tight;

* A farm near Windsor, where a parcel of young women, the *protégées* of majesty, are constantly employed in working beds, and very well know the

See that to milliners no trifle goes,
That may be done beneath her own great nose.
Her —— can buy a hat, or cloak,
In shops, indeed, as cheap as *common folk:*
She will not be impos'd upon, she says—
O what a good example for *our* days!
When *Prudence* dictates, lo, no pride she feels:
Could order shoes to come with *copper* heels.
Yes, —— could nobly pride renounce,
And make a handsome *jacket* of a *flounce*;
'Stead of *lawn gauze*, descend to humble *crape*,
And, 'stead of *ribbon*, draw a gown with *tape*;
Turn hats to bonnets, by her prudence led,
And clean a tarnish'd spangled shoe with bread;
A gown's worn sleeve from *long* to *short* devote,
And into pockets cut an upper coat;
Cut shifts to night-caps, satin cloaks to muffs,
And calmly frill groat ribbons into ruffs:
Blest with the rarest economic wits,
Transform an old silk stocking into *mits*;
Transform too (so convertible are things!)
E'en flannel petticoats to caps for ——.
And then your ——, whom God long keep;
How fond, indeed, of every thing that's *cheap!*
" Best is best cheap"—you very wisely cry;
And so, an't please your majesty, say I.
Lord bless us! why should people spend and riot,
When people can *so save* by living quiet?
Give to the *poor*, forsooth! a rare exploit!
Catch what you can, and never *give* a doit.
To *Saving*, every one should go to school—
To my mind, *Generosity*'s a fool.—
Give, sir, no wigs to cooks; for, as I say,
'Tis kindness and good money flung away.'
Thus ended *Avarice*, at last, her speech,
With praise of —— and ——, and saving, rich.

meaning of the phrase—' Working one's fingers to the stumps.'

Such words, deliver'd with a solemn air,
Gave to the —— of men's great eye a stare.
'Right, right, 'tis very right,' the —— cries,
And on his millions rolls his mental eyes—
'Right, Mistress Avarice, right, right, indeed!
I won't buy wigs for every nasty head,
No, no, they'll save it, save it, as you say—
I won't, I won't, I won't fling pence away!'

Here let us pause again, and think how hard
That good intentions should be quickly marr'd!
Ah! *Generosity's* a tender plant,
Its root so weakly, and its bearings scant!
Self-love, too near it, robs it of each ray,
And thirsty sucks the rills of life away.
Vile weed! (like docks, in coarsest soil which start).
That thriveth in the cold and flinty heart.—
'Come, come, sit down,' the —— deign'd to rave;
'Cooks, cooks, sit down—Come, barbers, shave, shave, shave.
Yes, yes, I think 'tis right, 'tis right and just—
Indeed you must be shav'd—you must, you must:
Cooks must not over their superiors tow'r—,
We must, must show the world that we have pow'r.'
Thus, by ambition fir'd, the —— ended
A speech to be transcended, but not mended.
What diff'rent roads to *Fame*, *Ambition* takes!
What hubbub in this under-world she makes!
Ambition, the queen-passion of the soul!
Ev'n *Love*, sweet *Love*, indeed, has less control.
Ambition makes the *wise* a *fool* at court;
Ambition drowns an alderman in port;
Ambition spurs our *great* in plays to spout—
Spurr'd Sir John Dick to gain a star by *Croute*;
Bade Lady Mary for a eunuch sigh,
And Richmond unto battles turn his eye,
To beam the cynosure of Bagshot wars,
And give *Posterity* a British Mars.
Ambition bade sour Johnson lick the throne,
And blink at ev'ry merit but his own;

Boswell with praise a Hottentot besmear,
And give his country up to lead a bear.
Ambition bade Sir Will make new, old jugs,
And bake an immortality in mugs:
Bade round the world the fam'd Sir Joseph float,
To kiss Queen Oberea in the boat;
And spurs him now his blood's last drop to shed,
In quest of butterflies without a head.
Ambition nobly spurr'd the —— of *men*
To walk through Herschell's tube, and back agen;
A deed whose lustre Envy must allow,
Deep plann'd at Windsor, and perform'd at Slough!
Ambition spurr'd a *man* of royal birth,
To humble Madam Schwellenberg to earth.
Thus, to the gardens of imperial Kew,
When Madam Schwellenberg, for health, withdrew,
And round the alleys of that fam'd abode,
Sweet ambling, jigging, on a jackass rode;
Lo, —— so sly, with stick and pin,
Drove the sharp mischief through Jack's frighten'd [skin!
At once the beast, with sudden start and bound,
Wild plunging, hurl'd the *lady* to the ground;
Where, lo, *such things* appear'd (her legs I mean)
As never ought by mortals to be seen;
Legs that ne'er saw, ye gods! the sun before!
Such legs! as set great Cæsar in a *roar*.
Ambition bids the man of ropes, or figs,
Or fish, or brass, or foolscap, peas, or pigs,
Sigh for the golden chain, and coach so fair;
In short, to shine the city's sun—*lord may'r!*
Blest man! in pomp to visit at St. James,
And pour his gilded barges on the Thames;
Devour with nobles in th' Egyptian hall,
And trip it with a duchess at the ball!
Rich honours! but what pity my *lord may'r*
Should lose at length his chain and coach so fair,

* A village near Windsor, the residence of Dr. Herschell.

And gorgeous gown, and wig, and bright attire,
And converse sweet of lord, and knight, and 'squire,
Sheriffs and councilmen, and common hunt;
To sweat with candles, or with hogs to grunt;
Bid *wax*, for *greasy mutton-lights*, adieu;
Drop wigs for nightcaps, robes for apron blue;
And quit of *Justice* the celestial scales,
To weigh cheese, sugar, tallow, or hobnails!
Instead of questions from the best of kings,
On *solid* matters, consequential things,
To hear a raggamuffin in his shop—
'Soap, Master Guttle, quick, a pound of soap!'
With such a careless, broad, irrev'rent stare,
As though the chandler ne'er had been lord may'r!
But so it is—poor *Merit* oft complains!
Blest is the mortal born with *goose's* brains!
What signifies the wisdom of the schools,
If *Fortune* only will make love to *fools*?—

Now to the cooks, O wandering *Muse*, return,
For, lo, our readers with impatience burn!
Aw'd by the voice of ——, and ——, and page,
And Madam Schwellenberg's relentless rage,
Down sat the cooks, amid a wond'ring host;
The barbers labour'd, and the locks were lost!
Thus when Burgoyne, opposing all the fates,
Defied, at Saratoga, General Gates;
Sudden the *hero* dropp'd his threat'ning fist,
And wisely deem'd it folly to resist;
Dropp'd in the *victor's* arms, (unlucky lot!)
And saw his legions sink without a shot!—
Speak, heav'nly goddess! was there then no fray,
No drops of blood effus'd to mark the day?
No fisty-cuffs, no eyes as black as night,
No cat-like scratches, no revengeful bite?—
Nor fisty-cuffs, nor eyes as black as night,
Nor cat-like scratches, nor revengeful bite,
The Palace witness'd.—Thus the Muse divine
Must close, without one drop of blood, the line;
And readers, baulk'd of deeds of high renown,
Perhaps shall, grumbling for their money, frown.

What can we do, if *Fate* produc'd no fray?
The poet dares not *make* a murd'rous day—
Should *Falsehood's* tale my sacred song defile,
Which damneth half th' historians of our isle;
How could I hold aloft my tuneful head,
Or proudly hope at doomsday to be read;
The glowing wish of ev'ry son of rhime,
To live a fav'rite to the end of time!
Yet nought were easier than to form a fray,
And bring a dozen gods to aid the day—
Yet nought were easier than to raise a battle—
Make iron head-piece against head-piece rattle;
Nails nails oppose, and grinders grinders greet,
Nose poke at nose, and stomachs stomachs meet;
Wild-rolling eye-balls against eye-balls glare;
The dusty floor be strew'd with teeth and hair;
Caps, petticoats, and kerchiefs, load the ground;
The trembling roofs with mingled cries resound;
Legs of joint-stools, and chairs, their vengeance pour;
And blocks and mopsticks fly, a wooden show'r;
Raise clamours equal to an Indian yell,
Transcended only by the cries of hell;
And bid old Erebus, in sulphur strong,
Display his flaming cauldron in our song.

Proud of the *shave*, the —— of nations smil'd;
Nay, laugh'd triumphant, with his glory wild:
But still, to show his *justice*, thus he said—
'Mind, mind me, gentry with the shaven head:
Know, know the Louse belongs to some of *you*—
It is a louse—it is—'tis very true:
Yes, yes, belongs to some one of the house—
I've read Bouffon—yes, yes, I know a louse.'
A pill-box then he op'd, with eager look,
And show'd the crawler, to convince each cook.
The long-ear'd beast of Balaam, lo, we find,
Sharp to the beast that rode him spoke his mind:
The mournful Xanthus* (says the bard of old),
Of Peleus' warlike son the fortune told:

* The horse of Achilles.

Thus to the captive Louse was language giv'n,
Which proves what int'rest *Justice* holds in Heav'n.
The vermin, rising on his little rump,
Like ladies' lap-logs, that for muffin mump,
Thus, solemn as our bishops, when they preach,
Made, to the best of ——, his *maiden* speech:
'Know, mighty ——, I was born and bred
Deep in the burrows of a page's head;
There took I sweet Lousilla unto wife,
My soul's delight—the comfort of my life:
But on a day, your page, sir, dar'd invade
Cowslip's sweet lips, your faithful dairy-maid;
Great was the struggle for the short-liv'd bliss;
At length he won the long-contested kiss!—
When, 'mid the struggle, thus it came to pass;
Down dropp'd my wife and I upon the lass; [tion?
From whence we crawl'd (and who's without ambi-
Who does not wish to *better* his condition?)
To *you*, dread sir, where, lo, we lov'd and fed,
Charm'd with the fortune of a *greater* head;
Where, safe from nail and comb, and blust'ring wind,
We nestled in your little lock behind;
Where many a beauteous baby plainly proves,
Heav'n, like a ——'s, can bless a louse's loves;
Where many a time, at court, I've join'd your grace,
And with you gallop'd in the glorious chase;
Lousilla, too, my children, and my nits,
Just frighten'd sometimes out of all their wits.
It happen'd, sir, ah! luckless, luckless day!
I foolish took it in my head to stray—
How many a father, mother, daughter, son,
Are oft by curiosity undone!
Dire wish! for, 'midst my travels, urg'd by *Fate*,
From you, O ——, I fell upon your plate!
Sad was the precipice!—and now I'm here,
Far from Lousilla and my children dear!
Who now, poor souls! in deepest mourning all,
Groan for my presence, and lament my fall.
Nitilla now, my eldest girl, with sighs
Bewails her father lost, with streaming eyes;

And Grubbinetta, with the loveliest mien,
In state, in temper, and in form a queen;
And sturdy Snap, my son, a child of grace,
His father's image both in form and face;
And Diggory, poor lad, and hopeful Scratch,
Boys that Lousilla's soul was proud to hatch:
And little Nibble, too, my youngest son,
Will ask his mother where his father's gone;
Who (poor Lousilla!) only will reply
With turtle moan, and tears in either eye.
Thus, sir, are you mistaken all this while,
And —— and pages, that our race revile,
As though our species could not life adorn,
And that th' Almighty made a louse in *scorn*.
Yet, if to genealogy we go,
The *louse* is of the *elder house*, I trow.
E'er God (so Moses* says) did man create,
Lo, our first parents walk'd the world in state.
Such is the hist'ry of your loyal *louse*,
Whose presence breeds such tumult in the house:
Thus, sir, you see no blame to cooks belong;
Thus ———, for *once*, is in the wrong!'

Thus, in the manly tones of Fox and Pitt,
To ———, intrepid, spoke the *son* of *nit*:
Firm in his language to the king of wrath,
As little David to the *man of Gath*;
Ordain'd, in oratory, to surpass
The speech—th' immortal speech of Balaam's ass.

'Lies! lies! lies!' lies!' reply'd the furious——!
''Tis no such thing! no, no, 'tis no such thing!'
Then quick he aim'd, of red-hot anger full,
His nails of vengeance at the *louse's* skull:
But *Zephyr*, anxious for his life, drew near,
And sudden bore him to a distant sphere;
In triumph rais'd the animal on high,
Where Berenice's locks adorn the sky;

* The louse shows great biblical knowledge.

But now he wish'd him nobler fame to share,
And crawl for ever on Belinda's hair:
Yet to the *louse* was *greater* glory giv'n;
To roll a *planet* on the splendid heav'n,
And draw of deep astronomers the ken;
The *Georgium Sidus* of the sons of men!!!

A

POETICAL AND CONGRATULATORY

EPISTLE

TO

JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

ON HIS

JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES

WITH THE CELEBRATED

DOCTOR JOHNSON.

——Τρώεσσιν ἐβάλετο κῦδος ὀρέξαι.

HOMER.

A

POETICAL EPISTLE, &c.

O BOSWELL, Bozzy, Bruce*, whate'er thy name,
Thou mighty shark for anecdote and fame;
Thou jackall, leading lion Johnson forth
To eat M'Pherson† 'midst his native North;
To frighten grave professors with his roar,
And shake the Hebrides from shore to shore—
All hail!—At length, ambitious Thane, thy rage
To give one spark to Fame's bespangled page
Is amply gratified—a thousand eyes
Survey thy books with rapture and surprise!
Loud, of thy Tour, a thousand tongues have spoken,
And wonder'd that thy bones were never broken!

Triumphant, thou through Time's vast gulf shall [sail,
The pilot of our literary whale;
Close to the classic Rambler shalt thou cling,
Close as a supple courtier to a king;
Fate shall not shake thee off with all its pow'r,
Stuck like a bat, to some old ivy'd tow'r.

* Vide note, page 247.
† The translator (but in Dr. Johnson's opinion the author) of the poems attributed to *Ossian*.

Nay, though thy Johnson ne'er had bless'd thy eyes,
Paoli's deeds had rais'd thee to the skies!
Yes! his broad wing had rais'd thee (no bad hack)
A tom-tit twitt'ring on an eagle's back.

Thou, curious scrapmonger, shalt live in song,
When death hath still'd the rattle of thy tongue;
E'en future babes to lisp thy name shall learn,
And Bozzy join with Wood, and Tommy Hearn,
Who drove the spiders from much prose and rhime,
And snatch'd old stories from the jaws of time.
Sweet is thy page*, I ween, that doth recite
How thou and Johnson, arm in arm, one night,
March'd through fair Edinburgh's Pactolian show'rs,
Which Cloacina bountifully pours; [flow,
Those gracious show'rs that fraught with fragrance
And gild, like gingerbread, the world below.
How sweetly grumbled too was Sam's remark,
'I smell you, Master Bozzy, in the dark!'
Alas! historians are confounded dull,
A dim Bœotia reigns in ev'ry skull;
Mere beasts of burden, broken-winded, slow,
Heavy as cart-horses, along they go;
Whilst thou, a Will-o'-wisp, art here, art there,
Wild darting coruscations ev'ry where.

What tasteless mouth can gape, what eye can close,
What head can nod o'er thy enliv'ning prose?
To others' works, the works of thy inditing
Are downright di'monds to the eyes of whiting.
Think not I flatter thee, my flippant friend;
For well I know that flatt'ry would offend:
Yet honest praise, I'm sure, thou wouldst not shun,
Born with a stomach to digest a tun!
Who can refuse a smile that reads thy page,
Where surly Sam, inflam'd with Tory rage,
Nassau bescoundrels, and with anger big,
Swears Whigs are rogues, and ev'ry rogue a Whig?

* Vide p. 14.

Who will not, too, thy pen's *minutiæ* bless,
That gives posterity the Rambler's dress*?
Methinks I view his full, plain suit of brown,
The large grey bushy wig that grac'd his crown,
Black worsted stockings, little silver buckles,
And shirt that had no ruffles for his knuckles.
I mark the brown great-coat of cloth he wore,
That two huge Patagonian pockets bore,
Which Patagonians (wondrous to unfold!)
Would fairly both his Dictionaries hold.
I see the Rambler† on a large bay mare,
Just like a Centaur ev'ry danger dare,
On a full gallop dash the yielding wind,
The colt and Bozzy scamp'ring close behind.

Of Lady Lochbuy‡ with what glee we read,
Who offer'd Sam, for breakfast, cold sheep's head;
Who, press'd and worried by this dame so civil,
Wish'd the sheep's head and woman's at the devil.

I see you sailing both in Buchan's§ pot—
Now storming an old woman‖ and her cot;
Who terrified at each tremendous shape,
Deem'd you two demons ready for a rape:
I see all marv'ling at M'Leod's together
On Sam's remarks¶ on whey and tanning leather:
At Corrichatachin's**, the Lord knows how,
I see thee, Bozzy, drunk as David's sow,
And begging, with rais'd eyes and lengthen'd chin,
Heav'n not to damn thee for the deadly sin:
I see too, the stern moralist regale,
And pen a Latin ode to Mrs. Thrale††.
I see, without a night-cap on his head,
Rare sight! bald Sam in the Pretender's‡‡ bed:
I hear (what's wonderful!) unsought by studying,
His classic dissertation upon pudding§§:

* Vide page 9. † P. 376. ‡ P. 429.
§ P. 104. ‖ P. 143. ¶ P. 299.
** P. 317. †† P. 177. ‡‡ P. 216.
§§ P. 440.

Of provost Jopp*, I mark the marv'ling face,
Who gave the Rambler's freedom with a grace:
I see too, trav'ling from the *Isle* of *Egg*†,
The humble servant‡ of a horse's leg;
And Snip, the tailor, from the *Isle* of *Muck*§,
Who stitch'd in *Sky* with tolerable luck:
I see the horn that drunkards must adore;
The horn, the mighty horn of Rorie More ||;
And bloody shields that guarded hearts in quarrels,
Now guard from rats the milk and butter barrels.
Methinks the Caledonian dame I see
Familiar sitting on the Rambler's knee,
Charming, with kisses sweet, the chuckling sage:
Melting with sweetest smiles the frost of age;
Like *sol*, who darts at times a cheerful ray
O'er the wan visage of a winter's day.
'Do it again, my dear,' (I hear Sam cry)
'See who first tires, my charmer, you or I.'
I see thee stuffing, with a hand uncouth,
An old dry'd whiting in thy Johnson's mouth;
And lo! I see, with all his might and main,
Thy Johnson spit the whiting out again.
Rare anecdotes! 'tis anecdotes like these
That bring thee glory, and the million please!
On these shall future times delighted stare,
Thou charming haberdasher of small ware!
Stewart and Robertson, from thee, shall learn
The simple charms of hist'ry to discern:
To thee, fair histr'y's palm, shall Livy yield,
And Tacitus, to Bozzy, leave the field!
Joe Miller's self, whose page such fun provokes,
Shall quit his shroud, to grin at Bozzy's jokes!
How are we all with rapture touch'd, to see
Where, when, and at what hour, you swallow'd tea!
How, once, to grace this Asiatic treat,
Came haddocks, which the Rambler could not eat.

* Vide page 39. † P. 275. ‡ A blacksmith.
§ P. 275. || P. 254.

Pleas'd, on thy book thy sov'reign's eye-balls roll,
Who loves a gossip's story from his soul!
Blest with the mem'ry of the Persian king*,
He ev'ry body knows, and ev'ry thing;
Who's dead, who's married, what poor girl beguil'd
Hath lost a paramour, and found a child;
Which gard'ner hath most cabbages and peas,
And which old woman hath most hives of bees;
Which farmer boasts the most prolific sows,
Cocks, hens, geese, turkeys, goats, sheep, bulls, and
cows;
Which barber best the ladies' locks can curl;
Which house in Windsor sells the finest purl;
Which chimney-sweep best beats, in gold array,
His brush and shovel, on the first of May;
Whose dancing-dogs, in rigadoons excel;
And whose the puppet-show, that bears the bell:
Which clever smith, the prettiest man-trap† makes,
To save from thieves the royal ducks and drakes,
The Guinea hens and peacocks, with their eggs,
And catch his loving subjects by the legs.
O! since the prince of gossips reads thy book,
To what high honours may not Bozzy look?
The sunshine of his smile may soon be thine—
Perchaunce, in converse thou mayst hear him shine:
Perchaunce, to stamp thy merit through the nation,
He begs of Johnson's life, thy dedication;
Asks questions‡ of thee, O thou lucky elf,
And kindly answers ev'ry one himself.

* Cyrus.

† His m——y hath planted a number of those truly guardians around his park at Windsor, for the benefit of the public.

‡ Just after Dr. Johnson had been honoured with an interview with a certain great personage, in the Queen's library at Buckingham House, he was interrogated by a friend concerning his reception, and his opinion of the r-y-l intellect.—' His m——y

Blest with the classic learning* of a college,
Our k—g is not a miser in his knowledge:
Nought in the storehouse of his brains turns musty:
No razor-wit, for want of use, grows rusty:
Whate'er his head suggests, whate'er he knows,
Free as election beer from tubs, it flows!
Yet, ah! superior far!—it boasts the merit
Of never fuddling people with the spirit!
Say, Bozzy, when to bless our anxious sight,
When shall thy volume† burst the gates of light?
O! cloth'd in calf, ambitious brat be born—
Our kitchens, parlours, libraries, adorn!
My fancy's keen anticipating eye,
A thousand charming anecdotes can spy:
I read, I read of G—ge‡ the learn'd display
On Lowth's and Warburton's immortal fray:
Of G—ge, whose brain, if right the mark I hit,
Forms one huge Cyclopædia of wit:

seems to be possessed of much good nature and much curiosity (replied the doctor): as for his νϐς, it is far from contemptible. His m——y indeed was *mutifarious* in his *questions*; but, thank God, he answered them all *himself*.'

* This is a very extraordinary circumstance, as the late p——s d——r *retained* three parts of the money ordered for the education of her children. The effect of this absurd conduct was so conspicuous in her daughter M——a, that the letters received from her during her residence in Denmark, were absolutely unintelligible.

† The Life of Dr. Johnson.

‡ His m——y's commentary on the quarrel, in which the bishop and the doctor pelted one the other with dirt so gracefully, will be a treasure to the lovers of literature! Mr. B. hath as good as promised it to the public, and, we hope, means to keep his word.

That holds the wisdom of a thousand ages,
And frightens all his workmen, and his pages!
O Bozzy, still, thy tell-tale plan pursue:
The world is wondrous fond of something new;
And, let but Scandal's breath embalm the page,
It lives a welcome guest from age to age.
Not only say who breathes an arrant knave,
But who hath sneak'd a rascal to his grave:
Make o'er his turf (in Virtue's cause) a rout,
And, like a d-mn'd good Christian, pull him out.
Without a fear on families harangue,
Say who shall lose their ears, and who shall hang;
Publish the demireps, and punks—nay more,
Declare what virtuous wife, will be a wh-re.
Thy brilliant brain, conjecture can supply,
To charm through ev'ry leaf the eager eye.
The blue stocking society* describe,
And give thy comment on each joke, and jibe:
Tell what the women are, their wit, their quality,
And dip them in thy streams of immortality!

Let Lord M'Donald threat thy breech to kick†,
And o'er thy shrinking shoulders shake his stick:
Treat with contempt the menace of this lord,
'Tis Hist'ry's province, Bozzy, to record.
Though Wilkes abuse thy brain, that airy mill,
And swear poor Johnson murder'd by thy quill;
What's that to thee? Why let the victim bleed—
Thy end is answer'd, if the nation read.
The fiddling knight‡, and tuneful Mrs. Thrale,
Who frequent hobb'd or nobb'd with Sam, in ale,

* A club chiefly composed of *most* learned ladies, to which Mr. B. was admitted.

† A letter of severe remonstrance was sent to Mr. B. who, in consequence, omitted in the second edition of his Journal, what is so generally pleasing to the public, viz. the scandalous passages relative to this nobleman.

‡ Sir John Hawkins, who (as well as Mrs. Thrale

Snatch up the pen (as thirst of fame inspires!)
To write his jokes and stories by their fires;
Then why not thou, each joke and tale enrol,
Who like a watchful cat, before a hole,
Full twenty years (inflam'd with letter'd pride)
Didst mousing sit before Sam's mouth so wide,
To catch as many scraps as thou wert able—
A very Laz'rus at the rich man's table?
What though against thee porters bounce the door*,
And bid thee hunt for secrets there no more;
With pen and ink so ready at thy coat,
Exciseman-like, each syllable to note,
That giv'n to printers' devils (a precious load!),'
On wings of print comes flying all abroad?
Watch then the venal valets—smack the maids,
And try with gold to make them rogues and jades:
Yet should their honesty thy bribes resent;
Fly to thy fertile genius, and invent:
Like old Voltaire, who plac'd his greatest glory,
In cooking up an entertaining story;
Who laugh'd at truth, whene'er her simple tongue
Would snatch amusement from a tale or song.

O! whilst amid the anecdotic mine,
Thou labour'st hard to bid thy hero shine,
Run to Bolt Court†, exert thy Curl-like‡ soul,
And fish for golden leaves from hole to hole:
Find when he ate and drank, and cough'd and sneez'd—
Let all his motions in thy book be squeez'd:

now Madam Piozzi) threatens us with the life of the lexicographer.

* This is literally true—Nobody is at home.—Our great people want the taste to relish Mr. Boswell's vehicles to immortality. Though in London, poor Bozzy is in a desert.

† In Fleet-street, where the doctor lived and died.

‡ Curl, the bookseller, frequently bribed people to hunt the temples of Cloacina for Pope's and Swift's letters.

On tales, however strange, impose thy claw;
Yes, let thy amber lick up ev'ry straw:
Sam's nods, and winks, and laughs, will form a treat;
For all that breathes of Johnson must be great!

Blest be thy labours, most advent'rous Bozzi,
Bold rival of Sir John, and Dame Piozzi;
Heav'ns! with what laurels shall thy head be crown'd!
A grove, a forest, shall thy ears surround!
Yes! whilst the Rambler shall a comet blaze,
And gild a world of darkness with its rays,
Thee too, that world, with wonderment, shall hail,
A lively, bouncing cracker at his tail!

POSTSCRIPT.

As Mr. Boswell's Journal hath afforded such universal pleasure by the relation of minute incidents, and the great moralist's opinion of men and things, during his northern tour; it will be adding greatly to the anecdotical treasury, as well as making Mr.B. happy, to communicate part of a dialogue that took place between Dr. Johnson, and the author of this congratulatory epistle, a few months before the doctor paid the great debt of nature. The doctor was very cheerful that day; had on a black coat and waistcoat, a black plush pair of breeches, and black worsted stockings; a handsome grey wig, a shirt, a muslin neckcloth, a black pair of buttons in his shirt sleeves, a pair of shoes, ornamented with the very identical little buckles that accompanied the philosopher to the Hebrides; his nails were very neatly pared, and his beard fresh shaved with a razor fabricated by the ingenious Mr. Savigny.

P. P. 'Pray, doctor, what is your opinion of Mr. Boswell's literary powers?'

Johnson. 'Sir, my opinion is, that whenever

Bozzy expires, he will create no *vacuum* in the region of literature—he seems strongly affected by the *cacoethes scribendi*; wishes to be thought a *rara avis*, and in truth so he is—your knowledge in ornithology, sir, will easily discover, to what species of bird I allude.' Here the doctor shook his head and laughed.

P. P. 'What think you, sir, of his account of Corsica?—Of his character of Paoli?'

Johnson. 'Sir, he hath made a mountain of a wart. But Paoli has virtues. The account is a farrago of disgusting egotism and pompous inanity.'

P. P. 'I have heard it whispered, doctor, that should you die before him, Mr. B. means to write your life.'

Johnson. 'Sir, he cannot mean me so irreparable an injury.—Which of us shall die first, is only known to the Great Disposer of events; but were I sure that James Boswell would write *my* life, I do not know whether I would not anticipate the measure, by taking *his*.' (Here he made three or four strides across the room, and returned to his chair with violent emotion).

P. P. 'I am afraid that he means to do you the favour.'

Johnson. 'He dares not—he would make a scarecrow of me. I give him liberty to fire his blunderbuss in *his own* face, but not murder *me*. Sir, I heed not *his* αυτος εφα—Boswell write my life! why the fellow possesses not abilities for writing the life of an *ephemeron*.'

BOZZY AND PIOZZI,

OR THE

BRITISH BIOGRAPHERS,

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

——— Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares, et respondere, parati!
VIRGIL.

THE ARGUMENT.

On the Death of Doctor Johnson, a Number of People, ambitious of being distinguished from the mute *Part of their Species, set about relating and printing Stories and Bons Mots of that celebrated Moralist. Amongst the most* zealous, *though not the most* enlightened, *appeared Mr. Boswell and Madame Piozzi, the* Hero *and* Heroine *of our* Eclogue. *They are supposed to have in Contemplation the Life of Johnson; and to* prove *their biographical Abilities, appeal to Sir John Hawkins for his Decision on their respective Merits, by Quotations from their printed Anecdotes of the* Doctor. *Sir John hears them with* uncommon *Patience, and determines very* properly *on the Pretensions of the contending Parties.*

BOZZY AND PIOZZI,

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

WHEN Johnson sought (as Shakespeare says) *that*
bourn,
From whence, alas! no travellers return;
In *humbler* English, when the doctor died,
Apollo whimper'd, and the Muses cried;
Parnassus mop'd for days, in business slack,
And like a *hearse*, the hill was hung with *black*;
Minerva, sighing for her *fav'rite* son,
Pronounc'd, with lengthen'd face, the world *undone*;
Her *owl*, too, hooted in so loud a style,
That people might have heard the *bird a mile*;
Jove wip'd his eyes so red, and told his *wife*,
He ne'er made Johnson's *equal* in his life;
And that 'twould be a *long*, *long time*, if *ever*,
His art could form a fellow *half so clever*;
Venus, of all the little Loves the *dam*,
With all the *Graces*, sobb'd for *brother Sam*:
Such were the heav'nly howlings for his death,
As if Dame Nature had *resign'd* her *breath*.
Nor less sonorous was the grief, I ween,
Amidst the natives of our *earthly* scene:
From beggars, to the *great* who hold the helm,
One *Johnso-mania* rag'd through all the realm!

'*Who,*' cry'd the world, 'can match his prose or rhime?
O'er wits of modern days he tow'rs *sublime!*
An *oak*, wide spreading o'er the *shrubs* below,
That round his roots, with puny foliage, blow;
A *pyramid*, amidst some barren waste,
That frowns o'er *huts*, the sport of ev'ry blast;
A mighty Atlas, whose aspiring head
O'er distant regions casts an awful shade.
By *kings* and beggars, lo! his tales are told,
And ev'ry sentence glows a *grain of gold!*
Blest! who his philosophic phiz can *take*,
Catch ev'n his *weaknesses*—his *noddle's shake*,
The lengthen'd lip of scorn, the forehead's scowl,
The low'ring eye's contempt, and bear-like growl.
In vain, the *critics* aim their toothless rage!
Mere *sprats*, that venture war with *whales* to wage:
Unmov'd he stands, and feels their force no more
Than some huge rock amidst the *wat'ry roar*,
That calmly bears the tumults of the *deep*,
And howling *tempests*, that as well may *sleep*.'

Strong, 'midst the Rambler's *cronies*, was the rage
To fill with Sam's *bons mots* and tales the page:
Mere flies, that buzz'd around his setting ray,
And bore a *splendor*, on their wings, away:
Thus round his *orb* the pigmy *planets* run,
And catch their little lustre from the *sun*.

At length, rush'd forth two *candidates* for fame;
A *Scotchman one*, and one a *Londom dame*;
That, by th' *emphatic* Johnson, christ'ned Bozzy;
This, by the *bishop's* license, Dame Piozzi;
Whose *widow'd* name, by topers lov'd, was Thrale,
Bright in the annals of *election ale*;
A name, by *marriage*, that gave up the *ghost!*
In *poor* Pedocchio*,—no!—Piozzi, lost!

*The author was nearly committing a blunder—fortunate, indeed, was his recollection; as *Pedoc-*

Each seiz'd with ardour wild, the grey goose quill;
Each sat to work the *intellectual mill*;
That *pecks* of *bran* so coarse began to pour,
To *one poor* solitary grain of *flour*.

Forth rush'd to light their books—but *who* should
Which bore the palm of anecdote away? [say,
This, to decide, the *rival wits* agreed
Before Sir John their tales and jokes to read,
And let the knight's opinion in the strife,
Declare the prop'rest pen to write Sam's *life*:
Sir John, renown'd for musical palavers*;
The prince, the king, the *emperor* of *quavers!*
Sharp in solfeggi, as the sharpest needle;
Great in the noble art of tweedle-tweedle;
Of *music's* college form'd to be a *fellow*,
Fit for *Mus. D.* or *Maestro di Capella*:
Whose *volume*, though it here and there offends,
Boasts *German merit*—makes by *bulk* amends.
High plac'd the venerable *quarto* sits,
Superior frowning o'er *octavo wits*
And *duodecimos*, ignoble scum!
Poor prostitutes to ev'ry vulgar thumb!
Whilst undefil'd by literary rage,
He bears a *spotless* leaf from age to age.

Like *school-boys*, lo! before a two-arm'd chair
That held the *knight* wise judging, stood the *pair:*
Or like two *ponies* on the sporting ground,
Prepar'd to gallop when the *drum* should sound,
The *couple* rang'd—for vict'ry, both as keen,
As for a tott'ring bishopric, a *dean*,
Or patriot Burke, for giving glorious bastings
To that *intolerable fellow* Hastings.
Thus with their songs contended Virgil's swains,
And make the valleys vocal with their strains,

chio signifies, in the Italian language, that most contemptible of animals, a *louse*.

* Vide his History of Music.

Before some grey-beard *sage* whose judgement ripe,
Gave goats for prizes to the *prettiest* pipe.

'*Alternately* in anecdotes go on;
But *first*, begin *you*, *Madam*,' cry'd Sir John:
The thankful *dame* low curt'sied to the *chair*,
And thus, for vict'ry panting, read the *fair*:

MADAME PIOZZI*.

Sam Johnson was of Michael Johnson born;
Whose shop of books did *Litchfield* town adorn:
Wrong-headed, stubborn as a *halter'd ram*;
In short, the *model* of our *hero* Sam:
Inclin'd to *madness too*——for when his shop
Fell down, for want of cash to buy a prop,
For fear the thieves might steal the *vanish'd* store,
He duly went each night and *lock'd the door*!

BOZZY†.

Whilst Johnson was in Edinburgh, my *wife*,
To please his palate, studied for her life:
With ev'ry rarity she fill'd her house,
And gave the doctor, for his dinner, *grouse*.

MADAME PIOZZI‡.

Dear Doctor Johnson was in size an ox;
And from his uncle Andrew learn'd to *box*:
A *man* to wrestlers and to bruisers dear,
Who kept the ring in *Smithfield* a *whole* year.
The doctor had an uncle too, ador'd
By *jumping gentry*, call'd Cornelius Ford;
Who jump'd in *boots*, which *jumpers* never choose,
Far as a famous *jumper* jump'd in *shoes*.

* Vide Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 3. † Bozzy's Tour, p. 38. ‡ Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 5.

BOZZY*.

At supper rose a dialogue on witches,
When Crosbie said, there could not be such b-tch-s;
And that 'twas *blasphemy* to think *such hags*
Could stir up storms, and on their *broomstick nags*
Gallop along the air with wondrous pace,
And boldy fly in God Almighty's face:
But Johnson answer'd him, 'There *might be* witches;
Nought prov'd the non-existence of the b-tch-s.'

MADAME PIOZZI†.

When Thrale, as nimble as a boy at school,
Leap'd, though fatigu'd with hunting, o'er a *stool*;
The *doctor*, proud the same grand feat to *do*,
His pow'rs exerted, and jump'd over too;
And though he might a broken back bewail,
He scorn'd to be *eclips'd* by Mr. Thrale.

BOZZY‡.

At *Ulinish*, our friend, to pass the time,
Regal'd us with his knowledges *sublime*;
Show'd that all sorts of learning fill'd his *nob*,
And that in *butch'ry* he could *bear a bob*.
He *sagely* told us of the diff'rent feat
Employ'd to kill the animals we eat:
'An ox,' says he, 'in country and in town,
Is by the butchers constantly *knock'd down*;
As for that lesser animal, a calf,
The knock is really not so strong *by half*;
The beast is only *stunn'd*; but, as for goats,
And sheep, and lambs, the butchers *cut their throats*.
Those fellows only want to keep them *quiet*,
Not choosing that the brutes should breed a *riot*.'

MADAME PIOZZI§.

When Johnson was a child, and swallow'd pap,
'Twas in his mother's old maid Cath'rine's lap;

* P. 39. † P. 6. ‡ P. 300. § P. 15.

There, whilst he sat, he took in wondrous learning;
For much his bowels were for knowledge *yearning*;
There heard the story which we *Britons* brag on,
The story of St. George and *eke* the Dragon.

BOZZY*.

When Foote his leg, by some misfortune, broke,
Says *I* to Johnson, all by way of joke,
'Sam, sir, in *paragraph*, will soon be clever,
And take off Peter better now than ever.'
On which, says Johnson, without *hesitation*,
'George† will rejoice at Foote's *depeditation*.'
On which, says *I, a penetrating elf!*
'Doctor, I'm sure you *coin'd* that word *yourself*.'
On which he *laugh'd*, and said, I had *divin'd it*,
For, *bonâ fidê*, he had *really coin'd it*.
'And yet, of all the words I've *coin'd*,' says he,
'My Dictionary, sir, contains but *three*.'

MADAME PIOZZI.

The *doctor* said, 'in literary matters,
'A Frenchman goes not *deep*—he only *smatters*:
Then ask'd, what could be hop'd for from the dogs;
Fellows that liv'd eternally on *frogs*.

BOZZY‡.

In grave procession to St. Leonard's College,
Well stuff'd with ev'ry sort of useful knowledge,
We *stately* walk'd, as soon as supper ended:
The *landlord* and the *waiter* both attended:
The *landlord*, skill'd a piece of grease to handle,
Before us march'd, and held a tallow candle;

* Vide Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 141.

† George Faulkner, the printer at Dublin, taken off by Foote, under the character of Peter Paragraph.

‡ P. 55.

A lantern (some fam'd Scotsman its creator)
With *equal grace* was carried by the *waiter:*
Next morning, from our beds we took a leap,
And found ourselves much better for our sleep.

MADAME PIOZZI*.

In Lincolnshire, a lady show'd our friend
A grotto, that she wish'd him to *commend*;
Quoth she, 'How *cool* in summer this abode!'
'Yes Madam (answer'd Johnson), for a *toad*.'

BOZZY†.

Between old Scalpa's rugged isle and Rasay's,
The wind was vastly boist'rous in our faces:
'Twas *glorious* Johnson's figure to set sight on—
High in the boat, he look'd a noble Triton!
But, lo! to damp our pleasure Fate concurs,
For Joe, the blockhead, lost his master's spurs:
This for the Rambler's temper was a *rubber*,
Who wonder'd Joseph could be such a lubber.

MADAME PIOZZI‡.

I ask'd him if he knock'd Tom Osborn§ down;
As such a tale was current through the town—
Says I, 'Do tell me, *doctor*, what befell.'—
'Why, dearest lady, there is nought to *tell*:
I ponder'd on the *prop'rest* mode to *treat* him—
The *dog* was *impudent*, and so I *beat him!*
Tom, like a fool, *proclaim'd* his fancied wrongs;
Others that I *belabour'd*, held their tongues.'

Did any one, that he was *happy*, cry—
Johnson would tell him *plumply*, 'twas a lie:
A *lady*‖ told him she was *really so*;
On which he sternly answer'd, '*Madam, no!*
Sickly you are, and ugly—foolish, poor;
And therefore can't be *happy*, I am sure.

* P. 203. † P. 185. ‡ P. 232. § Bookseller.
‖ P. 285.

'Twould make a fellow hang himself, whose ear
Were, from *such creatures*, forc'd such stuff to hear.'

BOZZY*.

Lo! when we landed on the Isle of *Mull*,
The *megrims* got into the *doctor's* skull:
With such bad humours he began to fill,
I thought he would not go to *Icolmkill*:
But, lo! those megrims (wonderful to utter!)
Were banish'd all by tea and bread and butter!

MADAME PIOZZI.

Quoth I to Johnson—Doctor, tell me true,
Who was the *best* man that you ever knew?
He answer'd me at once, George Psalmanazar!
Keen in the English language as a razor.
Such was the *strange*, the *strangest* of replies,
That rais'd the whites of both my wond'ring eyes;
As this *same* George, in imposition strong,
Beat the first *liars* that e'er wagg'd a tongue.

BOZZY†.

I wonder'd yesterday, that one John Hay,
Who serv'd as *Ciceroné* on the way,
Should fly a man of war—a spot so blest—
A fool! nine months, too, after he was prest.
Quoth Johnson, 'No man, sir, would be a *sailor*,
With sense to scrape acquaintance with a *jailor*.

MADAME PIOZZI‡.

I said, I lik'd not *goose*, and mention'd *why*:—
One smells it roasting on the spit, quoth I:—
'*You*, madam,' cry'd the *doctor*, with a frown,
'Are always gorging—stuffing something *down*:
Madam, 'tis very nat'ral to suppose,
If in the pantry you will poke your nose,

* P. 386. † P. 151. ‡ P. 103.

Your maw with ev'ry sort of victuals swelling,
That you *must* want the bliss of *dinner smelling.*'

BOZZY.

As at Argyle's grand house my hat I took,
To seek my alehouse, thus began the duke:
'Pray, Mr. Boswell, won't you have some tea?'
To this I made my bow, and did agree—
Then to the drawing-room we both retreated,
Where Lady Betty Hamilton was seated
Close by the *duchess*, who, in deep discourse,
Took no more notice of me than a *horse*.
Next day, *myself* and Doctor Johnson took
Our hats, to go and wait upon the duke.—
Next to himself the duke did Johnson place,
But I, thank God, sat *second* to his *grace*.
The place was due most surely to my merits—
And, faith, I was in very pretty spirits:
I plainly saw (my penetration such is)
I was not yet in favour with the *duchess*.
Thought I, I am not disconcerted yet—
Before we part, I'll give her *grace* a *sweat*—
Then looks of intrepidity I put on,
And ask'd her, if she'd have a plate of mutton.
This was a glorious deed must be confess'd!
I knew I was the *duke's*, and not *her* guest!
Knowing—as I'm a man of tip-top breeding, [ing;
That *great folks* drink no healths while they are feed-
I took my glass, and looking at her *grace*,
I star'd her like a *devil* in the face;
And in *respectful* terms, as was my duty,
Said I, my Lady Duchess, I salute ye:
Most audible, indeed, was my salute,
For which some folks will say I was a brute;
But faith, it dash'd her, as I knew it wou'd;
But then I knew that I was flesh and blood.

MADAME PIOZZI*.

Once at our house, amidst our *attic* feasts,
We liken'd our acquaintances to *beasts*:

* P. 204.

As for example—some to calves and hogs,
And some to bears, and monkeys, cats and dogs;
We said (which charm'd the *doctor* much, no doubt),
His mind was like of *elephants*, the *snout*,
That could pick pins up, yet possess'd the vigour
For trimming well the jacket of a *tiger*.

BOZZY*.

August the fifteenth, Sunday, Mr. Scott
Did breakfast with us—when upon the spot;
To *him*, and unto Doctor Johnson, lo!
Sir William Forbes, so clever, did I show;
A man that doth not after roguery hanker;
A charming Christian, though by trade a *banker*;
Made too, of good companionable stuff,
And this, I think, is saying *full enough*;
And yet it is but justice to record,
That when he had the measles—'pon my word,
The people seem'd in such a dreadful fright,
His house was all surrounded day and night,
As if they apprehended some great evil,
A general conflagration, or the devil.
And when he better'd—oh! 'twas grand to see 'em
Like mad folks dance, and hear 'em sing *te deum*.

MADAME PIOZZI†.

Quoth Johnson, 'Who d'ye think my *life* will write?'
'Goldsmith,' said I—quoth he, 'The dog's vile spite,
Besides the fellow's monstrous love of *lying*,
Would doubtless make the book not worth the *buy-
ing*.'

BOZZY‡.

That worthy gentleman, good Mr. Scott,
Said, 'twas our Socrates's luckless lot
To have the *waiter*, a sad nasty blade,
To make, poor gentleman, his *lemonade*;

* P. 15. † P. 31. ‡ P. 13.

Which *waiter*, much against the *doctor's* wish,
Put with his *paws* the sugar in the dish:
The *doctor* vex'd at such a filthy fellow,
Began, with great propriety, to bellow;
Then up he took the dish, and nobly flung
The liquor out of window on the dung.
And Doctor Scott declar'd, that, by his frown,
He thought he would have knock'd the fellow down.

MADAME PIOZZI*.

Dear Doctor Johnson left off drinks fermented;
With quarts of chocolate and cream contented;
Yet often down his throat's prodigious gutter,
Poor man! he pour'd a flood of melted butter!

BOZZY.

With glee the *doctor* did my girl behold;
Her name Veronica, just four months old;
This name Veronica, a name though quaint,
Belong'd originally to a saint;
But to my old great grandam it was giv'n;
As fine a woman as e'er went to heav'n;
And what must add to her importance *much*,
This lady's genealogy was *Dutch*.
The man who did espouse this dame divine,
Was Alexander, Earl of Kincardine;
Who pour'd along my body like a sluice,
The noble, noble, noble blood of Bruce!
And who that own'd this blood could well refuse
To make the world acquainted with the *news?*
But to return unto my charming child:—
About our Doctor Johnson she was *wild*;
And when he left off speaking, she would flutter,
quawl for him to begin again, and sputter!
nd to be *near* him a strong wish express'd,
hich proves he was not such a horrid beast.,

* P. 102.

Her fondness for the doctor pleas'd me greatly;
On which I loud exclaim'd, in language stately,
Nay, if I recollect aright, I *swore*,
I'd to her fortune add *five hundred more!*

MADAME PIOZZI*.

One day, as we were all in talking lost,
My mother's fav'rite spaniel stole the toast;
On which, immediately, I scream'd 'Fie on her,—
Fie, Belle,' said I, 'you us'd to be on honour.'—
'Yes,' Johnson cry'd; 'but, madam, pray be told,
The reason for the vice is—Belle grows *old*.'
But Johnson never could the dog abide,
Because my mother wash'd and comb'd his hide.
The truth on't is—Belle was not too well bred,
Who always would *insist* on being fed;
And very often too, the saucy *slut*
Insisted upon having the *first cut*.

BOZZY.

Last night much care for Johnson's cold was us'd,
Who, hitherto, without his nightcap *snooz'd*;
That nought might treat so *wonderful* a man ill,
Sweet Miss M'Leod did make a cap of flannel;
And after putting it about his head,
She gave him brandy as he went to bed.

MADAME PIOZZI†.

One night we parted at the doctor's door,
When thus I said, as I had said before,
'Don't forget Dicky, doctor;—mind poor Dick.'
On which he turn'd round on his heel so quick,
'Madam,' quoth he, 'and when I've serv'd *that* elf,
'I guess I then may go and *hang* myself.'

* P. 256. † P. 204.

BOZZY*.

Atnight, well soak'd with rain, and wondrous weary,
We got as wet as shags to *Inverary*;
We supp'd most *royally*——were vastly frisky,
When Johnson order'd up a gill of whisky:
Taking the glass, says I, 'Here's Mrs. Thrale.'—
'Drink her in *whisky* not,' said he, 'but *ale*.'

MADAME PIOZZI†.

The doctor had a cat, and christen'd Hodge,
That at his house in Fleet-street us'd to lodge—
This Hodge grew old, and sick, and us'd to wish
That all his dinners might be form'd of *fish*;
To please poor Hodge, the doctor, all so kind,
Went out, and bought him *oysters to his mind*;
This every day he did—nor ask'd black Frank ‡,
Who deem'd himself of much too high a rank,
With *vulgar fish-fags* to be forc'd to chat,
And purchase oysters for a *mangy* cat.

SIR JOHN.

For God's sake stay each anecdotic scrap;
Let me draw breath, and take a trifling nap;
With one half hour's reflecting slumber blest,
And Heav'n's assistance, I may *bear* the *rest*.
Aside]—What have I done, inform me, gracious Lord!
That thus my ears with nonsense should be bor'd?
Oh! if I do not in the trial die,
The Devil and all his brimstone I defy;
No punishment in other worlds I fear,
My crimes will all be expiated *here*.
Ah! ten times happier was my lot of yore,
When, rais'd to *consequence* that all adore,
I sat, each session, king-like, in the chair,
Aw'd ev'ry rank, and made the million stare:

* P. 483. † P. 102. ‡ Dr. Johnson's servant.

Lord paramount o'er ev'ry justice riding,
In causes, with a Turkish sway, deciding!
Yes, like a noble bashaw, of *three tails*,
I spread a *fear* and *trembling* through the jails!
Blest, have I brow-beaten each thief and strumpet,
And *blasted* on them, like the last day's trumpet.
I know no paltry weakness of the soul—
No sniv'ling pity dares my deeds control—
Asham'd, the *weakness* of my king I hear;
Who, childish, drops on ev'ry *death** a tear.
Return†, return again, thou glorious hour,
That to my grasp once gav'st my idol, pow'r;
When at my feet the humble knaves would fall;
The *thund'ring Jupiter* of *Hick's Hall*.

The *knight*, thus finishing his speech so *fair*,
Sleep pull'd him gently backwards in his chair;
Op'd wide the mouth that oft on jail-birds *swore*,
Then rais'd his nasal *organ* to a roar,
That actually surpass'd in *tone* and *grace*,
The grumbled ditties of his fav'rite *base*‡.

* Such is the report concerning his *most tender-hearted majesty*, when he suffers the law to take its course on criminals. How unlike the Great Frederic of Prussia, who *delights* in a *hanging*.

† Sir John wishes in vain—His hour of insolence returns no more!

‡ The violoncello, on which the knight is a performer.

PART II.

NOW from his sleep the *knight*, affrighted, sprung,
Whilst on his ear the words of Johnson rung;
For, lo! in dreams, the surly *Rambler* rose,
And wildly staring, seem'd a *man of woes*.
'Wake, Hawkins,' (growl'd the doctor, with a frown)
'And knock *that* fellow and *that* woman down—
Bid them with Johnson's life proceed no further—
Enough already they have dealt in murther—
Say, to their tales that little truth belongs—
If *fame* they mean me—bid them *hold their tongues*.

In vain at glory gudgeon Boswell snaps—
His *mind's* a *paper kite*—compos'd of *scraps*;
Just o'er the tops of *chimneys* form'd to fly;
Not with a *wing sublime* to *mount* the *sky*.
Say to the dog, his head's a downright *drum*
Unequal to the history of Tom Thumb:
Nay tell of *anecdote* that thirsty *leech*,
He is not equal to a Tyburn *speech**.

For that Piozzi's wife, sir John, exhort her,
To *draw* her *immortality* from *porter*;
Give up her *anecdotical* inditing,
And study *housewifery* instead of *writing*:
Bid her a poor *biography* suspend;
Nor crucify, through vanity, a friend.—
I know no business women have with *learning*;
I scorn, I hate the mole-ey'd *half discerning*;

* Composed for the unfortunate *brave* of Newgate, by different historians.

Their wit but serves a husband's heart to *rack*;
And make eternal horsewhips for his back.

Tell Peter Pindar, should you chance to meet him,
I like his genius—should be glad to greet him—
Yet let him know, *crown'd heads* are sacred things,
And bid him rev'rence more the *best of kings**;
Still on his *Pegasus* continue *jogging*,
And give that Boswell's back another flogging.'

Such was the dream that wak'd the sleeping knight,
And op'd again his eyes upon the light—
Who, mindless of old Johnson and his frown
And stern commands to *knock the couple down*,
Resolv'd to *keep the peace*—and, in a *tone*
Not much unlike a mastiff o'er a bone,
He *grumbled*, that, enabled by the nap,
He now could meet *more biographic* scrap;
Then nodding with a *magistratial air*,
To farther anecdote he call'd the *fair*.

MADAME PIOZZI†.

Dear Doctor Johnson lov'd a leg of pork,
And hearty on it would his grinders work:

* This is a *strange* and almost *incredible* speech from Johnson's mouth, as not many years ago, when the *age* of a *certain great personage* became the subject of debate, the doctor broke in upon the conversation with the following question:—' Of what importance to the present company is his *age?*—Of what importance would it have been to the world if he had never *existed?*' If we may judge likewise from the *following speech*, he deemed the *present possessor* of a *certain throne* as much an *usurper* as King William, whom, according to Mr. Boswell's account, he *bescoundrels*. The story is this—An acquaintance of Johnson's asked him if he could not *sing*. He replied, 'I know but *one* song; and *that* is, "The *king* shall enjoy his *own* again."'

† P. 8.

He lik'd to eat it so much *over-done*,
That *one* might *shake* the flesh from off the bone.
A veal pie too, with sugar cramm'd and plums,
Was wondrous grateful to the doctor's gums.
Though us'd from morn to night on fruit to *stuff*,
He vow'd his belly never had *enough*.

BOZZY*.

One Thursday morn did Doctor Johnson wake,
And call out 'Lanky, Lanky,' by *mistake*—
But recollecting—'Bozzy, Bozzy,' cry'd—
For in *contractions* Johnson took a *pride!*

MADAME PIOZZI†.

Whene'er our friend would read in bed by night,
Poor Mr. Thrale and I were in a *fright*;
For blinking on his book too near the flame,
Lo! to the fore-top of his wig it came!
Burnt all the hairs away, both *great* and *small*,
Down to the very *net-work*, named the *caul*.

BOZZY‡.

At Corrachatachin's, in *hoggism* sunk,
I got with punch, alas! confounded *drunk*:
Much was I vex'd that I could not be quiet,
But, like a stupid blockhead, breed a riot—
I scarcely knew how 'twas I reel'd to bed—
Next morn I wak'd with dreadful pains of head,
And terrors too, that of my peace did *rob me*—
For *much* I fear'd *the Moralist* would *mob me*.
But as I lay along a heavy log,
The doctor, ent'ring, call'd me *drunken dog*.
Then up rose I with apostolic air,
And read in Dame M'Kinnon's book of pray'r,
In hopes for such a sin to be forgiv'n,—
And make, if *possible*, my peace with Heav'n.

* P. 364. † P. 237. ‡ P. 317.

'Twas *strange* that in *that* volume of divinity,
I op'd the twentieth Sunday after Trinity,
And read these words—'Pray be not drunk with wine,
Since drunkenness doth make a man a *swine*.'
'Alas!' says I, 'the sinner that I am!'
And having made my speech, I took a *dram*.

MADAME PIOZZI*.

One day, with spirits low, and sorrow fill'd,
I told him that I had a *cousin kill'd:*
'My dear,' quoth he, 'for Heav'n's sake hold your
canting;
Were all your cousins kill'd, they'd not be *wanting*;
Though *death* on each of them should set his *mark*;
Though ev'ry one were spitted like a lark;
Roasted, and giv'n that dog there for a meal,
The *loss* of them the world would never feel—
Trust me, dear madam, all your *dear relations*
Are *nits*—are *nothings* in the eye of *nations*.'

Again†, says I, one day,—'I do believe,
A good acquaintance that I have will *grieve*
To hear her *friend* hath lost a *large estate*.'—
'Yes,' answer'd he, 'lament *as much* her *fate*,
As did your *horse* (I freely will allow)
To hear of the *miscarriage* of your *cow*.'

BOZZY‡.

At Enoch, at M'Queen's, we went to bed;
A colour'd handkerchief wrapp'd Johnson's head;
He said, 'God bless us *both*—good night;—and then,
I, like a *parish clerk*, pronounc'd *Amen!*
My good companion *soon* by sleep was seiz'd—
But I, by lice and fleas was sadly teaz'd—
Methought a spider with *terrific* claws,
Was striding from the wainscot to my jaws;

* P. 63. † P. 189. ‡ P. 103.

But slumber soon did ev'ry sense entrap,
And so I sunk into the *sweetest nap*.

MADAME PIOZZI*.

Trav'ling in Wales, at dinner-time we *got on*
Where, at Leweny, lives Sir Robert Cotton.
At table, our great *moralist* to please,—
Says I, 'dear doctor, arn't those charming peas?'
Quoth he, to *contradict*, and *run his rig*,
'Madam, they possibly might please a *pig*.'

BOZZY†.

Of *thatching*, well the doctor knew the art;
And with his *threshing wisdom* made us start:
Describ'd the greatest secrets of the Mint,
And made folks fancy that he had been *in't*.
Of hops and malt 'tis wondrous what he knew;
And well as any *brewer* he could *brew*.

MADAME PIOZZI‡.

In *ghosts* the doctor strongly did believe,
And pinn'd his faith on many a liar's sleeve—
He said to doctor Lawrence, '*Sure* I am,
I heard my poor dear mother call out, 'Sam.'
'I'm sure,' said he, 'that I can trust my ears;
And yet, my mother had been dead for years.'

BOZZY§.

When *young* ('twas rather silly I allow)
Much was I pleas'd to imitate a cow.
One time, at Drury Lane, with doctor Blair
My imitations made the playhouse *stare!*
So very charming was I in my *roar*,
That both the galleries *clapp'd*, and cry'd '*Encore*.'
Blest by the general plaudit and the laugh—
I try'd to be a *jackass* and a *calf*;

* P. 70. † P. 324. ‡ P. 192. § P. 499.

But who, alas! in *all things* can be *great?*
In short, I met a *terrible* defeat;
So vile I bray'd and bellow'd, I was *hiss'd*—
Yet all who *knew* me, *wonder'd* that I *miss'd.*
Blair whisper'd me, 'You've lost your *credit now;*
Stick, Boswell, for the future, to the cow.'

MADAME PIOZZI*.

Th' affair of *blacks* when Johnson would discuss,
He always thought they had not *souls* like us;
And yet, whene'er his family would fight,
He always said black Frank† was in the *right.*

BOZZY‡.

I must confess that I enjoy'd a pleasure
In bearing to the North so great a treasure—
Thinks I, I'm like a *bulldog* or a *hound,*
Who, when a lump of liver he hath found,
Runs to some corner, to avoid a riot,
To gobble down his piece of meat in quiet:
I thought this good as all Joe Millar's jokes;
And so I up, and told it to the folks.—

MADAME PIOZZI§.

Some of our friends wish'd Johnson would compose
The *lives* of authors who had shone in prose;
As for his *pow'r,* no mortal man could doubt it—
Sir Richard Musgrove, he was *warm* about it;
Got up, and sooth'd, entreated, begg'd and pray'd,
Poor man as if he had implor'd for *bread.*—
'Sir Richard,' cry'd the doctor, with a frown,
'Since you're *got up,* I pray you, Sir, *sit down.*'

BOZZY.

Of doctor Johnson, having giv'n a sketch,
Permit me, reader, of *myself,* to preach—

* P. 212. † The doctor's man servant.
‡ P. 259. § P. 295.

The world will certainly receive with glee,
The slightest bit of history of *me*.
Think of a *gentleman* of ancient blood!
Prouder of *title* than of being *good*—
A *gentleman* just thirty-three years old;
Married four years, and as a tiger bold;
Whose bowels yearn'd *Great Britain's* foes to tame,
And from the cannon's mouth to swallow flame;
To get his limbs by broad-swords carv'd in wars,
Like some old bedstead, and to *boast* his scars;
And, proud immortal actions to achieve,
See his hide bor'd by bullets like a sieve.
But, lo! his father, a *well-judging* judge,
Forbade his *son* from Edinburgh to budge—
Resolv'd the French should not his b—side claw;
So bound his *son* apprentice to the law.
This gentleman had been in foreign parts,
And, like Ulysses, learnt a world of arts:
Much wisdom his vast travels having brought him,
He was not *half* the fool the people *thought* him—
Of prudence, *this same gentleman* was *such*,
He rather had *too little* than *too much*.
Bright was *this gentleman's* imagination,
Well calculated for the *highest* station:
Indeed so *lively*, give the dev'l his due,
He ten times more would utter than was *true*;
Which forc'd him frequently, against his will,
Poor man! to swallow many a bitter pill—
One bitter pill among the rest he took,
Which was to cut some *scandal* from his book.—
By Doctor Johnson he is well portray'd:
Quoth Sam, 'Of Bozzy it may well be said,
That through the most *inhospitable* scene,
One never can be troubl'd with the spleen,
Nor ev'n the greatest difficulties *chafe at*,
Whilst *such an animal* is near to *laugh at*.

MADAME PIOZZI*.

For *me*, in Latin, Doctor Johnson wrote
Two lines upon Sir Joseph Banks's goat;
A *goat!* that round the world so *curious* went—
A *goat!* that now eats grass that grows in Kent!

BOZZY†.

To lord Monboddo a few lines I wrote,
And by the servant, Joseph, sent this note—

'Thus far, my lord, from Edinburgh, my home,
With Mr. Samuel Johnson, I am come—
This night, by us, must *certainly* be seen,
The very handsome town of Aberdeen.
For *thoughts* of Johnson, you'll be not applied to—
I know your lordship likes him *less* than *I do.*
So near we are—to part, I can't tell how,
Without so much as making him a *bow:*
Besides, the *Rambler* says, to see Monbodd,
He'd go *at least two miles* out of his *road,*
Which shows that he *admires* (whoever *rails)*
The pen which proves that men are born with *tails*;
Hoping that as to health your lordship does well,
I am your servant at command,
JAMES BOSWELL.'

MADAME PIOZZI‡.

On Mr. Thrale's old *hunter* Johnson rode,
Who with prodigious pride the beast bestrode;
And as on Brighton Downs he *dash'd away,*
Much was he pleas'd to hear a sportsman say,
That at a *chase* he was as *tight a hand*
As e'er a sporting *lubber* in the land.

* P. 72. † P. 207. ‡ P. 207.

BOZZY*.

One morning Johnson, on the Isle of Mull,
Was of his politics excessive full:—
Quoth he, 'That Pulteney was a *rogue* 'tis plain—
Besides, the fellow was a *Whig in grain.*'
Then to his *principles* he gave a banging,
And swore no *Whig* was ever worth a *hanging.*
''Tis wonderful,' says he, 'and makes one stare,
To think the *livery* chose John Wilkes *Lord May'r*;
A dog, of whom the world could nurse no hopes—
Prompt to *debauch* their girls, and *rob* their shops.'

MADAME PIOZZI.

Sir, I believe that anecdote a lie;
But grant that Johnson said it—*by the by,*
As Wilkes unhappily your *friendship* shar'd,
The dirty anecdote might well be *spar'd.*

BOZZY.

Madam, I stick to truth as much as *you,*
And damme if the story be not *true.*
What you have said of Johnson and the *larks,*
As much the *Rambler* for a *savage* marks.
'Twas scandalous, ev'n *candour* must allow,
To give the hist'ry of the *horse* and *cow:*
What but an *enemy* to Johnson's fame,
Dar'd his vile prank at Litchfield *playhouse name?*
Where, without ceremony, he thought fit
To fling the *man* and *chair* into the *pit*—
Who would have register'd a speech so odd
On the dead *Stay-maker*† and Doctor Dodd?

MADAME PIOZZI.

Sam Johnson's *threshing* knowledge and his [*thatching,*
May be your own *inimitable hatching.*
Pray of his wisdom can't you tell *more* news?
Could not he *make a shirt,* and *cobble shoes,*

* P. 424. † Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 51, first edition.

Knit stockings, or ingenious, take up *stitches*—
Draw teeth, dress wigs, or make a *pair of breeches?*
You prate too of his knowledge of the Mint,
As if the *Rambler* really had been in't—
Who knows, but you will tell us (truth forsaking)
That each *bad shilling* is of Johnson's *making*;
His, each *vile sixpence* that the world hath cheated—
And *his*, the *art* that ev'ry guinea *sweated*.
About his *brewing knowledge* you will prate too,
Who scarcely knew a *hop* from a *potatoe*—
And though of beer he joy'd in hearty swigs,
I'd pit against his taste my husband's *pigs*.

BOZZY.

How could your folly tell, so void of truth,
That miserable story of the youth,
Who, in your book, of Doctor Johnson begs
Most seriously to know if *cats laid eggs!*

MADAME PIOZZI.

Who told of Mrs. Montague the lie—
So palpable a falsehood?—Bozzy, *fy!*

BOZZY.

Who, madd'ning with an anecdotic itch,
Declar'd that Johnson call'd his mother *b-tch?*

MADAME PIOZZI.

Who, from M'Donald's rage to save his snout,
Cut twenty lines of defamation out?

BOZZY.

Who would have said a word about Sam's *wig*;
Or told the story of the *peas* and *pig?*
Who would have told a tale so very flat,
Of Frank the Black, and Hodge the mangy *cat?*

MADAME PIOZZI.

Good me! you're grown at once confounded *ten-*
Of Doctor Johnson's fame a *fierce* defender: [*der*—
I'am sure you've mention'd many a pretty story
Not much redounding to the doctor's glory.
Now for a *saint* upon us you would palm him—
First *murder* the poor man and then *embalm him!*

BOZZY.

Why truly, madam, Johnson cannot *boast*—
By your acquaintance, he hath *rather lost*.
His character so shockingly you handle—
You've sunk your *comet* to a *farthing candle*.
Your vanities contriv'd the sage to hitch in,
And brib'd him with your cellar and your kitchen;
But luckless Johnson play'd a losing game—
Though *beef* and *beer* he won—he lost his *fame*.

MADAME PIOZZI.

One quarter of your book had Johnson read,
Fist-criticism had rattl'd round your head.
Yet let my satire not *too far* pursue—
It boasts *some merit*, give the Dev'l his due.
Where *grocers* and where *pastry-cooks* reside,
Thy book, with triumph, may indulge its pride;
Preach to the *patty pans* sententious stuff—
And hug that idol of the nose, call'd *snuff*:
With all its stories *cloves* and *ginger* please,
And pour its *wonders* to a pound of *cheese!*

BOZZY.

Madam, your irony is *wondrous fine !*
Sense in each thought, and *wit* in ev'ry line;
Yet, *madam*, when the *leaves* of my poor book,
Visit the *grocer* or the *pastry-cook*,
Yours, to enjoy of fame the *just* reward,
May aid the *trunk-maker* of Paul's Church-yard;

In the *same alehouses* together us'd,
By the *same* fingers they may be *amus'd*—
The greasy *snuffers yours*, perchance, may *wipe*,
Whilst *mine*, high honour'd, lights a *toper's* pipe.
The praise of Courtenay* my book's fame secures—
Now, who the devil, madam, praises *yours?*

MADAME PIOZZI.

Thousands, you blockhead—no one now can doubt [it;
For not a soul in London is *without it.*
The folks were ready Cadell to devour,
Who sold the first edition in an hour—
So!—Courtenay's praises save you!—ah! that 'squire
Deals, let me tell you, more in smoke than fire.

BOZZY.

Zounds! he has prais'd me in the *sweetest* line—

MADAME PIOZZI.

Ay! aye! the *verse* and *subject* equal shine.
Few are the mouths that Courtenay's wit rehearse—
Mere cork in politics, and *lead* in verse.

BOZZY.

Well, *ma'am!* since all that Johnson *said* or *wrote*,
You hold so *sacred*—how have you *forgot*
To grant the wonder-hunting world a reading
Of Sam's Epistle, just before your *wedding*;

* The lively *rattle* of the House of Commons—indeed its Momus; who seems to have been selected by his constituents more for the purposes of *laughing* at the misfortunes of his country, than *healing the wounds*. He is the author of a poem lately published, that endeavours, *totis viribus*, to *prove* that Doctor Johnson was a *brute* as well as a *moralist!*

Beginning thus (in strains not form'd to flatter),
'MADAM,
If that most ignominious matter
Be not concluded'—
Farther shall I say?
No—we shall have it from *yourself* some day,
To justify your passion for the *youth*,
With all the charms of eloquence and truth.

MADAME PIOZZI.

What was my marraige, sir, to *you* or *him?*
He tell me what to do!—a pretty whim!
He, to *propriety* (the beast) *resort!*
As well might *elephants preside* at *court*.
Lord! let the world to *damn* my match *agree*;
Good God! James Boswell, what's *that world* to *me?*
The folks who paid respects to *Mrs. Thrale*,
Fed on her pork, poor souls! and swill'd her ale,
May *sicken* at *Piozzi*, nine in ten—
Turn up the nose of scorn—good God! what then?
For *me*, the Dev'l may fetch their souls so *great*;
They keep their homes, and *I*, thank God, my meat.
When they, poor owls! shall beat their cage, a jail—
I, unconfin'd, shall spread my peacock tail;
Free as the birds of air, enjoy my ease,
Choose my own food, and see what climes I please.
I suffer only—if I'm in the wrong:
So, now, you prating puppy, hold your tongue.

SIR JOHN.

For shame! for shame! for Heav'n's sake *both* be [quiet—
Not Billingsgate exhibits such a riot;
Behold, for scandal you have made a feast,
And turn'd your idol, Johnson, to a beast:
'Tis plain that tales of ghosts are arrant lies,
Or instantaneously would Johnson's rise;
Make you both eat your paragraphs so evil;
And for your treatment of him, *play the devil*.

Just like two Mohawks on the man you fall;
No murd'rer is worse serv'd at Surgeon's Hall.
Instead of adding *splendor* to his name,
Your books are downright gibbets to his fame.
Of those, your anecdotes—may I be curst,
If I can tell you, *which* of them is *worst.*
You never with posterity can thrive—
'Tis by the Rambler's death alone you *live;*
Like wrens (that in some volume I have read)
Hatch'd by strange fortune in a horse's head.
Poor Sam was rather fainting in his glory,
But now his fame lies foully dead before ye:
Thus to some dying man (a frequent case)
Two doctors come and give the *coup de grace.*
Zounds! madam, mind the duties of a wife,
And dream no more of Doctor Johnson's life;
A happy knowledge in a pie or pudding [ing;
Will more delight your friends than all your study-
One cut from ven'son to the heart can speak
Stronger than ten quotations from the Greek;
One fat sir loin possesses more sublime
Than all the airy castles built by rhime.
One nipperkin of *stingo* with a toast
Beats all the streams the Muses' fount can boast;
Blest, in one pint of porter, lo! my belly can
Find raptures not in all the floods of Helicon,
Enough those anecdotes your pow'rs have shown;
Sam's life, dear ma'am, will only *damn your own.*

For thee, James Boswell, may the hand of fate
Arrest thy goose-quill and confine thy prate;
Thy egotisms the world *disgusted* hears—
Then load with vanities no more our ears,
Like some lone puppy, yelping all night long,
That tires the very echoes with his tongue.
Yet, should it lie beyond the pow'rs of fate
To stop thy pen, and still thy darling prate;
To live in solitude, oh! be thy luck,
A chattering magpie on the Isle of Muck.

Thus spoke the Judge; then leaping from the chair,
He left, in consternation lost, the fair:
Black Frank* he sought on anecdote to cram,
And vomit first† a life of surly Sam.
Shock'd at the little manners of the knight,
The rivals marv'ling mark'd his sudden flight,
Then to their pens and paper rush'd the twain
To kill the mangled Rambler o'er again.

* Doctor Johnson's negro servant.

† The knight's volume is reported to be in great forwardness, and likely to *distance* his formidable competitors.

N. B. The quotations from Mr. Boswell, are made from the second edition of his Journal.—Those from Mrs. Piozzi, from the first edition of her anecdotes.

ODE UPON ODE,

OR

A PEEP AT SAINT JAMES's,

OR

NEW YEAR's DAY,

OR

WHAT YOU WILL.

Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes.
HORACE.

Just as the maggot bites, I take my way—
To painters now my court respectful pay;
Now (ever welcome!) on the Muse's wings,
Drop in at Windsor, on the best of kings;
Now, at St. James's, about Handel prate,
Hear odes, see lords and 'squires, and smile at state.

ADVERTISEMENT.

READER,

I think it necessary to inform thee if thou hast not read Mr. Warton's Ode, that I mean not to say that he hath, *totidem verbis*, sung what I have asserted of him; I therefore beg that my Ode may be considered as an amplification of the ingenious laureat's idea.

PROËMIUM.

KNOW, reader, that the *laureat's* post sublime
  Is destin'd to record, in handsome rhime,
  The deeds of British monarchs, twice a year:
If *great*—how happy is the tuneful tongue!
If *pitiful*—(as Shakespeare says) the song
  'Must suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.'

But bards must take the *uphill* with the *down*;
  Kings cannot always oracles be hatching:
Maggots are oft the tenants of a crown—
  Therefore, like those in cheese, not worth the
      catching.

O gentle reader! if, by God's good grace,
  Or (what's more sought) good interest at court,
Thou get'st of lyric trumpeter the place,
  And hundreds are, like gudgeons, gaping for't;
Hear! (at a palace if thou mean'st to thrive)
And of a steady coachman learn to drive.

Whene'er employ'd to celebrate a king,
Let fancy lend thy muse her loftiest wing—
  Stun with thy minstrelsy th' affrighted sphere;
Bid thy voice thunder like a hundred batteries;
For common sounds, conveying common flatteries,
  Are zephyrs whisp'ring to the royal ear.

Know—glutton-like, on praise each monarch crams:
 Hot spices suit alone their pamper'd nature:
Alas! the stomach, parch'd by burning drams,
 With mad-dog terror starts at simple water.

Fierce is each royal *mania* for applause;
And, as a horse-pond wide, are monarch maws—
 Form'd, therefore, on a pretty ample scale:
To sound the *decent* panegyric note,
To pour the *modest* flatt'ries down their throat,
 Were offering shrimps for dinner to a whale.

And mind, whene'er thou strik'st the lyre to kings,
To touch to Abigails of courts, the strings;
 Give the queen's toad-eater a handsome sop,
And swear she always has more grace
Than ev'n to sell the *meanest* place—
 Swear too, the woman keeps no title-shop;

Sells not, like Jews in Paul's Church-yard their ware,
Who on each passenger for custom stare;
And, in the happy tones of traffick, cry,
'*Sher! vat you buy, sher?—Madum! vat you buy?*'

Thus, reader, ends the prologue to my ode!
 The true-bred courtiers wonder whilst I preach—
And, with grave vizards, and stretch'd eyes to God,
 Pronounce my sermon a most impious speech:
With all my spirit—let them damn my lays—
A courtier's curses are exalted praise.

I hear a startled moralist exclaim,
 'Fie, Peter, Peter! fie for shame!
 'Such counsel disagrees with my digestion.'
Well! well! then, my old Socrates, to please thee,
For much I'm willing of thy qualms to ease thee,
 I'll nobly take the other side the question.

Par exemple :

Fair praise is sterling gold—all should desire it—
  Flatt'ry, base coin—a cheat upon the nation;
And yet, our vanity doth much admire it,
  And really gives it all its circulation.

Flatt'ry's a sly insinuating screw—
  The world—a bottle of Tokay so fine—
The engine always can its cork subdue,
  And make an easy conquest of the wine.

Flatt'ry's an ivy wriggling round an oak—
  This oak is often honest blunt John Bull—
Which ivy would its great supporter choak
  Whilst John (so thick the walls of his dark skull)
Deems it a pretty ornament, and struts—
Till Master Ivy creeps into John's guts;
And gives poor thoughtless John a set of gripes:
Then, like an organ, opening all his pipes,
John roars; and, when to a consumption drain'd,
Finds out the knave his folly entertain'd.

Praise is a modest, unassuming maid,
  As simply as a Quaker-beauty drest:—
No ostentation hers—no vain parade:
  Sweet nymph! and of few words possest;
Yet, heard with rev'rence when she silence breaks,
And dignifies the man of whom she speaks.

Flatt'ry's a pert French milliner—a jade
Cover'd with *rouge*, and flauntingly array'd—
Makes saucy love to ev'ry man she meets,
And offers ev'n her favours in the streets.

And yet, instead of heeding public hisses—
  Divines so grave—Philosophers can bear her;
  What's stranger still, with childish rapture hear
      her—
Nay, court the smiling harlot's *very kisses*.

ODE.

RICH as Dutch cargoes from the fragrant East,
Or custard-pudding at a city feast,
Tom's incense greets his sovereign's hungry nose:
For, bating birth-day torrents from Parnassus,
And New-year's spring-tide of divine molasses,
Fame in a scanty rill to Windsor flows?

Poets (quoth tuneful Tom) in ancient times,
Delighted all the country with their rhimes;—
Sung knights and barbed steeds with valour big:
Knights who encounter'd witches—murder'd wizards,
Flogg'd Pagans, till they grumbled in their gizzards:
Rogues! with no more religion than a pig:—

Knights who illumin'd poor dark souls,
Through pretty little well-form'd eyelet holes,
By pious pikes and godly lances made—.
Tools! that work'd wonders in the holy trade;

With battle-axes fit to knock down bulls,
And therefore qualified (I wot) full well,
With force the sacred oracles to tell
Unto the thickest unbelieving skulls:—

Knights, who, so famous at the game of tourney,
Took boldly to the Holy Land a journey,
To plant, with swords, in hearts, the Gospel seeds;
Just as we hole for cucumbers, hot-beds,
Or pierce the bosom of the sullen earth,
To give to radishes or onions birth:—

Knights, who, when tumbled on the hostile field,
And to an enemy obliged to yield,
  Could neither leg, nor arm, nor neck, nor nob stir:
Poor devils! who, like alligators back'd,
At length by hammers, hatchets, sledges, crack'd,
  Were dragg'd from coats of armour—like a lobster.

Great (says the laureat) were the poet's puffings
On idle daring red-cross raggamuffins,
  Who, for their childishness, deserv'd a birch:
Quoth Tom, a worthier subject now, thank God!
Inspires the lofty dealer in the ode,
  Than blockheads battling for old mother church.

Times (quoth our courtly bard) are alter'd quite—
The poet scorns what charm'd of yore the sight—
  Goths, Vandals, castles, horses, mares:—
The polish'd poet of the present day,
Doth in his tasty shop display,
  Ah! vastly prettier-colour'd wares.

—The poet 'moulds his harp to manners mild,'
Quoth Tom—to monarchs, who, with rapture wild,
Hear their own praise with mouths of gaping wonder,
And catch each crotchet of the Birth-day thunder:
Crotchets that scorn the praise of *common* folly—
Though not most *musical*—most *melancholy*.
Ah! crotchets doom'd to charm our ears no more,
Although by Mr. Parsons set in *score*.
Drear and eternal silence doom'd to keep,
Where the dark waters of oblivion sleep—
To speak in humbler English—doom'd to rest,
With court addresses, in a musty chest.

  Yet all the lady *amateurs* declar'd,
  They were the *charming'st* things they ever heard:
As for example—all the angels Gideons—
  That is, my lady, and her daughters fair,
  With coal-black eyebrows, and sweet Hebrew air—
The lovely produce of the two religions:

Thus in their virtues, fox hounds best succeed,
When sportsmen very wisely cross the breed:
And thus with nobler lustre shines the fowl
Begot between a game hen and an owl.

Sir Sampson too declar'd, with voice divine,
‘ *Dat shince he haf turn Chreestian, and eat hog,*
He nebber did hear mooshic half sho fine ;
No ! nebber shince he lefs de shinnygogue.’

His Grace of Queensb'ry too, with eyes though dim,
And one deaf ear, was there in wonder drown'd !
List'ning, in attitude of Corporal Trim,
He rais'd his thin grey curl to catch the sound :

Then swore the airs would never meet their matches,
But in his own immortal glees and catches*.
Yet were those crotchets all condemn'd to rest
In the dark bosom of a musty chest !

Crotchets that form'd into so sweet an air,
As charm'd my lady mayoress and lord mayor ;
Who thought (and really they were true believers)
The music equall'd marrowbones and cleavers.

Strains ! that the reverend bishops had no qualms
In saying, that they equall'd David's psalms ;
But not surpass'd in melody the bell
That mournful soundeth an archbishop's knell ;
Strains ! that Sir Joseph Mawbey deem'd divine,
Sweet as the quavers of his fattest swine.

E'en great Lord Brudenell's† self admir'd the strain,
In all the tuneful agonies of pain ;

* Though not a Purcell, his grace is admitted, by many of his musical guests, to be a very pretty catchmaker.

† A prodigious *amateur*—without his lordship there can be no rehearsal.

Who, winking, beats with duck-like nods the time,
And call'd the music and the words sublime.

Yes, this most lofty peer admir'd the ode;
A peer who, too, delights in opera-dancing;
Thus sagely both those useful arts advancing,
And nobly spreading Britain's fame abroad.

So much by dancing is his lordship won,
Behind the op'ra scenes he constant goes,
To kiss the little finger of Coulon*,
To mark her knees, and many-twinkling toes.

Too, all the other lords, with whispers swarming,
Cry'd *bravò! bravo!* charming! *bravo!* charming!
And majesty itself, to music bred,
Pronounc'd it 'Very, very good, indeed!'
Indulging, p'rhaps, the *very* nat'ral dream,
That all its charms were owing to the *theme*.

Not but some small degree of harmless pleasure,
Might in the brace of royal bosoms rise,
To think they heard it without waste of treasure;
As sixpences are lovely in their eyes.

For, not long since, I heard a forward dame
Thus, in a tone of impudence, exclaim—
'Good God! how kings and queens a song adore!
With what delight they order an *encore!*
When that same song, *encor'd*, for *nothing* flows!
This Madam Mara to her sorrow knows.'
'To Windsor, oft, and *eke* to Kew,
The r-y-l mandate Mara drew.
No cheering drop the dame was ask'd to sip—
No bread was offer'd to her quiv'ring lip:
Though faint, she was not suffer'd to sit down,—
Such was the *goodness—grandeur* of the cr—n!

Now tell me, will it ever be believ'd,
How much for song and chaise-hire she receiv'd?

* A first dancer at the opera.

How much pray, think ye ?'—Fifty guineas—'No.'
Most surely forty.—' No, no.'—Thirty.—' Poh!
Pray, guess in reason,—come, again.'—
Alas! you jeer us—twenty at the least;
No man could ever be so great a b—st
As not to give her twenty for her pain.—
'To keep you, then, no longer in suspense,
For Mara's chaise-hire and unrivall'd note,
Out of their *wonderful* benevolence,
Their bounteous m——ies gave—not a groat.'

'Aye!' cry'd a second sland'rer, with a sneer,
'I know a story like it—You shall hear—
Poor Mrs. Siddons, *she* was order'd out—
To wait upon their m-j—ies, to *spout*—
To read old Shakespeare's *As you like it* to 'em;
And how to mind their stops, and commas, show 'em:
She read—was told 'twas very, very fine,
Excepting here and there a line,—
To which the royal wisdom did object—
And which in all the pride of emendation,
And partly to improve her reputation,
His m-j—y thought proper to correct:
Then turning to the partner of his bed,
On tiptoe mounted by self-approbation,
A very modest elevation,
He cry'd 'Mind, Charly, *that's* the way to read.'

The actress reading, spouting—out of breath,
Stood all the time—was nearly tir'd to death;
Whilst both their m-j—ies, in royal style,
At perfect ease were *sitting* all the while.
Not offer'd to her was one drop of beer,
Nor wine, nor chocolate, her heart to cheer:
Ready to drop to earth, she must have sunk,
But for a child, that at the hardship shrunk—
A little *prince*, who mark'd her situation,
Thus, pitying, pour'd a tender exclamation:

"La! Mrs. Siddons is quite faint indeed,
How pale! I'm sure she cannot longer read:

She somewhat wants, her spirits to repair,
And would, I'm sure, be happy in a *chair*."

What follow'd—Why, the r-y-l pair arose
Surly enough—one fairly may suppose!
And to a room adjoining made retreat,
To let her, for one minute, *steal* a seat.

At length the actress ceas'd to read and spout
  Where generosity's a crying sin:
Her curt'sy dropp'd—was nodded to—came out—
  So rich!'—How rich!—' As rich as she *went in*.'

Such are the stories twain!—Why, grant the fact,
Are *princes*, pray, like *common folks* to act?

Should Mara call it *cruelty*, and blame
  Such r-y-l conduct, I'd cry, Fie upon her!
To Mrs. Siddons freely say the same—
  Sufficient for *such people* is the *honour!*

E'en I, the *bard*, expect no gifts from *kings*,
Although I've said of them such *handsome* things—
Nay, not their eye's attention, whose bright ray
Would, like the *sun*, illumine my poor lay,
And, like the *sun*, so kind to procreation,
Increase within my brain the maggot nation.
So much for idle tales.—Now, *Muse*, thy strain
Digressive, turn to drawing-rooms again.

There too was Pitt, who scrap'd and bow'd to ground;
  And whisper'd majesty, 'twas vastly fine;—
Then wish'd such harmony could once be found
  Where *he*, each day, was treated like a swine
By that arch-fiend Charles Fox, and his vile party—
Villains! in nought but black rebellion hearty;

Fellows! who had the impudence to place
The *sacred sceptre* underneath the *mace*,
And twisted ropes, with malice disappointed,
To hamper or to hang the *Lord's anointed*.

To whom a certain *sage* so earnest cry'd,
'Don't mind—don't mind—the rogues their aim have miss'd—
Don't fear your place, whilst I am well supply'd—
But mind, mind poverty of Civil List.

Swear that no k——'s so poor upon the globe;
Compare me—yes, compare me to poor Job.
What, what, Pitt—hæ? We must have t'other grant—
What, what? You know, Pitt, that my old dead Aunt
Left not a sixpence, Pitt, these eyes to bless,
But from the parish sav'd that fool at *Hesse*.

But mind me—hæ, to plague her heart when dying,
I was a constant hunter—Nimrod still;
And when in state as dead's a mack'rel lying,
I car'd not, for I knew the woman's *will*.

And three days after she was dead,
Which some folks thought prodigiously profane,
I took it—yes—I took it in my head,
To order Sir John Brute at Drury Lane;—
Had she respected *me*, I do aver,
I shou'd have stay'd at home, and thought of *her*.'

And mind—keep George as poor as a church mouse—
Vote not a halfpenny for Carleton House—
This may appear like wonderful barbarity—
But mind, Pitt, mind—he gains in popularity.

I see him o'er his father try to rise—
And mount an eagle to the skies—
But poverty will check his daring flight—
Besides, should George receive a grant—
He gets the golden orbs I want—
Then Civil-List deficiences, good night!

And hæ! that wicked son-in-law of Brown*,
Losing all sort of rev'rence for a crown,

* Mr. Holland, who married a daughter of the late *Capability* Brown, and who hath several times

Hath sent me in a bill so dread—
What's very strange too, Pitt, I'll tell ye more—
The rascal came into my house, and swore
'Twas a just bill, and that he *must* be paid;
Yes, that he wou'd, he swore—(how saucy! Pitt)—
Or send a lawyer to me with a *writ*.

Down sent I Ramus to him o'er and o'er,
To say that Brown had *gain'd* enough—
And bid him to the Palace come no more
To pester majesty with bills and stuff.

What—Pitt, pray don't you think I'm right—quite right?'
On which the premier, with a falt'ring bow,
Star'd in the face by Truth—looking, I don't know how,
Hem'd out a faint assent—Heav'ns, how polite!

How pretty 'twas in Pitt, what great good sense,
Not to give majesty the least offence!
Whereas, the Chancellor, had *he* been there,
Whose tutor, one would think, had been a bear;
Thinking a Briton to no forms confin'd,
But born with privilege to speak his mind;
Had answer'd with a thund'ring tongue,
'I think your majesty d-mn-tion wrong—
I know no *moral* or *prescriptive* right
In kings to *** a subject of a mite:—
Give him his just demand—it is but fit—
Such littlenesses look extremely odd—
Before *me* should the matter come, by G-d
Your majesty will cursedly be *bit*—
Kings by a sense of honour should be sway'd—
Holland *must*, *will*, by G-d he *shall*, be paid.'

impertinently troubled the Palace with a bill of two thousand pounds, due for work done by his father-in-law in the royal gardens.

Lord Rochford, too, the gentle youth! was there,
Whose sweet *falsetto* voice is often sported
In glees and catches; so that all who hear,
Believe a pretty *semi-vir* imported.

Anxious to please the royal pair,
Lord Salisbury prais'd the words and air;
My lord—who boasts a pretty tuneful palate,
Who kindly teaches cobblers how to sing,
Instructs his butler, baker, on the string,
And with Apollo's laurel crowns his valet*.

'A cobbler, baker, chang'd to a musician,
Butlers, and lick-trenchers!' my reader roars;
The sacred art is in a sweet condition—
'A pretty way of rubbing out old scores!

God bless his generosity and purse:—
Soon probably his grandmother, or nurse,
May to the happy band unite their notes—
Perchance, the list respectable to grace,
His lordship's fav'rite *horse* may show his face,
And earn, as chorus singer, all his oats.'

There too, that close attendant on the king,
Sir Charles†, the active, elegant, and supple,
Join'd with the happy *beings* of the ring,
And bow'd and scrap'd before the sceptred couple;
Pour'd high *encomium* on the birth-day din,
And won the *meed* of many a royal grin.

Sir Charles! the most polite, devoted man,
Form'd perfectly upon the courtier plan;

* His lordship made some *sad* appointments to his majesty's band—ignorant, unmusical rogues, who receive the salary, and thrum by proxy: however he hath behaved better *lately*, and made atonement, by giving Shield, Dance, Blake, Parke, and Hackwood, to the band.

† Sir Charles Thompson.

Watches each motion of the royal lips,
And round his majesty so lively skips:

Keen as a hawk, observes his sovereign's eye,
  Explores its wants, and dwells upon its stare,
As if he really was to live or die
  According to th' appearance of the glare:
Hops, dances, of true courtliness the type,
Just like a pea on a tobacco pipe.

Oft will his sacred m——y look down,
With aspect conscious of a glorious crown;
Look down with surly grandeur on the knight,
As if such servile homage was his *right*;
And by a *stare*, inform the fearful thing,
The diff'rence 'twixt a subject and a king.

Thus when a little fearful puppy meets
A noble Newfoundland dog in the streets,
  He creeps, and whines, and licks the lofty brute;
Curls round him, falls upon his back, and then
Springs up and gambols—frisks it back agen,
  And crawls in dread submission to his foot;
Looks up, and hugs his neck, and seems t'intreat him,
With ev'ry mark of terror, not to eat him.

The Newfoundland dog, conscious of his might,
  Cocks high his tail and ears, his state to show;
Then lifts his leg (a little unpolite)
  And almost drowns the supplicant below;

Then seems, in full-blown majesty, to say,
  'Great is my power—but, lo! I'll not abuse it;
I'm Cæsar! paltry creature, go thy way;
  But mind, I can *devour* thee, if I chuse it.'

Sir Charles at theatres oft shows his mien,
Skips from his majesty behind the scene,
  To make a famous actress blest, by saying,
How pleas'd the monarch is—how oft he clapp'd,
How oft the queen her fan so gracious tapp'd,
  In approbation of her charming playing!

Then will the knight, with motions all so quick,
Rush back again o'erjoy'd, through thin and thick,
And to their sacred majesties repair,
Loaded with curt'sies, speeches, thanks, fine things!
Proud as some old dame's nag with queens and kings
Of gingerbread, to grace a country fair.

Then will Sir Charles race back, with bold career,
With something *new*, the royal mouths shall utter,
Sweet to the actress's astonish'd ear,
As sugar-plums to brats—or bread and butter;

Then back to majesty Sir Charles will fly
With the great actress's *sublime* reply;

As for example—'Dear Sir Charles, dear friend,
'Pray thank their majesties' extreme good nature,
Who in their goodnesses can condescend
To honour thus their poor devoted creature:
Whose patronage gives glory to a name—
Whose smiles *alone* confer immortal fame—
I beg, Sir Charles, you'll say the *humblest* things—
Commend me to the best of *queens* and *kings*.'

Back with the messages Sir Charles will run,
And with them charm of majesty the sun,
And bid him, like his brother in the skies,
Dart smiling radiance from his mouth and eyes!
Thrice happy knight! all parties form'd to please!
Blest porter of such messages as these!

Thus 'midst the battle's rage, like lightning, scours
An aid-de-camp, his general's orders carrying;
Bravely he gallops through the bullet show'rs,
But scarce a single minute tarrying;
Then to the general back with answer comes,
'Midst the deep thunder of great guns and drums;

Now forth again with more command he sallies,
Then back, then forth again behold him hurry;
To *this* that runs away, to *that* which rallies,
All bustle, uproar wild, and hurry scurry!

Yet was there *one* who much the day decry'd—
Old Lady Mary Duncan (says report).
'What, no dear, dear *castrato* here!' she sigh'd;
'Why then—p-x take the roarings and the court;
Then Lord have mercy on my tortur'd ears,
And shield me from the shouts of such he-bears.

Are such the pretty notes to please!
Then may I never more hear sounds like these;
In days of yore they might have had their merit,
Amongst the rams'-horns to have borne a bob,
That did at Jericho the wondrous job—
Knock'd down the wall with so much spirit.

The sounds may answer to play tricks
Amongst a pack of drunken asses;
To break, as if it were, with sticks,
The bones of bottles and poor glasses.

Where, where is Pacchierotti's *heart-felt strain*?
Where Rubinelli's *sostenuto* note?
That tickled oft my sighing soul to *pain*,
That bade my senses in Elysium float?
Avaunt! you vile black-bearded rogues—avaunt!
'Tis smoother chins, and sweeter tones, *I want*.'

My Lord of Exeter was also there,
Who, marv'ling, cock'd his time-discerning ear
To strains that did such honour to a throne—
There Uxbridge taught the audience how to *think*;
With much significant and knowing wink,
And speeches clad in wisdom's critic tone;
Who look'd musicians *through* with half-shut eyes;
Most solemn, most *chromatically* wise!

Sandwich, the glory of each jovial meeting,
This fiddler now—now *that*, so kindly greeting,
Appear'd, and shrewdly pour'd his *hahs* and *hums*:
Great in tattoo, my lord, and cross-hand roll;
Great in the Dead-march stroke sublime of Saul,
He beats Old Assbridge* on the kettle drums.

* A kettle-drummer of great celebrity.

What pity to our *military* host,
That such a charming drummer should be lost!
And feel through life his glories overcast
At that dull board*, where, never could he learn,
Of ships, the diff'rence between *stem* and *stern*,
Hen-coops and boats, the rudder and the mast.

Say—'midst the tuneful tribe was Edmund Burke?
No!—Mun was cutting out for Hastings, work;
Writing to cousin Will and Co.†, to league 'em
Against that rogue, who, like a ruffian, rose,
And tweak'd a bulse of jewels from the nose
Of dames in India, christen'd Munny Begum.

Edmund! who formerly look'd fierce as Grimbald
On that most horrid imp, Sir Thomas Rumbold;
Vow'd, like a sheep, to flay that eastern thief;
Till *strange good fortune* open'd Edmund's eyes:
Oh! then he heard of innocence the cries,
And, like Jew converts, damn'd his old belief.
Yet, let *some* praise for Mun's conversion pass
To that great wonder-worker, Saint Dundas.

Edmund! who battled hard for Powell's life,
And swore no man, in virtue, e'er went further:
To prove which oath, this Powell took a knife,
And made the world believe it, by *self murther*.

Reader, suppose I give thee a small ode,
Made when vile Tippoo Saib in triumph rode,
And play'd the devil on our Indian borders,
In person, or by vile Satanic orders:

When Mr. Burke, so famous for fine speeches,
From *trope* to *trope*, a downright rabbit skipping,
And give the noble governor a whipping?
Meant, schoolboy like, to take down Hastings' *breeches*

If rightly, reader, I translate thy phiz,
Thou smil'st consent—I thank thee—Here it is.

* The Admiralty. † In India.

But mark my cleanliness ere I begin:
Know, I've not caught the *itch* of party sin;
To Pitt, or Fox, I never did belong;
Truth, truth I seek—so help me *god of song!*

P'rhaps to a *Heathen oath* thou mayst *demur:*
Well then—suspicion that I mayst incur,
  But, like a *Christian*, swear *I do not sham*—
By all the angels of yon lofty sky,
Where burning seraphims and cherubs cry,
  I'm of no party—curse me if I am!

By all those wonder-monger saints and martyrs,
Cut, for the love of God, in halves and quarters;
  By each black soul in purgatory frying;
By all those whiter souls, though we can't see 'em,
Singing their *Ave-Mary* and *Te Deum*
  On yon bright cloud—I swear I am not lying.

No! free as air the muse shall spread her wing,
Of *whom*, and *when*, and *what* she pleases, sing;
Though privy councils*, jealous of her note,
Prescrib'd, of late, a halter for her throat.

Let folly spring—my eagle, falcon, kite,
Hawk—satire—what you will—shall mark her flight;
Through huts or palaces ('tis just the same),
With equal rage, pursue the panting game;
And lay (by princes, or by peasants, bred)
Low at the *owner's* feet, the *cuckow*, dead.

ODE TO EDMUND.

Much edified am I by Edmund Burke!
Well pleas'd I see his mill-like mouth at work,

* This is a piece of secret history.

Grinding away for poor Old England's good:
He gives of elocution such a feast!
He tells of such dread doings in the East!
And sighs, as 'twere, for his own flesh and blood.

Shroff, Chout, Lack, Omra, Dustuck, Nabob, Bunder,
Crore, Choultry, Begum, leave his lips in thunder.

With matchless *pathos*, Mun describes the gag,
Employ'd by that vile son of Hyder Naig,
Nam'd Tippoo—Gags! that British mouths detest!
Occasion'd partly by that man so sad,
That Hastings!—oh! deserving all that's bad—
That villain, murd'rer, tyrant, dog, wild beast!

Poor Edmund sees poor Britain's setting sun;
Poor Edmund *groans*—and Britain is *undone!*

Reader! thou hast, I do presume,
(God knows though) been in a snug room,
By coals or wood made comfortably warm,
And often fancied that a storm *without*,
Hath made a diabolic rout—
Sunk ships—tore trees up—done a world of harm.

Yes! thou hast lifted up thy tearful eyes,
Fancying thou heardst of mariners the cries;
And sigh'd, 'How wretched now must thousands be!
'Oh! how I pity the poor souls at sea!'
When, lo! this dreadful tempest, and his roar,
A *zephyr*—in the key-hole of the door!

Now, may not Edmund's howlings be a sigh
Pressing through Edmund's lungs for loaves and fishes,
On which he long hath look'd with *longing* eye,
To fill poor Edmund's not o'er-burden'd dishes?

Give Mun a sop—forgot will be complaint;
Britain be safe, and Hastings prove a *saint*.

NOW for the drawing-room—O Muse, so madding,
Delighted in digression to be gadding.

Hampden and Fortescue (brave names!) attended—
The *last* in catches wonderfully mended,
The lovely Lady Clarges too was there,
  To all the graces as to music born;
Whose notes so sweetly melting soothes the ear!
  Soft as the robin's to the blush of morn!

There too the rare *Viol-di-gamba* Pratt,
Whose fingers fair the strings so nicely pat,
And bow that brings out sounds unknown at Babel—
Though not so sweet as those of Mr. Abel.

Dear maid! the daughter of that prince of Pratts,
  Who music *cons* as well as law; and swears
  The girl shall *scrub* no soul's but Handel's airs,
To whom he thinks our great composers, cats:

  Id est, Sacchini, Haydn, Bach, and Gluck,
  And twenty more, who never had the luck
To please the nicer ears of *some crown'd folk*;
  Ears that, like other people's though they grow,
  Poor creatures! really want the sense to know
Psalm tunes so mournful from the old Black Joke.

That musty music-hunter too—*Mus. D.*
Much-travel'd Burney, came to hear and see;
He, in his tour, who found such great protectors—
Kings, queens, dukes, margraves, margravines, elec-
        tors,
Who ask'd the doctor many a gracious question,
  And treated him with marv'lous hospitality;
Guessing he had as clever a digestion
  For meat and drink, as music of rare quality—

Not with much glee the doctor heard the ode,
But turn'd his disappointed eyes to God;
And wish'd it his own setting, with a sigh;—
For, ere to Salisbury's house the doctor came—
To get, as *ode-setter*, enroll'd his name—
Behold! behold the *wedding was gone by.*

Ah! how unlucky that the prize was lost!
Parsons, who, daring, dash'd through thick and thin—
Eclipse the second!—got like lightning *in*,
When Burney just had reach'd the *distance post.*

Yet, gentle Muse, let candour *this* allow,
That, though his heart was mortified enow,
The doctor did his rival's art admire,
And own'd his *maiden* crotchets full of fire—
Crotchets! though sweet—alas! condemn'd to lie,
Like royal virtues, hid from mortal eye!

Crotchets that songful Mr. Parsons ties
To Tom's big phrase, to make sublimer cries;
Thrice happy union to entrance the soul!
How like the notes of cats, a vocal pair,
By boys (to catch their wild and mingled air)
Tied tail to tail, and thrown across a pole!

But where was great Sir Watkyn all this time?
Why heard he not the air and lofty rhime?
The sleek Welsh deity, who music knows—
The Alexander of the Tot'n'am troops*,
Who, tutor'd by his stampings, nods, grunts, whoops,
Do wondrous execution with their bows?

Sir Watkyn, deep in dismal dudgeon gone,
Far in his Cambrian villa† sat alone;

* Sir Watkyn is a member of the ancient music concert in Tottenham Street, and much attended to, both for his art and science.

† Wynnestay.

To Mrs. Walsingham‡ he scrubb'd his base,
Whilst anger swell'd the volume of his face,
Flaming, like suns of London in a fog;
Of Mrs. Walsingham he sung with ire;
His eyes as red as ferret's eyes, with fire;
His mighty soul for vengeance all agog.

Achilles thus, affronted to the beard,
His sledge-like fist o'er Agamemnon rear'd,
And down his throat wou'd fain his words have
ramm'd;
Who, after oaths (a pretty decent volley),
And rating the long monarch for his folly,
Inform'd the king of men he might be d-mn'd;
Then to his tent majestic strode, to strum,
And scrape his anger out on tweedle-dum.

Yet Mrs. Walsingham the ode attended;
From 'squire Apollo lineally descended—
A dame who dances, paints, and plays, and sings;
The saint Cecilia,—queen of wind and strings!
Though scarcely bigger than a cat—a dame
'Midst the *Bas Bleus,* a giant as to *fame.*
When fiddle, hautboy, clarinet, bassoon,
On Sunday (deem'd by *us* good Christians, *odd*)
Unite their clang, and pour their merry tune
In jiggish gratitude to God;
Lo! if a witless member should desire,
Instead of Handel, strains *perchance* of Haydn,
A fierce Semiramis she flames with fire—
This Amazonian, crotchet-loving maiden!
She looks at him with such a pair of eyes!—
Reader, by way of *simile*-digression,
Which to my subject happily applies—
Didst ever see Grimalkin in a passion,
Lifting her back, and ears, and tail, and hair;
Giving her two expressive goglers,
(Not in the sweet and tender style of oglers)
A fierce, broad, wild, fix'd, furious, threat'ning stare?

‡ The quarrel between the knight and the lady was a wonderful one—*Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?*

If so—thou mayst some faint idea have
  Of this great lady at her tuneful club—
Who very often hath been heard to rave,
  And with much eloquence the members snub.

Some people by their souls will swear,
That if musicians miss but half a bar,
  Just like an Irishman she starts to *bother*—
And, in the violence of quaver madness,
Where nought should reign but harmony and gladness,
  She knocks one tuneful head against another;
Then screams in such chromatic tones
Upon Apollo's poor affrighted sons,
Whose trembling tongues, when her's begins to sound,
Are, in the din vociferating, drown'd!

Thus when the Oxford bell, baptiz'd *Great Tom*,
  Shakes all the city with his iron tongue,
The little tinklers might as well be dumb
  As ask attention to their puny song,
So much the Lilliputians are o'ercome
  By the deep thunder of the *mighty Tom*.

Handel, as fam'd for manners as a pig,
Enrag'd, upon a time pull'd off his wig,
And flung it plump in poor Cuzzoni's face,
Because the little syren miss'd a grace:
Musicians, therefore, should beware;
  Or in the face of some unlucky chap,
Although she cannot fling a load of hair,
  She probably may dart her cap.

Oft when a youth to some sweet blushing maid
  Hath slily whisper'd amatory things,
And, more by passion than by music sway'd,
  Broke on the tuneful dialogue of strings;
Rous'd like a tigress from a fav'rite feast,
  Up hath the valiant gentlewoman sprung,
  With lightning look, and thund'ring tongue,
Ready with out-stretch'd neck to eat the beast

That boldly dar'd,—so blasphemously rash—
Mix with the air divine his love-sick trash.

Reader, attend her—she will so enrich ye
With music knowledges of every kind,
From that poor nothing-monger, old Quilici,
To Handel's lofty and capacious mind:
Run wild divisions on the various merit
Of *this* and *that* composer's spirit—
On Gluck's sublimities be all so chatty—
Talk of the *serio-comic* of Piccini,
Compare the elegance of sweet Sacchini,
And iron melodies of old Scarlatti!

But not one word on British worth, I ween—
Their very mention gives the dame the spleen:
'Twere e'en disgrace to tell their mawkish names:
Mere cart-horses—poor uninventive fools,
Who neither music make, nor know its rules—
Whose works should only come to light in *flames*.

To depths of music doth this dame pretend,
Nought can her science well transcend,—
If you the lady's own opinion ask;
And when she talks of musical enditers,
She shows a *vast* acquaintance with all writers,
And takes them critically all to task.
Dear gentlewoman; who, so great, so chaste,
So *foreign* in her *tweedle-dummish* taste,
Faints at the name of that enchanting fellow,
The melting Amoroso, Paisiello!
With notes on Tarchi, Sarti, will o'erwhelm ye;
Giordani, sweeter than the Hybla honey;
Anfossi, Cimerosa, Bach, Bertoni,
Rauzzini, Abel, Pleyel, Guglielmi!
Can tell you, that th' Italian school is airy,
Expressive, elegant, light as a fairy;
The German, heavy, deep, scholastic;
The French, most miserably whining, moaning,
Oft like poor devils in the cholic groaning,
Noisy and screaming, hideous, Hudibrastic.

The female visitors around her gaze,
With wond'ring eyes, and mouths of wide amaze,
To hear her pompously demand the key
Of ev'ry piece musicians play.
Astonish'd see this petticoat-Apollo,
With stamping foot, and beck'ning hands
And head, time-nodding, issue high commands,
Beating the Tot'n'am-road director* hollow.

Yes—they behold amaz'd this tuneful whale,
And catch each crotchet of her rich discourse,
Utter'd with classic elegance and force,
On *Diatonic* and *Chromatic* scale:
Then stare to see the lady wisely pore
On scientific zig-zag score.

Reader, at this great lady's Sunday meeting,
'Midst tuning instruments, each other greeting,
Screaming as if they had not met for years,
So joyous, and so great their clatter!—say,
Didst ever see this lady striking *A*
Upon her harpsichord, with bending ears?
With open mouth, and stare profound,
Attention nail'd, and head awry,
Watching each atom of the tuneful cry,
Till *Alamire* unison goes round?
Didst ever see her hands outstretch'd like wings,
Towards the band, though led by Cramer,
Wide swimming for *pianos* on the strings—
Now sudden rais'd, like Mr. Christie's hammer,
To bid the *forte** roar in sudden thunder,
And fill the gaping multitude with wonder?
Thou never didst?—then, friend, without a hum,
I envy thee a happiness to come!

* Joah Bate, esquire.

† Motions established by the *cognoscenti* for showing the light and shadow of music.

'He molds his harp,' quoth Tom, 'to manners mild;'
To kings, for babe-like manners *simple* styl'd,
And grac'd with virtues that would fill a tun;
To *him* the poet humbly makes a leg,
Who, goose-like, brooding o'er the fav'rite egg
Of genius, gives the Phœnix to the sun.

To *him*, who for such eggs is always watching,
And never more delighted than when hatching;
Which makes the number offer'd to the sun,
So vast!—why, verily as thick as peas,
That people may collect, with equal ease,
A *thousand* noble instances, as *one*.

What numbers, wisdom to his care hath giv'n!
All hatch'd—some living—others gone to Heav'n:
Thus in the pinnick's* nest the cuckow lays,
Then, easy as a Frenchman, takes her flight:—
Due homage to the eggs the pinnick pays,
And brings the little lubbers into light.

The modern poet sings, quoth Tom again,
Of m——chs, who, with œconomic fury,
Force all the tuneful world to Tot'n'am Lane,
And lock up all the doors of harmless Drury†.

* A bird so called in some counties, that attends the wise bird, and feeds him.

† The oratorios were to have been performed at Drury Lane, this year, under the conduct of Mr. Linley and Dr. Arnold. Madame Mara was to have exhibited her amazing powers. This would have been a death-stroke to the pigmy performance in Tottenham-court Road. How should the pigmy be saved? By killing the *giant*—and lo! his death-warrant hath been signed.—By what power of the constitution? None!—Can the *Grand Monarque* do more? *Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.*

Say, why this curse on Drury's harmless door,
That thus, in anger, m——y should lock it?
Muse, are the Tot'n'am-street subscribers poor?
Will Drury keep some pence from Tot'n'am's pocket?
Doth threat'ning bankruptcy extend a gloom
O'er the proud walls of Tot'n'am's regal room?

Perchance 'tis Mara's song that gives offence!
Hinc illæ Lacrymæ!—I fear:
The song that once could charm the r——l sense,
Delights, alas! no more the royal ear.
Gods! can a guinea deaden ev'ry note,
And make the nightingale's a raven's throat?

But let me give his m——y a hint,
Fresh from my brain's prolific mint—
Suppose we *Amateurs* should, in a fury,
Just take it in our John-Bull heads to say
(And lo! 'tis very probable we *may*)—
'We *will* have oratorios at Drury?'

How must he look?—Blank—wonderfully blank;
And think such speech an insult on his rank:
What could he do?—oppose with ire so hot?
I think his m——y had better *not* *!

Pity a king should with his subjects squabble
About an oratorio or a play:
It puts him on a footing with the rabble,
And that's *unkingly*, let me say.

Suppose he comes off conqueror!—alas!
For such a victory he ought to *sigh*—
But, Lord! suppose it so should come to pass,
That majesty comes off with a black eye?

* Indeed his m——y hath prudently taken the hint. Drury, in spite of the royal frown, hath had her oratorios performed, to the no small mortification of poor deserted *Tottenham*.

Whether he lose or win the day,
The world will christen it a *paltry fray*.

Kings should be never in the *wrong**—
They never *are*, some wiseacres declare,—
Poh! such a speech may do for birth-day song;
But makes *us* philosophic people *stare!*

I know a certain owner of a c——n,
Not quite a hundred miles from Windsor town,
Who harbour'd of his neighbour horrid notions—
A widow gentlewoman—who, he said,
Popp'd from her window ev'ry day her head
Impertinent, to watch his royal motions.

'What? what?' quoth m——y, 'I'll teach her eyes
To take my motions by surprise—

* Yet let us give an instance of wrong proceedings. A certain k—— and q——, instead of having concerts at their palace, in the style of other princes, such as the king of France, the emperor, the empress of Russia, &c., have entered into a private subscription for a concert in a pitiful street. They pay their six guineas a-piece; and, what is more extraordinary, get in their children, as we are told, *gratis!* What is still more extraordinary, they have entered into a bond for *borrowing* two thousand pounds for putting the house into a decent repair; fit for the reception of the k—— of the first empire upon earth. Of whom has this money been borrowed?—Marvelling reader! of the poor musicians' fund!—which money might have been placed out to a much superior advantage. Let me add, that the subscribers order a formal rehearsal previous to every concert; so that, in fact, they get a double concert for their money;—undoubtedly to the vast satisfaction of the fingers of the happy Cramer, Borghi, Shield, Cervetto, &c., who, in this instance, earn their money not very unlike the patient and laborious animal called a *drayhorse*.

One cannot breakfast, dine, drink tea, nor sup,
But, whip! the woman's head at once is out,
To see and hear what we are all about:
I'll cure her of that trick—and block her up.'

Mad as his military *grace**
For fortifying ev'ry place,
From dockyards to a necessary house—
The m——ch dreamt of nothing but the wall—
The saucy spy in petticoats to maul,
And make her eagle pride crawl like a louse.

Now workmen came, with formidable stones,
To block up the poor widow Jones—
Who mark'd this dread blockade, and, with a frown—
And to the cause of freedom true—
One of the old hen's chicks so blue,
Fast as the k—— built *up*, the dame pull'd *down*.

'Twas up—'twas down—'twas up again—'twas down;
Much did the country with the battle ring,
Between the valiant widow and the k——,
That admiration rais'd in Windsor town:
The mighty battling Broughtons and the Slacks,
Ne'er knew more money betted on their backs.

Sing, heav'nly muse, how ended this affray:
Just as it happens, faith, nine times in ten,
When dames so spirited engage with men—
That is—th' heroic widow won the day:

The k—— could not the woman maul;
But found himself most shamefully defeated;
Then, very wisely, he retreated,
And, very prudently, gave up the wall.

Now sing, O muse, the warlike ammunition
Us'd by the dame in her besieg'd condition,
That on the host of vile invaders flew;
Say, did no god nor goddess cry out shame!
And nobly hasten to relieve the dame
From such a resolute and hostile crew?

* Duke of Richmond.

Yes—Neptune, like her guardian angel, kind,
Join'd the poor Widow Jones, and ran up stairs;
Then fiercely caught up certain earthen wares,
And, pleas'd his fav'rite element to find,
Bid, on their heads, the briny torrents flow,
And wash'd, like shags, the combatants below.

The goddess Cloacina too, so hearty,
Rush'd to the widow's house, and join'd the party:
But say, what ammunition fill'd her hand,
Fame for the widow to acquire,
To bid the enemy retire,
And give to public scorn the daring band?

What that *strong* ammunition was, the bard
Heard as a secret—therefore must not tell;
Nor would he for a thousand pounds reward
To beaux reveal it, or the sweetest belle.
Yet nature possibly hath made a snout,
Blest with sagacity to smell it out.

Reader, don't stand so, staring like a calf—
Thy gaping attitude provokes my laugh—
Thou thinkst that monarchs never can act ill:
Get thy head shav'd, poor fool! or think so still.

Whether thou deem'st my story false or true,
I value not a rush.
Wilt have another?—'No.'—Nay, prithee do.—
'I won't.'—Thou shalt, by Heavens! so prithee hush!

But ere I give the tale, my tuneful bride,
My lady muse, shall talk of kings and pride.

Some kings on thrones are children on the lap—
Children, that all of us see ev'ry day—
Brats that kick, squall, and quarrel, with their pap,
Tearing, and swearing they will have their way:
And what, too, their great reputation rifles,
Kings quarrel, just like children, about *trifles*.

Moreover—'tis a terrible affair
For kingly worship to be kick'd by fellows

Who probably feed half their time on air,
Mending old kettles or old bellows.

My Lady Pride's a very lofty *being*, [ing
Much pleas'd with people's scraping, bowing, knee-
Fruitful in egotisms, and full of brags—
Her ladyship in nought can brook denial;
And, as for insult, 'tis a killing trial,
And more especially from men of rags.

For Pride, such is her stateliness, alas!
Rather than feel the kickings of an *ass*,
Would calmly put up with a leg of *horse*;
Though pelting her with fifty times the force;
Nay, though her brains came out upon the ground,
Were brains within her head-piece to be found.

A KING AND A BRICK MAKER*.

A TALE.

A King, near Pimlico, with nose and state,
Did very much a neighbouring brick-kiln hate,
Because the kiln did vomit nasty smoke;
Which smoke—I can't say very nicely bred,—
Did very often take it in its head [choak.
To blacken the great house, and try the k—— to

His sacred majesty would, sputt'ring, say,
Upon a windy day,
'I'll make the rascal and his brick-kiln hop—
P-x take the smoke—the sulphur!—zounds!—
It forces down my throat by pounds—
My belly is a downright blacksmith's shop.'

* A Mr. Scott.

One day,—he was so pester'd by a cloud—
He could not bear it, and thus bawl'd aloud:
'Go,' roar'd his m——y unto a page,
Work'd, like a lion, to a dev'lish rage,
'Go, tell the rascal who the brick-kiln owns,
That if he dares to burn another brick,
Black all my house like hell, and make me sick,
I'll tear his kiln to rags, and break his bones.'

Off Billy Ramus sat, his errand told:
On which the brickmaker—a little bold,
Exclaim'd, '*He* break my bones, good master page,
He say my kiln shan't burn another brick,
Because it blacks his house and makes him sick!
Billy, go, give my love to master's rage,
And say, more bricks I am resolv'd to burn;
And if the smoke his worship's stomach turn,
Tell him to stop his mouth and snout—
Nay more, good page—his m——y shall find
I'll always take th' advantage of the wind,
And, dam'me, try to smoke him *out*.'

This was a shameful message to a k——
From a poor ragged rogue that dealt in mud;
Yet, though so impudent a thing,
The fellow's rhet'ric could not be withstood.

Stiff as against poor Hastings, Edmund Burke,
This brickmaker went tooth and nail to work,
And form'd a true Vesuvius on the eye:
The smoke in pitchy volumes roll'd along,
Rush'd thro' the royal dome with sulphur strong,
And, thick ascending, darken'd all the sky.

To give the smoke a nastier stink,
Indignant reader, what dost think?
The fellow scrap'd the filthiest stuff together,
Old wigs, old hats, old woollen caps, old rugs,
Replete with many a colony of bugs,
Old shoes and boots, and all the tribe of leather.

Thus did the cloud of stink and darkness shade
The building for the Lord's anointed made,

And blacken'd it like palls that grace a burying:
Thus was this man of mud and straw employ'd,
And at the thought so wicked, overjoy'd,
Of smoking God's vicegerent like a herring;

Of serving him as we do parts of swine,
Thought, with green peas, a dish extremely fine;
But, lo! this baneful rogue of brick
Fell, for his sov'reign, fortunately sick,
And, ere the wretch could glut his spleen and pride,
By turning monarchs into bacon—died.

The modern bard, quoth Tom, sublimely sings
Of sharp and prudent œconomic kings,
Who rams, and ewes, and lambs, and bullocks feed,
And pigs of every sort of breed:

Of kings who pride themselves on fruitful sows;
Who sell skimm milk, and keep a guard so stout
To drive the geese, the thievish rascals, out,
That ev'ry morning us'd to suck the cows*;—

Of kings who cabbages† and carrots plant
For such as wholesome vegetables want;—
Who feed, too, poultry for the people's sake,
Then send it through the villages in carts,
To cheer (how wondrous kind!) the hungry hearts
Of such as *only pay* for what they take.

The poet now, quoth Tom's rare lucubration,
Singeth commercial treaties—commutation—

* Is it possible for this story to be true? We would rather give it as *apocryphal*.

† Mr. Warton says in his Ode, '*Who plant the civic bay*;' but he assuredly meant cabbages and carrots:—the fact proves it.

Taxes on paint, pomatum, milk of roses,
Olympian dew, gloves, sticking plaster, hats,
Quack medicines for sick Christians, and sound rats,
And all that charm our eyes, or mouths, or noses.

The modern bard, says Tom, sublimely sings
Of virtuous, gracious, good, uxorious kings,
Who love their wives so constant from their heart;—
Who down at Windsor daily go a shopping—
Their heads so lovely into houses popping,
And doing wonders in the hagling art.

And why, in God's name, should not queens and kings
Purchase a comb, or corkscrew, lace for cloaks,
Edging for caps, or tape for apron-strings,
Or pins, or bobbin, cheap as other folks?

Reader! to make thine eyes with wonder stare,
I tell the *farthings* claim the royal care!
Farthings are helpless children of a guinea:
If not well watch'd they travel to their cost!
For, lo! each copper-visag'd little ninney
Is very apt to stray, and to be lost.
Extravagance I never dar'd defend—
The greatest kings should save a candle end:

Since 'tis an axiom sure, the more folks *save*,
The more, indisputably, they must *have*.
Crown'd heads, of *saving* should appear examples;
And Britain really boasts two pretty samples!

The modern poet sings, quoth Tom again,
Of sweet excisemen, an obliging train;
Who, like our guardian-angels, watch our houses,
And add another civil obligation
That addeth greatly to our reputation—
Hug, in our absences, our loving spouses.

Reader! when tir'd, I'm fond of taking breath:
Now, as thou dost admire the true sublime,
And, consequently, my immortal rhime,
'Tis clear thou never canst desire my death.

Swans, in their songs, most musically die;—
If that's the case then, reader, so might *I*.
Let me, then, join thy wishes—stay my rapture,
And nurse my lungs to sing a second chapter.

IN CONTINUATION.

'GRANT me an honest fame, or grant me none,'
Says Pope (I don't know where), a little wit,
Who, if he prais'd a man, 'twas in a tone
That made his praise like bunches of sweetbriar,
Which, while a pleasing fragrance it bestows,
Pops out a pretty prickle on your nose.

Were *some folks* to exclaim, who fill a throne,
'Grant me an honest fame, or grant me none;'
Such princes were upon the forlorn hope,—
Soon, very soon, to reputation dead;
Their idle laureats, faith, might shut up shop,
And bid their lofty genius go to bed.

Muse, this is all well said; but, not t' offend ye,
I beg you will not cultivate digression—
Plead not the poet's *quidlibet audenti*;
For surely there are limits to th' expression:
Then cease to wanton thus in episode,
And tell the world of Mr. Warton's Ode.

The modern poet, Laureat Thomas says,
To Botany's grand island tunes his lays,
Fix'd for the swains and damsels of St. Giles,
Whose knowledge in the *hocus-pocus* art
Bids them from Britain somewhat sudden start,
To teach to southern climes their ministerial wiles:

Improve the wisdom of the commonweal,
And teach the simple natives how to steal:
The picklock sciences, so dark, explain;
And to ingenious murder turn each brain.

Quoth Tom again—the modern poet sings
Of sweet, good-natur'd inoffensive kings;
Who, by a miracle, escap'd with life—
Escap'd a damsel's most tremendous knife;
A knife that had been taught, by toil and art,
To pierce the bowels of a pie or tart.

Thus, having giv'n a full display
Of what our laureat says, or meant to say;
I'll beg of Thomas to instruct my ears,
Why, in his verses, he should call
The knights who grac'd the high-arch'd Hall,
A set of bears*?

Why the bold steel-clad knights of elder days
Are not entitled to a little praise,
Who for God's cause did palace, house, and *hut sell*;
As well as monarchs of the present date,
Whose dear religion, of which poets prate,
Might lodge, without much squeezing, in a nutshell?

'What king hath small religion?' thou repliest—
If G—— the Th— thou meanest—bard, thou liest.'
Hold, Thomas—not so furious—I know things
That add not to the piety of ——
I've seen a K. at chapel I declare,
Yawn, gape, laugh, in the middle of a pray'r—

When inward his sad optics ought to roll,
To view the dark condition of his soul;
Catch up an opera-glass, with curious eye,
Forgetting God, some stranger's phiz to spy,

* *Vide* the word *Savage*, in the laureat's Ode for the New Year.

As though desirous to observe, if Heav'n
Had Christian features to the visage giv'n;
Then turn (for kind communication, keen)
And tell some new-found wonders to the queen.

Thus have these eyes beheld a cock so stately
(Indeed these lyric eyes beheld one lately),
  Lab'ring upon a dunghill with each knuckle:
When after many a peck, and scratch, and scrub,
This hunter did unkennel a poor grub,
  On which the fellow did so strut and chuckle;
He peck'd and squinted—peck'd and kenn'd agen,
Hallooing lustily to *Madam Hen*;
To whom, with airs of triumph, he look'd round,
And told what noble treasure he had found.

'Ah! Peter, Peter,' Laureat Thomas cries,
'Thou hast no fear of kings before thy eyes;
Great—little—all with thee are equal jokes,
And mighty monarchs merely common folks.
Ah wicked, wicked, wicked Peter, know—'
Know what? 'That monarchs are not merely *show*;
Souls they possess, and on a glorious scale:'
To this I answer, Thomas, with a *tale*.

  A duke of Burgundy (I know not *which*)
Thus on a certain time address'd a poet:—
  'I'm much afraid of that same scribbling itch—
You've wit—but pray be cautious how you show it;
  Say nothing in your rhimes about a king—
  If praise, 'tis lies—if blame, a dangerous thing.'
That is, the duke believ'd the king, uncivil,
Might kick the saucy poet to the devil.

T. W.

Peter, there's odds 'twixt staring and stark mad—

P. P.

Who dares deny it?—So there is, egad!

T. W.

Thou thinkst *no prince* of common sense possest—

P. P.

Thomas, thou art mistaken, I protest—
On Stanislaus the muse could pour her strain,
Who, dying, sunk a sun upon Lorraine:
Too like the parted sun, with glory crown'd—
He fill'd with blushes deep th' horizon round.
Fred'rick the Great, who died the other day,
Had for himself, indeed, a deal to say:
We must not touch upon that king's *belief*—
Because I fear he seldom said his pray'rs—
Nor dare we say the hero was no thief,
Because he plunder'd ev'ry body's wares.
I'm told the emperor is vastly wise—
And hope that Madam Fame hath told no lies:
Yet, in his disputations with the Dutch,
The monarch's oratory was not much:
Full many a trope from bayonet and drum
He threaten'd—but, behold! 'twas all a hum.

Wise are our gracious q——'s *superb* relations,
The pride and envy of the German nations—
People of fashion, worship, wealth, and state—
Lo! what demand for them, in heav'n, of late!

Lo! with his knapsack, ev'n just now departed,
As fine a soldier, faith, as ever started—
Whom death did almost *dread* to lay his *claws* on—
Old captain what's his name?—Saxehilberghausen*;
For whom (with zeal, for *folks of worship*, burning)
We once again are black'ned up by mourning;
To show by glove, cloth, ribband, crape, and fan,
A peck of trouble for th' old gentleman.

* Great uncle to our most gracious Q. He died in the emperor's service.

Ah me! what dozens, dozens, dozens,
Our q—— hath got of uncles, aunts, and cousins!
Egad, if thus those folks continue dying,
Each Briton, doom'd to dismal black,
Must always bear a hearse-like back,
And, like Heraclitus, be always *crying*.

Great is the northern empress I confess!
Much, in her humour, like our good Queen Bess;
Who keeps her fair court dames from getting drunk*;
And all so temperate herself, folks say,
She scarcely drinks a dozen drams a day;
And, in *love matters*, is a queen of *spunk*.

Yet like I not such woman for a wife—
Such heroines, in a matrimonial strife,
Might hammer from one's *tender* head *hard* notes:
I own my delicacy is so great,
I cannot in dispute, with rapture, meet
Women who look like men in petticoats.

Oft in a learn'd dispute upon a cap,
By way of *answer* one might have a *slap*—
P'rhaps on a simple petticoat or gown—
Nay! possibly on madam's being *kiss'd!*
And really I would rather be knock'd down
By weight of argument, than weight of fist.

I like not dames whose conversation runs
On battles, sieges, mortars, and great guns—
The *milder* beauties win *my* soften'd soul,
Who look for fashions with desiring eyes:
Pleas'd when on *têtes* the conversations roll,
Cork rumps, and merry thoughts, and lovers' sighs.

Love! when I marry, give me not an ox—
I hate a woman, like a sentry-box;

* At an assembly at Petersburgh, some years since, which was honoured with the presence of the empress, one of the rules was, that no lady should come *drunk* into the room.

Nor can I deem that dame a charming creature
Whose hard face holds an *oath* in ev'ry feature.

In woman—angel sweetness let me see—
No galloping horse-godmothers for *me*.
I own I cannot brook such manly *belles*
As Mademoiselle d'Eons, and Hannah Snells:
Yet men there are, (how strange are Love's decrees!)
Whose palates ev'n jack-gentlewomen please.

How diff'rent, Cynthia, from thy form so fair,
That triumph in a love-inspiring air;
Superior beaming ev'n where thousands shine—
Thy form!—where all the tender graces play,
And, blushing, seem in ev'ry smile to say,
'Behold we boast an origin divine!'

See too the Queen of France—a gem I ween!
With rev'rence let me hail that charming queen,
Bliss to her king, and lustre to her race;
Though Venus gave of beauty half her store,
And all the graces bid a world adore—
Her smallest beauties are the charms of *face*.

T. W.

Heav'ns! why *abroad* for virtues must you roam?

P. P.

Because I cannot find them, Tom, *at home*.

I beg your pardon—yes—the Prince of Wales
(Whose actions smile contempt on scandal's tales)
Ranks in the muse's favour high—
I wish *some folks*, that I could name with ease,
Blest with *his* head—*his* heart—*his* pow'rs to please—
Then Pity's soul would cease from many a sigh!

The crouching courtiers, that surround a throne,
And learn to speak and grin from *one* alone,

Who watch, like dancing dogs, their master's nod—
  Are ready now, if horsewhipp'd from their places,
  At Carlton House to show their supple faces,
And call the prince they vilify a God.

T. W.

Thinkst thou not Cæsar doth the arts possess?

P. P.

Arts in abundance!—Yes, Tom—yes, Tom—yes!

T. W.

Thinkst thou not Cæsar would each joy forego,
To make his children happy?

P. P.

No, Tom—no.

T. W.

What! not *one* bag, to bless a child, bestow?—

P. P

Heav'n help thy folly!—no, Tom—no, Tom—no!
The sordid souls that avarice enslaves,
Would gladly grasp their guineas in their *graves:*
Like that old Greek—a miserable cur,
Who made himself his own executor.

A cat is with her kittens much delighted;
  She licks so lovingly their mouths and chins:
At ev'ry danger, lord! how puss is frighted—
  She curls her back, and swells her tail, and grins,
Rolls her wild eyes, and claws the backs of curs
Who smell too curious to her children's furs.

This happens whilst her cats are *young* indeed;
  But when *grown up*, alas! how chang'd their luck!
No more she plays at bo-peep with her breed,
  Lies down, and, mewing, bids them come and suck:

No more she sports and pats them, frisks and purs;
Plays with their twinkling tails, and licks their furs;
But when they beg her blessing and embraces,
Spits, like a dirty vixen, in their faces.

Nay, after making the poor lambkins fly,
She watches the dear babes with squinting eye;
And if she spies them with a bit of meat,
Springs on their property, and steals their treat.—

No more a tender love she seems to feel;—
The dev'l for *her* may eat 'em at a meal—
With all *her* soul;—the jade, so wondrous saving,
Cries, 'Off! you now are at your own beard-shaving.'

So—to some k——s this evil doth belong;—
Th' intelligence is good, I make no doubt;
Who really love their offspring when they're young,
But lose that fond affection when they're stout;
Far off they send them—nor a sixpence give:—
I wonder, Thomas, where such m——hs live!—

Should such a m——h, Thomas, cross thy way,
  And for thy flatt'ry offer butts of sack;
Say plainly that he would disgrace thy lay;
  And turning on him thy poetic back,
Bid, like a porcupine, thine anger bristle;
Nor damn thy precious soul to wet thy whistle.

CONCLUSION.

Think not, friend Tom, I envy thee thy rhime,
By numbers, I assure you, deem'd sublime;
Or that thy laureat's place my spleen provokes:
The king (good man!) and I should never quarrel,
Ev'n though his royal wisdom gave the laurel
To Mr. Tom-a-Stiles, or John-a-Nokes.

Old fashion'd, as if tutor'd in the ark,
I never sigh'd for glory's high degrees:
This very instant should our *Grand Monarque*
Say, 'Peter, be my laureat, if you please;'

'No, please your majesty,' should be my answer,
With sweetest diffidence and modest grace:
'The office suits a more ingenious man, sir;
In God's name, therefore, let *him* have the place:
Unlike the poets, 'tis my vast affliction
To be a miserable hand at *fiction*.

But, sir, I'll find some lyric undertaker,
Acrostic, rebus, or conundrum-maker,
Who oft hath rode on Pegasus so fiery,
And won the sweepstakes in the *Lady's Diary*;
Such, *Sire*, in poetry shall hitch your name,
And do sufficient justice to your fame.'

AN

APOLOGETIC POSTSCRIPT

TO

ODE UPON ODE.

Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est.
HORACE.

The *bard* whose verse can charm the *best of kings*,
Performeth *most extraordinary* things!

THE ARGUMENT.

Peter *nobly acknowledgeth Error, suspecteth an interfering Devil, and supplicateth his Reader.—He boasteth, wittily parodieth, and most learnedly quoteth a Latin Poet—He showeth much Affection for Kings, illustrating it by a beautiful Simile—*Peter *again waxeth witty—Resolution declared for Rhime in consequence of Encouragement from our two* Universities—Peter *wickedly accused of King-rousting; refuteth the malevolent Charge by a most apt Illustration—*Peter *criticiseth the Blunders of the Stars*—Peter *replieth to the Charges brought against him by the World—He displayeth great Bible Knowledge, and maketh a shrewd Observation on* King David, Uriah, *and the Sheep, such as no Commentator ever made before—*Peter *challengeth Courtiers to equal his Intrepidity, and proveth his Superiority of Courage by giving a delectable Tale of* Dumplings—Peter *answereth the Unbelief of a vociferous World—Declareth* totis viribus *love for* Kings—Peter *peepeth into Futurity, and telleth the Fortune of the* Prince

of Wales—*He descanteth on the high Province of ancient Poets, and displayeth classical Erudition*—Peter *holdeth Conference with a Quaker* —Peter, *as usual, turneth rank* Egotist—*He telleth strange News relating to* Majesty *and* Pepper Arden—Peter *apologiseth for Impudence by a Tale of a French* King—Peter, *imitating* Ovid, *who was transported for his impudent Ballads, talketh to his* Ode—*Suggesteth a royal Answer to Ode and Odefactors*—*Happily selecteth a Story of King* Canute, *illustrating the Danger of stopping the Mouths of Poets with Halters, &c. instead of Meat*—Peter *concludeth with a wise Observation.*

AN

APOLOGETIC POSTSCRIPT, &c.

READER, I solemnly protest
  I thought that I had work'd up all my rhime!
What stupid demon hath my brain possess'd?
  I prithee pardon me this time:

Afford thy patience through more ode;
'Tis not a vast extent of road:
  Together let us gallop then along:
Most nimbly shall old Pegasus, my hack, stir,
  To drop the image—prithee hear more song,
Some '*more last words of Mr. Baxter*.'

A wondrous fav'rite with the tuneful throng,
Sublimely great are Peter's pow'rs of song:
His nerve of satire, too, so very tough,
Strong without weakness, without softness rough.

What Horace said of streams in easy lay
The marv'ling world of Peter's tongue may say;
His tongue, so copious in a flux of metre,
'*Labitur et labetur!*'

ODE.

World! stop thy mouth—I am resolv'd to rhime—
I cannot throw away a vein sublime:
  If I may take the liberty to brag,
I cannot, like the fellow in the Bible,
Venting upon his master a rank libel,
  Conceal my talent in a *rag*.
Kings must continue still to be my theme—
  Eternally of kings I dream:

As beggars ev'ry night, we must suppose,
  Dream of their vermin, in their beds;
Because, as ev'ry body knows,
  Such *things* are always *running* in their heads.

Besides—were I to write of *common* folks,
No soul would buy my rhimes so strange, and jokes:
Then what becomes of mutton, beef, and pork—
How would my masticating muscles work?

Indeed, I dare not say they would be idle,
  But, like my Pegasus's chops, so stout,
Who plays and wantons with his bridle,
  And nobly flings the foam about;

So mine would work—'On what?' my reader cries,
With a stretch'd pair of unbelieving eyes—
Heav'n help thy most unpenetrating wit!
On a *hard* morsel—*Hunger's* iron bit.

By all the rhiming goddesses and gods
I will—I *must*, persist in odes—
  And not a pow'r on earth shall hinder—

I hear both Universities* exclaim,
'Peter, it is a glorious road to fame;
'*Euge poeta magne*—well said, Pindar!'

Yet some approach with apostolic face,
And cry, 'O Peter, what a want of grace
Thus in thy rhime to roast a king!'
I roast a king! by heav'ns 'tis not a fact—
I scorn such wicked and disloyal act—
Who dares assert it, says a sland'rous thing.

Hear what I have to say of kings—
If, unsublime, they deal in childish things,
And yield not, of reform, a ray of hope;
Each mighty monarch straight appears to *me*
A roaster of *himself*—*Felo de se*—
I only act as cook, and *dish him up*.

Reader! another simile as rare—
My verses form a sort of bill of fare,
Informing guests what kind of flesh and fish
Is to be found within each dish;
That eating people may not be mistaken,
And take, for ortolan, a lump of bacon.

Whenever I have heard of kings
Who place in gossipings, and news, their pride,
And knowing family concerns—mean things!
Very judiciously, indeed, I've cry'd,
'I wonder
How their blind stars could make so gross a blunder!'

* The violence of the Universities on this occasion may probably arise from the contempt thrown on them by his majesty's sending the royal children to Gottengen for education; but have not their majesties amply made it up to Oxford by a visit to that celebrated seminary—and is not Cambridge to receive the same honour?

Instead of sitting on a throne
  In purple rich—of state so full,
They should have had an apron on,
  And, seated on a three-legg'd stool,
Commanded of dead hair, the sprigs
To do their duty upon wigs.

By such mistakes, is nature often foil'd:
  Such improprieties should never spring—
Thus a fine chattering *barber* may be spoil'd,
  To make a most indiff'rent *king*.'

'Sir, sir,' I hear the world exclaim,
  'At too high game you impudently aim—
How dare you, with your jokes and gibes,
  Tread, like a horse, on kingly kibes?'

Folks, who can't see their errors, can't *reform*:
  No plainer axiom ever came from man;
And 'tis a Christian's duty, in a storm,
  To save his sinking neighbour, if he can:
Thus *I* to kings my ode of wisdom pen,
Because your kings have souls like *common men*.

The Bible warrants me to speak the truth—
  Nor mealy-mouth'd my tongue in silence keep:
Did not good Nathan tell that buckish youth,
  David the *king*, that he stole sheep?

Stole poor Uriah's little fav'rite lamb—
An ewe it chanc'd to be, and not a ram—
For had it been a ram, the royal glutton
Had never meddled with Uriah's mutton.

What *modern* courtier, pray, hath got the face
  To say to majesty, 'O king!
At *such* a time, in *such* a place,
  You did a very foolish thing?'
What courtier, not a foe to his own glory,
Would publish of his king this simple story?—

THE APPLE DUMPLINGS

AND A KING.

Once on a time, a monarch, tir'd with whooping,
Whipping and spurring,
Happy in worrying
A poor, defenceless, harmless buck
(The horse and rider wet as muck),
From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,
Enter'd, through curiosity, a cot,
Where sat a poor old woman and her pot.

The wrinkled, blear-ey'd, good, old granny,
In this same cot, illum'd by many a cranny,
Had finish'd apple dumplings for her pot:
In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,
When, lo! the monarch, in his usual way,
Like lightning spoke, 'What's this? what's this? what? what?'

Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
His eyes with admiration did expand—
And oft did majesty the dumpling grapple:
''Tis monstrous, monstrous hard, indeed,' he cry'd:
What makes it, pray, so hard?'—The dame reply'd,
Low curt'sying, 'Please your majesty, the apple.'

'Very astonishing, indeed!—strange thing!'
(Turning the dumpling round, rejoin'd the king).
''Tis most extraordinary then, all this is—
It beats Pinetti's conjuring all to pieces—
Strange I should never of a dumpling dream—
But, goody, tell me where, where, where's the seam?'

'Sir, there's no seam,' quoth she; 'I never knew
That folks did apple dumplings *sew*.'—

'No!' cry'd the staring monarch with a grin,
'How, how the devil got the apple in?'

On which the dame the curious scheme reveal'd
By which the apple lay so sly conceal'd,
Which made the Solomon of Britain start;
Who to the Palace with full speed repair'd,
And queen and princesses so beauteous scar'd,
All with the wonders of the dumpling art!

There did he labour one whole week, to show
The wisdom of an *apple-dumpling maker*;
And, lo! so deep was majesty in dough,
The palace seem'd the lodging of a *baker.*

Reader, thou likest not my tale—look'st *blue*—
Thou art a courtier—roarest 'Lies, lies, lies!'
Do, for a moment, stop thy cries—
I tell thee, roaring infidel, 'tis *true.*

Why should it not be true?—The *greatest men*
May ask a foolish question now and then—
This is the language of all ages:
Folly lays many a trap—we can't escape it:
'*Nemo,*' says some one, '*omnibus horis sapit:*'
Then why not kings, like *me* and *other* sages?

Far from despising kings, I like the breed,
Provided *king-like* they behave:
Kings are an instrument we need,
Just as we razors want—to shave;
To keep the state's face smooth—give it an air—
Like my Lord North's, so jolly, round, and fair.

My sense of kings though freely I impart—
I hate not royalty, Heav'n knows my heart.

Princes and princesses I like, so loyal—
  Great George's children are my great delight;
The sweet Augusta, and sweet Princess Royal,
  Obtain my love by day, and pray'rs by night.

Yes! I like kings—and oft look back with pride
  Upon the Edwards, Harrys of our isle—
Great souls! in virtue as in valour try'd,
  Whose actions bid the cheek of Britons smile.

Muse! let us also *forward* look,
And take a peep into Fate's book.

Behold! the sceptre young Augustus sways;
  I hear the mingled praise of millions rise;
  I see uprais'd to Heav'n their ardent eyes;
That for their monarch ask a length of days.

Bright in the *brightest* annals of renown,
Behold fair fame his youthful temples crown
  With laurels of unfading bloom;
Behold *dominion* swell beneath his care,
And *genius*, rising from a dark despair,
  His long-extinguish'd fires relume.

Such are the kings that suit my taste, I own—
  Not *those* where all the *littlenesses* join—
Whose souls should start to find their lot a *throne*,
  And blush to show their noses on a coin.

Reader, for fear of wicked applications,
I now allude to kings of *foreign nations*.

  Poets (so unimpeach'd tradition says)
  The sole historians were of ancient days,
Who help'd their heroes fame's high hill to clamber;
  Penning their glorious acts in language strong,
  And thus preserving, by immortal song,
Their names amidst their tuneful amber.

  What am *I* doing? Lord! the very same—
  Preserving many a deed deserving fame,
Which that old lean, devouring shark, call'd Time,

Would, without ceremony, eat;
In my opinion, far too rich a treat—
I therefore merit statues for my rhime.

'All this is laudable,' a quaker cries,
'But let grave wisdom, friend, thy verses rule;
Put out thine *irony's* two squinting eyes—
Despise thy grinning monkey, *ridicule*.'

What! slight my sportive monkey, *ridicule*,
Who acts like birch on boys at school,
Neglecting lessons—truant, perhaps, whole weeks!
My *ridicule*, with humour fraught, and wit,
Is that satiric friend, a gouty fit,
Which bites men into health and rosy cheeks:

A moral mercury that cleanseth souls
Of ills that with them play the devil—
Like mercury that much the pow'r controls
Of presents gain'd from ladies *over civil*.

Reader, I'll brag a little, if you please;
The ancients did so, therefore why not *I?*
Lo! for my good advice I ask no fees,
Whilst other doctors let their patients die;

That is, such patients as can't pay for cure—
A very selfish, wicked thing, I'm sure.

Now though I'm soul-physician to the king,
I never begg'd of him the smallest thing
For all the threshing of my virtuous brains;
Nay, were I my poor pocket's state t' impart,
So well I know my royal patient's heart,
He would not give me two-pence for my pains.

But, hark! folks say the king is very mad—
The news, if true, indeed, were very sad,
And far too serious an affair to mock it—
Yet how can this agree with what I've heard,
That so much by him are my rhimes rever'd—
He goes a hunting with them in his pocket:

And when *thrown out*—which often is the case
(In bacon hunting, or of bucks the race),
  My verse so much his majesty bewitches,
That out he pulls my honour'd Odes,
And reads them on the turnpike roads—
  Now under trees and hedges—now in ditches.

Hark! with astonishment, a sound I hear,
That strikes tremendous on my ear;
It says, great Arden, commonly call'd Pepper,
Of mighty George's thunderbolts the keeper,
Just like of Jupiter the famous eagle,
Is order'd out to hunt me like a beagle.

  But, eagle Pepper, give my love
  Unto thy lofty master, Mr. Jove,
And ask how it can square with his religion,
  To bid thee, without mercy, fall on,
  With thy short sturdy beak, and iron talon,
A pretty, little, harmless, cooing pigeon?

    By heav'ns, I disbelieve the fact—
    A monarch cannot so unwisely act!

Suppose that kings, so rich, are always *mumping*,
  Praying and pressing ministers for money;
Bidding them on our hive (poor bees!) be thumping,
  Trying to shake out all our honey;

A thing that oft hath happen'd in our isle!—
Pray, shan't we be allow'd to smile?
To cut a joke, or epigram contrive,
By way of solace for our plunder'd hive?

A king of France* (I've lost the monarch's name),
Who avaricious got himself bad fame,
  By most unmannerly and thievish plunges
      Into his subjects' purses,
A *deep manœuvre* that obtain'd their curses,
  Because it treated gentlefolks like *sponges*.

To show how much they relish'd not such squeezing,
Such goods and chattel-seizing,
They publish'd libels to display their hate,
To comfort, in some sort, their souls,
For such a number of large holes
Eat by this royal rat in each estate.

The *Premier* op'd his gullet like a shark,
To hear such satires on the Grand Monarque,
And roar'd—' Messieurs, you soon shall feel
My criticism upon your ballads,
Not to your taste so sweet as frogs and sallads,
A stricture critical yclep'd *Bastile.*'

But first he told the tidings to the king,
Then swore *par Dieu* that he would quickly bring
Unto the grinding stone their noses down—
No, not a soul of 'em should ever thrive—
He'd flay them, like St. Bartlemew, alive—
Villains! for daring to insult the crown.

The monarch heard Monsieur le Premier out,
And, smiling on his loyalty so stout,
Replied, 'Monsieur le Premier, you are wrong—
Don't of the pleasure let them be debarr'd—
You know how we have serv'd 'em—faith! 'tis hard
They should not for their money have a *song.*'

Ovid, sweet story-teller of old times,
Unluckily transported for his rhimes,
Address'd his book before he bade it walk;
Therefore my worship, and my ode,
In imitation of such classic mode,
May, like two Indian nations, have a *talk.*

'Dear Ode! whose verse the true sublime affords,
Go, visit kings, queens, parasites, and lords;
And if thy modest beauties they adore,
Inform them, they shall speedily have more.'

But possibly a mighty king may say,
'Ode! Ode!—What? what? I hate your rhime ha-
I'd rather hear a jackass bray: [ranguing;
I never knew a poet worth the hanging.

I hate, abhor them—but I'll clip their wings;
I'll teach the saucy knaves to laugh at kings:
Yes, yes, the rhiming rogues, their songs shall rue,
A ragged, bold-fac'd, ballad singing crew.
Yes, yes, the poets shall my pow'r confess;
I'll maul that spawning devil call'd the press.'

If furious thus exclaim a king of glory,
Tell him, O gentle Muse, this pithy story:

KING CANUTE AND HIS NOBLES;

A TALE.

Canute was by his nobles taught to fancy,
That by a kind of royal necromancy,
He had the pow'r Old Ocean to control—
Down rush'd the royal Dane upon the strand,
And issued, like a Solomon, command—
Poor soul!

'Go back, ye waves, you blust'ring rogues!' quoth he,
'Touch not your lord and master, *Sea*,
For by my pow'r almighty, if you do'——
Then staring vengeance—out he held a stick,
Vowing to drive Old Ocean to Old Nick,
Should he ev'n wet the latchet of his shoe.

The Sea retir'd—the monarch fierce rush'd on,
And look'd as if he'd drive him from the land—

But Sea not caring to be put upon,
  Made for a moment a bold stand :

Not only make a *stand* did Mr. Ocean,
But to his honest waves he made a motion,

  And bid them give the king a hearty trimming:
The orders seem'd a deal the waves to tickle,
For soon they put his majesty in pickle ;
  And sat his royalties, like geese, a swimming.

All hands aloft, with one tremendous roar,
Soon did they make him wish himself on shore;
  His head and ears most handsomely they dous'd—
Just like a porpus, with one general shout,
The waves so tumbled the poor king about—
  No anabaptist e'er was half so sous'd.

At length to land he crawl'd, a half-drown'd thing,
Indeed more like a crab than like a king,
  And found his courtiers making rueful faces:
But what said Canute to the lords and gentry,
Who hail'd him from the water, on his entry,
  All trembling for their lives or places?

' My lords and gentlemen, by your advice,
  I've had with Mr. Sea a pretty bustle ;
My treatment from my foe not over nice,
  Just made a jest for ev'ry shrimp and muscle:

A pretty trick for one of my dominion!——
My lords, I thank you for your great opinion.

You'll tell me, p'rhaps, I've only lost *one* game,
  And bid me try another—for the rubber——
Permit me to inform you all, with shame,
  That you're a set of knaves, and I'm a lubber.'

Such is the story, my dear Ode,
Which thou wilt bear——a sacred load!
  Yet, much I fear, 'twill be of no great use:

Kings are in general obstinate as mules ;
Those who surround them, mostly rogues and fools,
And therefore can no benefit produce.

Yet stories, sentences, and golden rules,
Undoubtedly were made for rogues and fools ;
But this unluckily the simple fact is ;
Those rogues and fools do nothing but *admire*,
And all so dev'lish modest, don't desire
The glory of reducing them to *practice*.

INSTRUCTIONS

TO

A CELEBRATED LAUREAT,

ALIAS

THE PROGRESS OF CURIOSITY,

ALIAS

A BIRTH-DAY ODE,

ALIAS

MR. WHITBREAD's BREWHOUSE.

Sic transit Gloria Mundi!——Old Sun-Dials.

From *House* of Buckingham, in grand parade,
To Whitbread's *brewhouse* mov'd the cavalcade!

THE ARGUMENT.

Peter's Loyalty—He suspecteth Mr. Warton of joking—Complimenteth the Poet Laureat—Peter differeth in Opinion from Mr. Warton—Taketh up the Cudgels for King Edward, King Harry V. and Queen Bess—Feats on Blackheath and Wimbledon performed by our most gracious Sovereign—King Charles the Second half damned by Peter, yet praised for keeping Company with gentlemen—*Peter praiseth* himself—*Peter reproved by Mr. Warton—Desireth Mr. Warton's Prayers—A fine Simile—Peter still suspecteth the Laureat of ironical Dealings—Peter expostulateth with Mr. Warton—Mr. Warton replieth—Peter administereth bold Advice—Wittily calleth Death and Physicians Poachers—Praiseth the King for parental Tenderness—Peter maketh a natural Simile—Peter furthermore telleth Thomas Warton what to say—Peter giveth a beautiful Example of Ode-writing.*

THE CONTENTS OF THE ODE.

His Majesty's Love for the Arts and Sciences, even in Quadrupeds—His Resolution to know the His-

tory of Brewing Beer—Billy Ramus sent Ambassador to Chiswell Street—Interview between Mess. Ramus and Whitbread—Mr. Whitbread's Bow and Compliments to Majesty—Mr. Ramus's Return from his Embassy—Mr. Whitbread's Terrors described to Majesty by Mr. Ramus—The King's Pleasure thereat—Description of People of Worship—Account of the Whitbread Preparation—The royal Cavalcade to Chiswell Street—The Arrival at the Brewhouse—Great Joy of Mr. Whitbread—His Majesty's Nod, the Queen's Dip, and a Number of Questions—A West-India Simile—The Marvellings of the Draymen described—His Majesty peepeth into a Pump—Beautifully compared to a Magpie peeping into a Marrow-bone—The minute *Curiosity of the King—Mr. Whitbread endeavoureth to surprise Majesty—His Majesty puzzleth Mr. Whitbread—Mr. Whitbread's horse expresseth Wonder—Also Mr. Whitbread's Dog—His Majesty maketh laudable Inquiry about Porter—Again puzzleth Mr. Whitbread—King noteth* notable *Things—Profound Questions proposed by Majesty—As profoundly answered by Mr. Whitbread—Majesty in a Mistake—Corrected by the Brewer—A Nose Simile—Majesty's Admiration of the Bell—Good Manners of the Bell—Fine Appearance of Mr. Whitbread's Pigs—Majesty proposeth Questions, but benevolently waiteth not for Answers—Peter telleth the Duty of Kings—Discovereth one of his shrewd Maxims—*

THE ARGUMENT.

Sublime Simile of a Water-spout and a King—The great Use of asking Questions—The Habitation of Truth—The Collation—The Wonders performed by the royal Visitors—Majesty proposeth to take Leave—Offereth Knighthood to Mr. Whitbread—Mr. Whitbread's Objections—The King runneth a Rig on his Host—Mr. Whitbread thanketh Majesty—Miss Whitbread curtsieth—The Queen dippeth—The Cavalcade departeth.

Peter triumpheth—Admonisheth the Laureat—Peter croweth over the Laureat—Discovereth deep Knowledge of Kings, and Surgeons, and Men who have lost their Legs—Peter reasoneth—Vaunteth—Even insulteth the Laureat—Peter proclaimeth his peaceable Disposition—Praiseth Majesty, and concludeth with a Prayer for curious Kings.

INSTRUCTIONS, &c.

TOM, soon as e'er thou strik'st thy golden lyre,
Thy brother Peter's muse is all on fire,
To sing of kings and queens, and such rare folk;
Yet, 'midst thy heap of compliments so fine,
Say, may we venture to believe a line?
You Oxford wits most dearly love a joke.

Son of the *nine*, thou writést well on nought—
Thy thund'ring stanza, and its pompous thought,
I think, must put a dog into a laugh:
Edward and Harry were much braver men
Than this new-christen'd hero of thy pen;
Yes, laurel'd Odeman, braver far by half;

Though on Blackheath, and Wimbledon's wide plain,
George keeps his hat off in a show'r of rain;
Sees swords and bayonets without a dread,
Nor at a volley winks, nor ducks his head:

Although at grand reviews he seems so blest,
And leaves at six o'clock his downy nest,
Dead to the charms of blanket, wife, and bolster;
Unlike his officers, who, fond of cramming,
And at reviews afraid of thirst and famine,
With bread and cheese and brandy fill their holsters.

Sure, Tom, we should do justice to Queen Bess:
His present majesty, whom Heav'n long bless

With wisdom, wit, and arts of choicest quality,
Will never get, I fear, so fine a niche
As that old queen, though often call'd old b—ch,
In Fame's colossal house of immortality.

As for John Dryden's Charles—that king
Indeed was never any mighty thing—
He merited few honours from the pen—
And yet he was a dev'lish hearty fellow,
Enjoy'd his girl and bottle, and got mellow,
And mind—kept company with GENTLEMEN:

For, like some kings, in hobby grooms,
Knights of the manger, curry-combs, and brooms,
Lost to all glory, Charles did not delight—
Nor jok'd by day with pages, servant maids,
Large, red-poll'd, blowzy, hard two-handed jades:
Indeed I know not what Charles did by *night*.

Thomas, I am of candour a great lover:
In short, I'm candour's self all over;
Sweet as a candied cake from top to toe;
Make it a rule that *virtue* shall be prais'd,
And humble *merit* from her bum be rais'd:
What thinkest thou of Peter now?

Thou criest, 'Oh! how false! behold thy king
Of whom thou scarcely say'st a handsome thing;
That king has virtues that should make thee stare.'
Is it so?—Then the sin's in *me*—
'Tis my vile optics that can't see—
Then pray for them, when next thou say'st a pray'r.

But, p'rhaps, aloft on his imperial throne,
So distant, O ye gods! from ev'ry one,
The royal virtues are, like many a star,
From this our pigmy system rather far;
Whose light, though flying ever since creation,
Has not yet pitch'd upon our nation*.

* Such was the sublime opinion of the Dutch astronomer Huygens.

Then may the royal ray be soon explor'd—
 And, Thomas, if thou'lt swear thou art not humming,
I'll take my spying-glass, and bring thee word
 The instant I behold it coming.

But, Thomas Warton, without joking,
Art thou, or art thou *not*, thy sov'reign smoking?

How canst thou seriously declare,
 That George the Third
With Cressy's Edward can compare,
 Or Harry?—'Tis too bad upon my word:
George is a clever king, I needs must own,
And cuts a jolly figure on the throne.

Now thou exclaim'st, 'G-d rot it! Peter, pray,
What to the devil shall I sing or say?'

I'll tell thee what to say, O tuneful Tom——
 Sing how a monarch, when his son was dying,
His gracious eyes and ears was edifying,
 By abbey company and kettle drum:
Leaving that son to death and the physician,
Between two fires—a forlorn-hope condition;
Two poachers, who make man their game,
And, special marksmen! seldom miss their aim.

Say, though the monarch did not see his son,
 He kept aloof through fatherly affection—
Determin'd nothing should be done
 To bring on useless tears, and dismal recollection.
For what can tears avail, and piteous sighs?
Death heeds not howls nor dripping eyes:
And what are sighs and tears but wind and water,
That show the leakiness of feeble nature!

Tom, with my *simile* thou wilt not quarrel:
 Like air and any sort of drink,
 Whizzing and oozing through each chink,
That proves the weakness of the barrel.

Say—for the *Prince*, when wet was ev'ry eye,
And thousands pour'd to Heav'n the pitying sigh
Devout;
Say how a *king*, unable to dissemble,
Order'd Dame Siddons to his house, and Kemble,
To spout:
Gave them ice creams and wines, so dear!
Denied till then a thimblefull of beer—
For which they've thank'd the author of this metre,
Videlicet, the moral-mender Peter,
Who, in his *Ode on Ode*, did dare exclaim,
And call such royal avarice, a shame.

Say—but I'll teach thee how to make an ode;
Thus shall thy labours visit fame's abode,
In company with my immortal lay——
And look, Tom—thus I fire away——

BIRTH-DAY ODE.

This day, this very day, gave birth
Not to the brightest monarch upon earth,
Because there are some brighter, and as big—
Who love the arts that man exalt to Heav'n—
George loves them also, when they're giv'n
To four-legg'd gentry, christen'd dog and pig*,
Whose deeds in this our wonder-hunting nation
Prove what a charming thing is education.

* The dancing dogs and wise pig have formed a considerable part of the royal amusement.

Full of the art of brewing beer,
  The monarch heard of Mr. Whitbread's fame:
Quoth he unto the queen, 'My dear, my dear,
  Whitbread hath got a marvellous great name;
Charly, we must, must, must see Whitbread brew—
Rich as us, Charly, richer than a Jew:
Shame, shame, we have not yet his brewhouse seen.'
Thus sweetly said the king unto the queen!

Red hot with novelty's delightful rage,
To Mr. Whitbread forth he sent a page,
  To say that majesty propos'd to view,
With thirst of knowledge deep inflam'd,
His vats, and tubs, and hops, and hogsheads fam'd,
  And learn the noble secret how to *brew*.

Of such undreamt-of honour proud,
Most rev'rently the brewer bow'd;
So humbly (so the humble story goes)
He touch'd e'en *terra firma* with his nose;
Then said unto the page, *hight* Billy Ramus,
'Happy are we that our great king should name us,
As worthy unto majesty to shew,
How we poor Chiswell people brew.'

Away sprung Billy Ramus quick as thought:
To majesty the welcome tidings brought:
  How Whitbread staring stood like any stake,
And trembled—then the civil things he said—
On which the king did smile and nod his head;
  For monarchs like to see their subjects quake:

Such horrors unto kings most pleasant are,
  Proclaiming rev'rence and humility—
High thoughts too all those shaking fits declare
  Of kingly grandeur and great capability!

People of worship, wealth, and birth,
Look on the humbler sons of earth,
  Indeed in a most humble light, God knows!

High stations are like Dover's tow'ring cliffs,
Where ships below appear like little skiffs,
The people walking on the strand, like crows.

Muse, sing the stir that Mr. Whitbread made;
Poor gentleman! most terribly afraid
He should not charm enough his guests divine:
He gave his maids new aprons, gowns, and smocks;
And, lo! two hundred pounds were spent in frocks,
To make th' apprentices and draymen fine:

Busy as horses in a field of clover,
Dogs, cats, and chairs, and stools were tumbled over,
Amidst the Whitbread rout of preparation
To treat the lofty ruler of the nation.

Now mov'd king, queen, and princesses so grand,
To visit the first brewer in the land—
Who sometimes swills his beer and grinds his meat
In a snug corner christen'd Chiswell-street;
But oft'ner, charm'd with fashionable air,
Amidst the gaudy great of Portman-square.

Lord Aylesbury, and Denbigh's lord *also*,
His grace the duke of Montague *likewise*,
With Lady Harcourt, join'd the raree-show,
And fix'd all Smithfield's marv'ling eyes—
For, lo! a greater show ne'er grac'd those quarters,
Since Mary roasted, just like crabs, the martyrs.

Arriv'd, the king broad grinn'd, and gave a nod
To Mr. Whitbread, who, had God
Come with his angels to behold his beer,
With more respect he never could have met—
Indeed the man was in a sweat,
So much the brewer did the king revere.

Her majesty contriv'd to make a dip—
Light as a feather then the king did skip,
And ask'd a thousand questions, with a laugh,
Before poor Whitbread comprehended half.

Reader! my ode should have a *simile*—
Well! in Jamaica, on a tam'rind tree,
  Five hundred parrots, gabbling just like Jews,
I've seen—such noise the feather'd imps did make
As made my *pericranium* ake—
  Asking and telling parrot news:

Thus was the brewhouse fill'd with gabbling noise,
Whilst draymen, and the brewer's boys,
Devour'd the questions that the king did ask:
  In diff'rent parties were they staring seen,
  Wond'ring to think they saw a king and queen;
Behind a tub were some, and some behind a cask.

Some draymen forc'd themselves (a pretty luncheon)
Into the mouth of many a gaping puncheon;
And through the bung-hole wink'd with curious eye,
  To view, and be assur'd what sort of things
  Were princesses, and queens, and kings;
For whose most lofty station thousands sigh!
And, lo! of all the gaping puncheon clan,
Few were the mouths that had not got a man!

Now majesty into a pump so deep
Did with an opera-glass of Dolland peep,
Examining with care each wondrous matter
            That brought up water—

Thus have I seen a magpie in the street,
A chatt'ring bird we often meet,
A bird for curiosity well known,
            With head awry,
            And cunning eye,
Peep knowingly into a marrow-bone.

And now his curious m——y did stoop
To count the nails on ev'ry hoop;
And, lo! no single thing came in his way,
That full of deep research, he did not say,
'What's this? hæ, hæ? what's that? what's this? what's
      that?'

So quick the words too, when he deign'd to speak,
As if each syllable would break its neck.

Thus, to the world of *great* whilst others crawl,
Our sov'reign peeps into the world of *small:*
Thus microscopic geniuses explore
Things that too oft provoke the public scorn;
Yet swell of useful knowledges the store,
By finding systems in a pepper-corn.

Now Mr. Whitbread, serious did declare,
To make the majesty of England stare,
That he had butts enough, he knew,
Plac'd side by side, to reach along to Kew:
On which the king with wonder swiftly cry'd,
'What, if they reach to Kew then, side by side,
What would they do, what, what, plac'd end to end?'
To whom, with knitted calculating brow,
The man of beer most solemnly did vow,
Almost to Windsor that they would extend;
On which the king, with wond'ring mien,
Repeated it unto the wond'ring queen:
On which, quick turning round his halter'd head,
The brewer's horse with face astonish'd neigh'd;
The brewer's dog too pour'd a note of thunder,
Rattled his chain, and wagg'd his tail for wonder.

Now did the king for other beers inquire,
For Calvert's, Jordan's, Thrale's entire—
And, after talking of these diff'rent beers,
Ask'd Whitbread if his porter equall'd theirs?

This was a puzzling, disagreeing question,
Grating like arsenic on his host's digestion;
A kind of question to the man of cask,
That not ev'n Solomon himself would ask.

Now majesty, alive to knowledge, took
A very pretty memorandum-book,

With gilded leaves of asses' skin so white,
And in it legibly began to write—

Memorandum.

A charming place beneath the grates,
For roasting chesnuts or pótates.

Mem.

'Tis hops that give a bitterness to beer——
Hops grow in Kent, says Whitbread, and elsewhere.

Quære.

Is there no cheaper stuff? where doth it dwell?
Would not horse-aloes bitter it as well?

Mem.

To try it soon on our small beer—
'Twill save us sev'ral pounds a year.

Mem.—To remember to forget to ask
Old Whitbread to my house one day—

Mem.

Not to forget to take of beer the cask,
The brewer offer'd me, away.

Now having pencil'd his remarks so shrewd;
Sharp as the point, indeed, of a new pin;
His majesty his watch most sagely view'd,
And then put up his asses' skin.

To Whitbread now deign'd majesty to say,
'Whitbread, are all your horses fond of hay?'
'Yes, please your majesty,' in humble notes,
The brewer answer'd—'also, sir, of oats:
Another thing my horses too maintains—
And that, an't please your majesty, are grains.'

'Grains, grains,' said majesty, 'to fill their crops?
Grains, grains—that comes from hops—yes, hops,
hops, hops.'

Here was the king, like hounds sometimes, at fault—
'Sire,' cry'd the humble brewer, 'give me leave
Your sacred majesty to undeceive:
Grains, sire, are never made from hops, but malt.'

'True,' said the cautious monarch, with a smile:
From malt, malt, malt—I meant malt all the while.'
'Yes,' with the sweetest bow, rejoin'd the brewer,
'An't please your majesty, you did, I'm sure.'
'Yes,' answer'd majesty, with quick reply,
'I did, I did, I did, I, I, I, I.

Now this was wise in Whitbread—here we find
A very pretty knowledge of mankind:
As monarchs never must be in the wrong,
'Twas really a bright thought in Whitbread's tongue,
To tell a little fib or some such thing,
To save the sinking credit of a king.

Some brewers, in the rage of information,
Proud to instruct the *ruler* of a nation,
Had on the folly *dwelt*, to seem damn'd clever!
Now, what had been the consequence? Too plain!
The man had cut his consequence in twain;
The king had hated the *wise* fool for ever!

Reader, whene'er thou dost espy a nose,
That bright with many a ruby glows;
That nose thou mayst pronounce, nay safely swear,
Is nurs'd on something better than small beer:

Thus when thou findest kings in brewing wise—
Or nat'ral hist'ry holding lofty station;
Thou mayst conclude with marv'ling eyes,
Such kings have had a goodly education.

Now did the king admire the bell so fine,
That daily asks the draymen all to dine;

On which the bell rung out, (how very proper!)
To show it was a bell, and had a clapper.

And now before their sovereign's curious eye,
  Parents and children, fine, fat, hopeful sprigs,
All snuffling, squinting, grunting in their sty,
  Appear'd the brewer's tribe of handsome pigs:
On which th' observant man, who fills a throne,
Declar'd the pigs were vastly like his own:

On which the brewer, swallow'd up in joys,
Tears and astonishment in both his eyes,
His soul brimful of sentiments so loyal,
  Exclaim'd—'O heav'ns! and can *my* swine
  Be deem'd by majesty so fine!
Heav'ns! can my pigs compare, sire, with pigs royal!'
To which the king assented with a nod:
On which the brewer bow'd, and said, 'Good God!'
Then wink'd significant on *Miss*;
Significant of wonder and of bliss—
  Who, bridling in her chin divine,
Cross'd her fair hands, a dear old maid,
And then her lowest curtsy made
  For such high honour done her father's swine.

Now did his majesty so gracious say
To Mr. Whitbread, in his flying way,
  'Whitbread, d'ye nick th' excisemen now and then?
Hæ, Whitbread, when d'ye think to leave off trade?
Hæ? what? Miss Whitbread's still a maid, a maid?
  What, what's the matter with the men?

D'ye hunt?—hæ, hunt? No, no, you are too *old*—
  You'll be lord may'r—lord may'r one day—
Yes, yes, I've heard so—yes, yes, so I'm told:
  Don't, don't the fine for sheriff pay—
I'll prick you ev'ry year, man, I declare:
Yes, Whitbread—yes, yes—you shall be lord may'r.

Whitbread, d'ye keep a coach, or job one, pray?
  Job, job, that's cheapest—yes, that's best, that's
        best—

You put your liv'ries on the draymen—hæ?
  Hæ Whitbread?—You have feather'd well your nest.
What, what's the price now, hæ, of all your stock?
But, Whitbread, what's o'clock, pray, what's o'clock?

Now Whitbread inward said, 'May I be curst
'If I know what to answer first;'
  Then search'd his brains with ruminating eye—
But e'er the man of malt an answer found,
Quick on his heel, lo, majesty turn'd round,
  Skipp'd off, and baulk'd the pleasure of reply.

Kings in inquisitiveness should be strong—
  From curiosity doth wisdom flow:
For 'tis a maxim I've adopted long,
  The more a man inquires, the more he'll know.

Reader, didst ever see a water-spout?
  'Tis possible that thou wilt answer 'No.'
Well then! he makes a most infernal rout;
  Sucks, like an elephant, the waves below,
With huge proboscis reaching from the sky,
As if he meant to drink the ocean dry:
At length so full he can't hold one drop more—
He bursts—down rush the waters with a roar
On some poor boat, or sloop, or brig, or ship,
And almost sinks the wand'rer of the deep:
Thus have I seen a monarch at reviews
Suck from the tribe of officers the news,
Then bear in triumph off each *wondrous* matter,
And souse it on the queen with such a clatter!

I always would advise folks to ask questions—
  For truly, questions are the keys of knowledge:
Soldiers—who forage for the mind's digestions—
  Cut figures at th' Old Bailey, and at college;
Make chancellors, chief justices, and judges,
E'en of the lowest green-bag drudges.

The sages say, Dame Truth delights to dwell,
Strange mansion! in the bottom of a well—

Questions are then the windlass and the rope
That pull the grave old gentlewoman up:
Damn jokes then, and unmannerly suggestions,
Reflecting upon kings for asking questions*.

Now having well employ'd his royal lungs
On nails, hoops, staves, pumps, barrels, and their
bungs,
The King and Co. sat down to a collation
Of flesh, and fish, and fowl of ev'ry nation.
Dire was the clang of plates, of knife and fork,
That merc'less fell like tomohawks to work,
And fearless scalp'd the fowl, the fish, and cattle,
Whilst Whitbread, in the rear, beheld the battle.

The conqu'ring monarch, stopping to take breath
Amidst the regiments of death,
Now turn'd to Whitbread with complacence round,
And, merry, thus address'd the man of beer—
'Whitbread, is't true? I hear, I hear
You're of an ancient family—renown'd—
What? what? I'm told that you're a limb
Of Pym†, the famous fellow Pym:
What, Whitbread, is it true what people say?
Son of a round-head are you? hæ? hæ? hæ?
I'm told that you send Bibles to your votes—
A snuffling round-headed society—
Pray'r-books instead of cash to buy them coats—
Bunyans, and Practices of Piety:
Your Bedford votes would wish to change their fare—
Rather see cash—yes, yes—than books of pray'r:
Thirtieth of January don't you *feed* ?
Yes, yes, you eat calf's head, you eat calf's head.'

* This alludes to the late Dr. Johnson's laugh on a great personage, for a laudable curiosity in the queen's library some years since.

† His majesty here made a mistake—Pym was his wife's relation.

Now having wonders done on flesh, fowl, fish,
Whole hosts o'erturn'd—and seiz'd on all supplies;
The royal visitors express'd a wish
To turn to House of Buckingham their eyes:

But first the monarch, so polite,
Ask'd Mr. Whitbread if he'd be a *knight*.
Unwilling in the list to be enroll'd,
Whitbread contemplated the knights of Peg,
Then to his generous sov'reign made a leg,
And said, he was afraid he was *too old*.
He thank'd, however, his most gracious king,
For offering to make him *such a thing*.'

But, ah ! a diff'rent reason 'twas, I fear !
It was not age that bade the man of beer
The proffer'd honour of the monarch shun:
The tale of Marg'ret's knife, and royal fright,
Had almost made him damn the *name* of knight,
A tale that farrow'd such a world of fun.

He mock'd the pray'r* too by the king appointed,
Ev'n by himself the Lord's anointed—
A foe to *fast* too, is he, let me tell ye ;
And, though a Presbyterian, cannot think
Heav'n (quarrelling with meat and drink)
Joys in the grumble of a hungry belly!

Now from the table with Cæsarian air
Up rose the monarch with his laurel'd brow,
When Mr. Whitbread, waiting on his chair,
Express'd much thanks, much joy, and made a bow.
Miss Whitbread now so quick her curtsies drops,
Thick as her honour'd father's Kentish hops ;
Which hop-like curtsies were return'd by dips
That never hurt the royal knees and hips ;

* For the miraculous escape from a poor innocent insane woman, who only held out a small knife in a piece of white paper, for her sovereign to view.

For hips and knees of queens are sacred things,
That only bend on gala days
Before the best of kings,
When odes of triumph sound his praise.

Now through a thund'ring peal of kind huzzas,
Proceeding some from hir'd* and unhir'd jaws,
The raree-show thought proper to retire;
Whilst Whitbread and his daughter fair
urvey'd all Chiswell-street with lofty air,
For, lo, they felt themselves some six feet higher!

Such, Thomas, is the way to write!
Thus shouldst thou birth-day songs indite;
Then stick to earth, and leave the lofty sky;
No more of ti tum tum, and ti tum ti.

* When his *majesty* goes to a play-house, or brew-house, or parliament, the *lord chumberlain* provides some pounds-worth of *mob* to huzza their beloved monarch. At the playhouse about forty wide-mouthed fellows are hired on the night of their majesties' appearance, at two shillings and sixpence *per* head, with the liberty of seeing the play *gratis*. These *Stentors* are placed in different parts of the theatre, who immediately on the royal entry into the stage box, set up their howl of loyalty; to whom their majesties, with sweetest smiles, acknowledge the obligation by a genteel bow, and an elegant curtsy. This congratulatory noise of the *Stentors* is looked on by many, particularly country ladies and gentlemen, as an infallible thermometer, that ascertains the warmth of the national regard.

Thus should an honest laureat write of kings—
Not praise them for *imaginary things:*
I own I cannot make my stubborn rhime
Call ev'ry king a character sublime;
For conscience will not suffer me to wander
So very widely from the paths of candour.
I know full well *some* kings* are to be seen,
To whom my verse so bold would give the spleen,
Should that bold verse declare they wanted *brains*;
I won't say that they *never* brain possess'd—
They *may* have been with such a present bless'd,
And therefore fancy that some *still* remains;

For ev'ry well-experienc'd surgeon knows
That men who with their legs have parted,
Swear that they've felt a pain in all their *toes*,
And often at the twinges started:
Then star'd upon their oaken stumps in vain!
Fancying the toes were all come back again.

If men, then, who their absent toes have mourn'd,
Can fancy those same toes at times return'd;
So kings, in matters of intelligences,
May fancy they have stumbled on their senses.

Yes, Tom—mine is the way of writing ode—
Why liftest thou thy pious eyes to God?
Strange disappointment in thy looks I read!
And now I hear thee in proud triumph cry,
'Is this an action, Peter? this a deed
To raise a monarch to the sky?
Tubs, porter, pumps, vats, all the Whitbread throng,
Rare things to figure in the Muse's song!'

Thomas, I here protest I want no quarrels
On kings and brewers, porter, pumps, and barrels—

* Foreign kings.

Far from the dove-like Peter be such strife!
But this I tell thee, Thomas, for a fact—
Thy Cæsar never did an act
More wise, more glorious in his life.

Now God preserve all wonder-hunting kings,
Whether at Windsor, Buckingham, or Kew-house;
And may they never do more foolish things
Than visiting Sam Whitbread and his brewhouse!

BROTHER PETER

TO

BROTHER TOM,

AN

EXPOSTULATORY EPISTLE.

CONTENTS.

Peter staringly expostulateth with Thomas on his unprecedented Silence on the royal Perfections in his last New-year's Ode..Giveth Thomas a Jobation..*Instructeth Thomas in his Trade.. Talketh of Heralds, Moles, Field Mice, and General Carpenter..Telleth a strange Story of the General..Commendeth Majesty, and laudeth his Love of Money, with delicious* Similies..*Peter informeth Thomas how he might have praised Majesty for Piety and Œconomy..Peter's great Knowledge of Nature..He talketh of her different Manufactures..Peter praiseth the royal Proclamation for leaving off Sin, and reforming fiddling Courtiers and others..Mistress Walsingham not able to sin on a Sunday..nor my Lady Young..nor my Lord of Exeter..nor my Lord Brudenell..whose Excellence in attending on the Rump Royal, Peter highly extolleth..nor the Welsh King Watkin..whose poor Violoncello Peter pitieth..nor my Lord of Salisbury..Peter intimateth an intended Reform among Cats and Dogs, Pigeons, Wrens, Sparrows, and Poultry ..Love between the aforesaid Animals to be se-*

verely punished if made on the Lord's Day.. Monday the most decent Day.. Sir John Dick giveth up Sunday Concerts for Godliness..Sir John's Star his great Hobby Horse..Lords Hampden and Cholmondeley reproved for profaning the Sabbath by a full Orchestra, while the King enjoyeth only Wind Instruments..Peter relateth a sad Tale of German Musicians, *and concludeth with a pathetic Simile of a Woodcock..Peter returneth from Digression to Thomas..Peter asketh shrewd Questions of Thomas..Telleth a delectable little Story of the King and Scratch Wigs.. Declareth Love for Majesty..Praiseth the Partnership..Peter denieth all Odium towards his Sovereign, for a Jealousy of the* Prince of Wales, *for his Rage for Handel, and Enthusiasm for Mr. West..Peter giveth two* Similies.. *Peter telleth a Tale..Peter still insisteth on Love for Majesty..Instanceth royal Magnanimity.. ending with Curiosity and national Advantage ..Peter showeth the King's Superiority to the Prince in the Article of Books.. The royal Wardrobe's Superiority to the Shops in Monmouth Street..Peter expresseth more Love for Majesty..A Tale..Peter maketh a marvellous Discovery of the Cause of Thomas's Silence in the Article of royal Flattery..His Majesty too much bedaubed..The King shutteth up Thomas's Mouth..Peter telleth Thomas how he should have managed..Peter describeth a Devil..En-*

quireth for Modesty .. Findeth her..Giveth a lovely Picture of Miss Morning..and her loyal Speech to Peter..Peter cannot exist *nor* subsist *without Kings..Peter citeth the World's Opinion of him..Peter finely answereth it..Peter seemeth glad..He asketh a sly Question about Cartoons ..Peter telleth an uncommon Story..Peter continueth talking about Cartoons..Feareth that they are in Jeopardy..Peter concludeth with some sublime* Similies *of Trout, Eels, Whales, Goats, Sheep, and good Advice to Thomas.*

BROTHER PETER

TO

BROTHER TOM.

'SLIFE! Thomas, what hath swallow'd all the
praise?
Of royal virtues not the slightest mention!
Strung, like mock pearl, so lately on thy lays!
Tell me, a bankrupt, Tom, is thy invention?

How cou'dst thou so thy *patron's* fame forget,
As not to pay of praise, the annual debt?
Whitehead and Cibber, all the laureat throng,
To Fame's fair temple, twice a year, presented
Some royal virtues, real or invented,
In all the grave sublimity of song.

Heralds so kind for many a chance-born wight,
Creeping from cellar, just like snails from earth;
Or moles, or field-mice, stealing into light,
Forge arms to prove a loftiness of birth;
Tracing of each ambitious *sir* and *madam*
The branches to the very trunk of Adam.

Then why not thou, the herald, Tom, of rhime,
Still bid thy royal master soar sublime?
Bards shine in fiction; then how slight a thing
To make a coat of merit for a king!

Know, General Carpenter had been a theme
For furnishing a pretty lyric dream;
  Once a monopolist of nod and smile:
Of broken sentences and questions rare,
Of snipsnap whispers sweet, and grin, and stare,
  For which thy muse would travel many a mile.

But, lo! the general, for a crying sin,
Lost broken sentences, and nod, and grin,
  And stare and snipsnap of the best of kings;
The sin, the crying sin, of rambling
Where Osnaburgh's good bishop, gambling,
  Lost some few golden feathers from his wings;

Which made th' unlucky general run and drown;
Such were the horrors of the royal frown!
For, lo! his m——y most roundly swore
He'd nod to General Carpenter no more.

Oh! glorious love of all-commanding money!
Dear to *some* monarchs, as to bruin, honey;
Dear as to gamblers, pigeons fit to pluck;
Or show'rs to hackney coachmen or a duck!

Thomas, thy lyrics might have prais'd the king
  For making sinners mind the Sabbath day,
Bidding the idle sons of pipe and string,
  Instead of scraping jigs, sing psalms and pray
Thus piously (against their inclination)
Dragooning souls unto salvation.

The monarch gave up Mr. Joah Bate,
With that sweet nightingale his lovely mate;
  Who with the organ and one fiddle
Made up a concert every Sunday night:
Thus yielding majesties supreme delight,
  Who relish cheapness e'en in tweedle tweedle.

For *nature* formeth oft a kind
Of money-loving, scraping, save-all mind,
That happy glorieth in the nat'ral thought
  Of getting every thing for nought:

From Delhi's diamonds to a Bristol stone;
 From royal eagles to a squalling parrot;
From bulls of Bashan to a marrow-bone;
 From rich ananas to a mawkish carrot:
And getting things for nought, I needs must say,
 If not the *noblest*, is the *cheapest* way.

And often nature manufactures stuff
That thinks it never hath enough;
Hoarding up treasure—never once enjoying—
 Such is the composition of *some* souls!
Like jackdaws all their cunning art employing,
 In hiding knives, and forks, and spoons, in holes.

Lo! by the pious Monarch's proclamation,
The courtier *amateurs* of this fair nation
 On Sundays con their Bibles—make no riot—
The stubborn Uxbridge, music-loving lord,
Pays dumb obedience to the royal word,
 And bids the instruments lie quiet.

Sweet Mistress Walsingham is forc'd to pray,
 And turn her eyes up, much against her will;
Sandwich sings psalms too, in his pious way:
 And Lady Young forbears the tuneful trill:
And very politic is Lady Young:
A husband must not suffer for a song.

The gentle Exeter his treat gave up,
So us'd upon the sweet repast to sup;
As eager for his Sunday's quaver dish,
As cats and rav'nous aldermen for fish.

Lord Brudenell, too, a Lord with lofty nose,
Bringing to mind a verse the world well knows;
 Against sublimity that rather wars;
Which in an almanack all eyes may see:
'God gave to man an upright form that he
 Might view the stars.'

I say this watchful lord, who boasts the knack,
Behind his sacred majesty's *great* back,
 Of placing for his *latter end* a chair

Better than any lord (so says Fame's trump)
That ever waited on the royal rump,
So swift his motions, and so sweet his air;

Who, if his majesty but cough or hiccup,
Trembles for fear the king should *kick up*;
Drops, with concern, his jaw—with horror freezes—
Or smiles 'God bless you, *sire*,' whene'er he sneezes;
This lord, I say, uprais'd his convert chin,
And curs'd the concert for a crying sin.

King Watkin, from the land of leeks and cheese,
With sighs, forbore his bass to seize;
With huge concern he dropp'd his Sunday airs,
And grumbled out in Welsh his thankless pray'rs.
The bass, indeed, *Te Deum* sung,
Glad on the willows to be hung.

And really 'twas a very nat'ral case—
Poor, inoffensive bass!
For when King Watkin scrubbeth him—alack!
The instrument, like one upon the rack,
Sends forth such horrid, inquisition groans!
Enough to pierce the hearts of stones!

Thus though in *concert* politics the knight
Battled with Mistress Walsingham *outright*;
Yet both agreed to lift their palms,
Not in hostilites, but singing psalms.

Salisbury was also order'd to *reform*,
Who, with my lady, thought it vastly odd,
Thus to be forc'd, like sailors in a storm,
Against their wills to pray to God.

Thus did the royal mandate through the town,
Knock nearly all the Sunday concerts down!
Great act! ere long 'twill be a sin and shame
For cats to warble out an am'rous flame!—
Dogs shall be whipp'd for making love on Sunday,
Who very well may put it off to Monday.

Nay, more the royal piety to prove,
And aid the purest of all pure religions,
To Bridewell shall be sent all cooing pigeons,
And cocks and hens be lash'd for making love:
Sparrows and wrens be shot from barns and houses,
For being barely civil to their spouses.

Poor Sir John Dick was, lamb-like, heard to bleat
At losing such a Sunday's treat—
Sir John, the happy owner of a *star*—
Which radiant honour on surtouts he stitches;
Lamenting fashion doth not stretch so far
As sewing them on waistcoats and on breeches;
Which thus would pour a blaze of silver day,
And make the knight a perfect milky way.

Yet Hampden, Cholmond'ly, those sinful shavers,
Rebellious, riot in their Sabbath quavers;
Thus flying in the face of our *great king*,
Profane God's *resting* day with wind and string;
Whilst on the terrace, 'midst his German band,
On Sunday evenings George is pleas'd to stand;
Contented with a *simple* tune alone,
'God save great George our king,' or 'Bobbing Joan;'

Whilst Cherubs, leaning from their starry height,
Wink at each other, and enjoy the sight:
And Satan, from a lurking hole,
Fond of a seeming-godly soul,
His eyes and ears scarce able to believe,
Laughs in his sleeve.

Stay, Muse..the mention of the German band
Bringeth a tale oppressive to my hand,
Relating to a tribe of German boys,
Whose horrid fortune made some *little* noise;
Sent for to take of Englishmen the places,
Who, gall'd by such hard treatment, made wry faces.

Sent for they were, to feed in *fields of clover*,
To feast upon the Coldstream regiment's fat:

Swift with their empty stomachs they flew over,
 And wider than a Kevenhuller hat.
But, ah! their knives no veal nor mutton carv'd!
To feasts they went indeed, but went and *starv'd!*
Their masters, raptur'd with the tuneful treat,
Forgot musicians like themselves cou'd *eat.*
Thus the poor woodcock leaves his frozen shores,
When tyrant winter 'midst his tempests roars:

Invited by our milder sky, he roves;
Views the pure streams with joy, and shelt'ring groves,
And in *one* hour, oh! sad reverse of fate!
Is shot, and smoaks upon a poacher's plate!

Thus ending a sweet episodic strain,
I turn, dear Thomas, to thy Ode again.

What! make a dish to balk thy master's gums!
 A pudding, and forget the plums!
Mercy upon us! what a cook art thou!
Dry e'en already!..what a sad milch cow!
Who gav'st, at first, of fame such flowing pails!..
Say, Thomas, what thy lyric udder ails?

Since truth belongs not to the laureat trade,
 'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange, thou didst not flatter:
Speak..in light money were thy wages paid?
 Or was thy pipe of sack half fill'd with water?
Or hast thou, Tom, been cheated of thy dues?
Or hath a qualm of conscience touch'd thy Muse?

Thou might'st have prais'd for *dignity* of pride,
 Display'd not long ago among the cooks:
 Searching the kitchen with sagacious looks;
Wigs, christ'ned *scratches,* on their heads he spied.

 To find a wig on a cook's head
 Just like the wig that grac'd his own,
 Was verily a sight to dread!..
 Enough to turn a king to stone!

On which, in language of his *very best*,
His Majesty his royal ire express'd :— [me!..
'How, how! what! cooks wear *scratches* just like
Strange! strange! yes, yes, I see, I see, I see..
Fine fellows to wear scratches! yes, no doubt..
I'll have no more..no more when mine's worn out..
Hæ? pretty! pretty! pretty too it looks
To see *my* scratches upon *cooks!*'

And, lo! as he had threatened all so big,
As soon as ever he *wore out* the wig,
He with a *pig-tail* deign'd his head to match!
Nor more profan'd his temples with a *scratch?*

Thomas, I see my song thy feelings grate..
Thou think'st I'm joking; that the king's my hate.

The world may call me liar, but sincerely
I love him..for a partner, love him *dearly*;
Whilst his great name is on the *ferme*, I'm sure
My credit with the public is secure.

Yes, beef shall grace my spit, and ale shall flow,
As long as it continues George and Co.;
That is to say, in plainer metre,
George and Peter.

Yet, as some little money I have made,
I've thoughts of turning '*squire*, and quitting trade:
This in my mind I've frequently revolv'd;
And in six months, or so,
For all I know,
The partnership may be dissolv'd.

Whate'er thou think'st..howe'er the world may carp,
Thomas, I'm far from hating our *good* king;
Yes, yes, or may I thrum no more my harp,
As David swore, who touch'd so well the string..
No! Tom;..the idol of thy sweet devotion
Excites not *hate*, *whatever else* th' emotion.

To write a book on the sublime, I own,
Were I a bookseller, I would not hire him:

Yet, should I *hate* the man who fills a throne,
  Because, forsooth, I can't admire him?

Hate him, because, ambitious of a name,
He thinks to rival e'en the *prince* in fame?
A prince of science..in the arts so chaste!..
A giant to him in the world of taste;
Who from an envious cloud one day shall spring,
And prove that dignity may clothe a king.

Who when by fortune fix'd on Britain's throne,
Wherever merit, humble plant, is shown,
  Will shed around that plant a fost'ring ray;
Whose hand shall stretch through poverty's pale [gloom
For drooping *genius*, sinking to the tomb,
  And lead the blushing stranger into day.

Who scorns (like *some*) to chronicle a shilling,
  Once in a twelvemonth to a beggar giv'n;
By such mean charity (Lord help 'em) willing
  To go as cheap as possible to Heav'n!

Hate him, because, untir'd, the monarch pores
On Handél's manuscript old scores,
And schemes successful daily hatches,
For saving notes o'erwhelm'd with scratches;
Recovering from the blotted leaves
Huge cart-horse *minims*, dromedary *breves*;
Thus saving damned bars from just damnation,
By way of *bright'ning* Handel's reputation;
Who, charm'd with ev'ry crotchet Handel wrote,
Heav'd into *Tot'nam Street* each heavy note;
And forcing on the house the tuneless lumber,
Drove half to doors, the other half to slumber?

Hate him, because the works of Mr. West,
  His eye (in wonder lost) unsated views?
Because his walls, with tasteless trumpery drest,
  Robs a poor sign-post of its dues?

  Hate him, because he cannot rest,
  But in the company of West?

Because of modern works he makes a jest,
Except the works of Mr. West?

Who by the public, fain would have carest
The works alone of Mr. West!
Who thinks, of painting, truth, and taste, the test,
None but the wondrous works of Mr. West!

Who, as for Reynolds, cannot bear him;
And never suffers Wilson's landscapes near him.

Nor, Gainsb'rough, thy delightful girls and boys,
In rural scenes so sweet, amidst their joys,
With such simplicity as makes us *start*,
Forgetting 'tis the work of art.
Which wonder and which care of Mr. West
May in a simile be well exprest:—

A SIMILE.

Thus have I seen a child, with smiling face,
A little daisy in the garden place,
And strut in triumph round its fav'rite flow'r;
Gaze on the leaves with infant admiration,
Thinking the flow'r the finest in the nation,
Then pay a visit to it ev'ry hour:
Lugging the wat'ring pot about,
Which John the gard'ner was oblig'd to fill;
The child, so pleas'd, would pour the water out,
To show its marvellous gard'ning skill;
Then staring round, all wild for praises panting,
Tell all the world it was its own sweet planting;
And boast away, too happy elf,
How that it found the daisy all itself!

ANOTHER SIMILE.

In *simile* if I may shine agen,—
Thus have I seen a fond old hen
With one poor miserable chick;
Bustling about a farmer's yard;
Now on the dunghill labouring hard,
Scraping away through thin and thick:
Flutt'ring her feathers—making such a noise!
Cackling aloud such quantities of joys,
As if this chick, to which her egg gave birth,
Was born to deal prodigious knocks,
To shine the Broughton of game cocks,
And kill the fowls of all the earth!

E'en with his painter let the king be *blest*;
Egad! eat, drink, and sleep with Mr. West;
Only let *me*, excus'd from such a guest,
Not eat, and drink, and sleep with Mr. West;
And as he will not please my taste—no never—
Let *me* not give him to the world as *clever*—
A better conscience in my bosom lies,
Than imitate the fellow and his flies.

THE TOPER AND THE FLIES.

A group of topers at a table sat,
With punch that much regales the thirsty soul:
Flies soon the party join'd, and join'd the chat,
Humming, and pitching round the mantling bowl.

At length those flies got drunk, and for their sin,
Some hundreds lost their legs, and tumbled in;
And sprawling 'midst the gulf profound,
Like Pharaoh and his daring host, were drown'd!

Wanting to drink—one of the men
Dipp'd from the bowl the drunken host,
And drank—then taking care that none were lost,
He put in ev'ry mother's son agen.

Up jump'd the Bacchanalian crew on this,
Taking it very much amiss—
Swearing, and in the attitude to *smite*:—
'Lord!' cried the man, with gravely-lifted eyes,
'Though I don't like to swallow flies,
I did not know but *others might*.'

Who says I hate the king, proclaims a lie!
E'en now a royal virtue strikes my eye!
To prove th' assertion, let me just relate
The king's submission to the will of Fate.

Whene'er in hunts the monarch is thrown out,
As in his politics—a common thing!
With searching eyes he stares at first about,
Then faces the misfortune like a *king!*

Hearing no news of nimble Mr. Stag,
He sits like *patience* grinning on his nag!
Now, wisdom-fraught, his curious eyeballs ken
The little hovels that around him rise:
To these he trots—of hogs surveys the sties,
And nicely numbers ev'ry cock and hen.

Then asks the farmer's wife or farmer's maid,
How many eggs the fowls have laid!
What's in the oven—in the pot—the crock—
Whether 'twill rain or no, and what's o'clock?—

Thus from poor hovels gleaning information,
To serve as future treasure for the nation!

There, terrier-like, till pages find him out,
He pokes his most sagacious nose about,
And seems in Paradise—like *that* so fam'd;
Looking like Adam too, and Eve so fair;
Sweet simpletons! who, though so very *bare*,
'Were,' says the Bible, 'not *asham'd*.'

No man binds books so well as George the Third,
By thirst of leather glory spurr'd—
At bookbinders he oft is seen to laugh—
And wondrous is the king in sheep or calf!

But see! the Prince upon such labour looks
Fastidious down, and only *readeth* books!—
Here by the sire the son is much surpass'd;
Which Fame should publish on her loudest *blast!*

The king beats Monmouth Street in cast-off riches—
That is, in coats, and waistcoats, and in breeches—
Which, draughted once a year for foreign stations,
Make fine recruits to serve some *near* relations.

But lo! the Prince, shame on him! never dreams
Of pretty Jewish, œconomic schemes!
So very proud (I'm griev'd, O Tom, to tell it),
He'd rather *give* a coat away than *sell* it!
Fair justice to the monarch must allow
Prodigious science in a calf or cow;
And wisdom in the article of swine!
What most *unusual* knowledge for a king!
Because pig-wisdom is a *thing*
In which no sov'reigns e'er were known to *shine*.

Yet who will think I am not telling fibs?
The Prince, who Britain's throne in time shall grace,
Ne'er finger'd at a fair a bullock's ribs,
Nor ever ogled a pig's face!

O dire disgrace! O let it not be known
That *thus* a father hath excell'd a son!

Truth bids me own that I can bring
A *dozen* who *admire* the king;
And should he dream of setting off for Hanover,
As once he said he wou'd, to spite Charles Fox;
Draw all his *little* money from the stocks,
Shut shop, and carry ev'ry pot and pan over;

I think—indeed I'm *sure* I know,
That dozen would not let him go;
But in the struggle spend their vital breath,
And hug their idol, probably to death;
As happen'd to a Romish priest—a tale
That, whilst I tell it, almost turns me pale.

THE ROMISH PRIEST.

A TALE.

A Parson in the neighbourhood of Rome,
Some years ago—how many, I don't say—
Handled so well his heav'nly broom,
He brush'd, like cobwebs, sins away.

Brighten'd the black horizon of his parish;
Gave to the Prince of Darkness such hard blows,
That Satan was afraid to show his nose
(Except in Hell) before this priest so warrish!
To teach folks how to shun the paths of evil,
And prove a match for Mr. Devil,
Was constantly this pious man's endeavour,
And, as I've said before, the man was *clever*.

Red-hot was all his zeal—and Fame declares,
He gallop'd like a hunter o'er his pray'rs;

For ever lifting to the clouds his forehead—
Petitions on petitions he let fly,
Which nothing but *Barbarians* could deny—
In short, the *saints* were to compliance *worried.*

With shoulders, arms, and hands, this priest devout,
So well his evolutions did perform;
His pray'rs, those holy small-shot, flew about
So thick!—it seem'd like taking Heav'n by *storm!*

Without one atom of reflection,
No candidate at an election
Did ever labour more, and fume, and sweat,
To make a fellow change his coat,
And bless him with the casting vote,
Than this dear man to get in Heav'n a seat
For souls of children, women, and of men:
No matter which the species—cock or hen!

Thus did he not, like that vile Jesuit, think,
Who makes us all with horror shrink,
A knave high meriting Hell's hottest coals;
Who wrote a dreadful book to prove
That women, charming women, form'd for love,
Have got no souls!

Monster! to think that *woman* had no soul!
Ha! hast *thou* not a soul, thou peerless *maid,*
Who bidst my rural hours with rapture roll?
Whose beauties charm the shepherds and the shade!

Yes, Cynthia, and for souls like thine,
Fate into being drew yon starry sphere;
Then kindly sent thy form divine,
To show what wondrous bliss inhabits there!

In short, no dray-horse ever work'd so hard,
From vaults to drag up hogshead, tun, or pipe,
As this good priest, to drag, for *small* reward,
The souls of sinners from the Devil's gripe.

Pleas'd were the *highest* angels to express
Their wonder at his fine address;

And pow'r against the *fiend* who makes such strife;
Nay, e'en St. Peter said, to whom are giv'n
The keys for letting people into Heav'n,
He never got more halfpence in his life.

'Twas added that my *namesake* did declare
(Peter, the porter of Heav'n gate, so trusty),
That till this priest appear'd, souls were so rare
His bunch of keys was absolutely rusty!

Did *gentlemen* of fortune die,
And leave the *church* a good round sum;
Lo! in the twinkling of an eye,
The parson frank'd their souls to kingdom-come!

A letter to the *porter*, or a word,
Insur'd admittance to the *Lord*.

Nor stopp'd those souls an instant on the road
To take a *roast* before they enter'd in:
For had they got the *plague*, 'twas said that God
Had let them enter without *quarantine*.

Well then! this parson was so much admir'd,
So sought, so courted, so desir'd,
Thousands with putrid souls, like putrid meat,
Came for his holy pickle, to be sweet:

Just as we see old hags with jaws of carrion,
Enter the shop of Mr. Warren;
Who disappoints that highwayman call'd Time
(Noted for robbing ladies of their prime),
By giving *sixty-five's* pale, wither'd mien,
The blooming roses of *sixteen*.

Such vast impressions did his sermons make,
He always kept his flock awake—
In summer too,—hear, parsons, this strange news,
Ye who so often preach to nodding pews!

A neighb'ring town, into whose people's souls
Sin, like a rat, had eat large holes,

Begg'd him to be their tinker—their hole-stopper—
* For, gentle reader, sin of such a sort is,
It souls corrodeth just as *aqua fortis*
Corrodeth iron, brass, or copper.

They told him they would give him better pay,
If he'd agree to change his quarters;
Protesting, when his soul should leave its clay,
To rank his bones with those of *saints* and *martyrs*.

This was a handsome bribe all papists know!
But stop—his parish would not let him go—
Then surly did the other parish look,
And swore to have the man by *hook* or *crook*.

So seiz'd him, like a graceless throng—
The priest's parishioners, who lov'd him *well*,
Rather than to another church belong,
Swore they would sooner see him lodg'd in Hell—

So violent was their objection!
So very strong, too, their affection!

The *ladies*, too, united in the strife;
Protesting that they 'lov'd him as their life,
So sweetly he would *look* when *down* to pray'r!
So happy in a sermon choice;
And then he had of nightingales the voice—
And holy water gave with *such* an air!

Lord! lose so fine a man!—so great a treasure!
Yielding such quantities of heavenly pleasure!

Forgiving sins so free, too, at confession,
However carnal the transgression,
In such a charming, love-condemning strain!
He really seem'd to say, "Go sin again;
Hell shall not throw, my angels, on your souls
So sweet, a single shovelful of coals."

Now in the fire was all the fat:
Just as two bull-dogs pull a cat,
Both parishes with furious zeal contended—

So heartily the holy man was hugg'd,
So much from place to place his limbs were lugg'd,
That very fatally the battle ended!
In short, by hugging, lugging, and kind squeezes,
The man of God was pull'd in fifty pieces!

This work perform'd, the bones were fought for stout-
And so the fray continued most devoutly— [ly;
Lo with an arm, away one rascal fled;
This with a leg, and that the head—
Off with the foot another goes—
Another seizes him and gets the toes.

Nay, some, a relic so intent to crib,
Fought just like mastiffs for a rib;
Nay more (for truth, to tell the whole, obliges),
A dozen battled for his *os coccygis**!

Heav'n, that sees all things, saw the dire dispute,
In which each parish acted like a brute;
Then bade the dead man as a *saint* be sought
Still, to reward him more, his bones enriches
With pow'r o'er evils, rheumatisms, and itches,
However dreadful, and wherever caught:
Thus, by the grace of *Him* who governs thunder,
His very toe nail could perform a *wonder*.

Thus might our monarch, by this dozen men,
Be hugg'd!—and then! and then! and then! and then!
Then what? why then, this direful ill must spring:
I a good *subject* lose, and thou a *king!*

No, Tom; no more to strike us with amaze,
Thy courtly tropes of adulation blaze:

* The tip of the rump.

A setting sun art thou, so mild thy beam!
Thou (like old Ocean's heaving wave no more,
That lifts a ship and fly with equal roar)
Pour'st from thy lyric pipe a *sober* stream.

No more we hear the gale of Fame
Wild blust'ring with thy *master's* name;
No more ideal virtues ride sublime
(Like feathers) on the surge of rhime.

But lo the cause! it was the *royal will*
To bid the tempest of his praise be still:
No more to let his virtues make a rout,
Blown by thy blasts like paper kites about—

Indeed thy sov'reign in thy verse so fine,
Might justly have exclaim'd at many a line,
'In peacock's feathers, lo, this knave arrays me.'
And like a king of France of whom I've read,
Our gracious sov'reign also might have said,
'What have I done that he should *praise* me.'

With pity have I seen thee, *son of song*,
Trundling thy lyric wheelbarrow along,
Amidst *St. James's* gapers to unload
The motley mass of pompous ode;
And wish'd the sack, for verse the annual prize,
To poets of a less renown—
To poor Will Mason, who in secret sighs
To strut beneath the *laureat's* leaden crown.

Warm in the praise thou mightst have been,
Of *thy* great king and *his* great queen;
But not so diabolically *hot*—
A downright devil, or a pepper-pot.

By *dev'l* (without thy being born a wizard)
Thou ought'st to know I mean a turkey's gizzard;
So christen'd for its quality, by man,
Because so oft 'tis loaded with *kian*—
This dev'l is such a red-hot bit of meat
As nothing but the dev'l himself should eat.

A *spoon* was large enough, the world well knows!
Why give the pap of praise then with a *ladle?*
Gently thou shou'dst have rock'd him to repose—
Not like a drunken nurse o'erturn'd the cradle.

I do not marvel that the king was wrath
(Knowing himself no bigger than a lath)
To find himself a tall, gigantic oak—
'Twas too much of a magic-lantern stroke.

Ah! where was *Modesty*, the charming maid?
Where was the rural vagrant straying,
Not to admonish thee, an idle jade,
When thou thy tuneful compliments wert paying?

Yet why this question put I, Tom, to thee?
Lord! how we wits forget—she was with me.

Dear Modesty (by very few carest)
Oft condescends to be my guest:
From time to time the maid my rhime reviews,
And dictates sweet instructions to the muse.

Yes, frequent deigns my cottage to adorn,
Just like that blushful damsel call'd Miss Morn—
Who smiling from the dreary caves of night,
Moves from her east with silent pace and slow
O'er yonder shadowy mount's gigantic brow,
And to my window steals with dewy light,
Then peeping through the panes with cherub mien,
Seems to ask liberty to enter in.

Now vent'ring on the sables of my room,
She sweeps the darkness with her star-clad broom:
Now pleas'd a stronger splendor to diffuse,
Smiles on the plated buckles in my shoes;
Smiles on my breeches, too, of handsome plush,
Where George's head *once* made no gingling sound,
But where amidst the pockets all was hush;
Such awful silence reign'd around!
Whose fob, which thieves so often pick,
Was quite a stranger to a watch's click.

Now casting on my pen and ink a ray,
Seeming with sweet reproof to say,
'The lark to Heav'n her grateful matins sings:
Then, Peter, also ope thy tuneful throat,
And, happy in a fascinating note,
Rise and bewitch the best of kings.'

Howe'er the world t' abuse me may be giv'n,
I cannot do without *crown'd heads*, by Heav'n!
Bards must have subjects that their genius suit—
And if I've not crown'd heads, I must be mute.

My verse is somewhat like a game at whist;
Which game, though play'd by people e'er so keen,
Cannot with much success, alas! exist,
Except their hands possess a king and queen.

I own, my muse delights in royal folk:
Lead-mines, producing many pretty pounds!
Joe Millars, furnishing a fund of joke!
Lo, with a fund of joke a court abounds!

At royal follies, Lord! a lucky hit
Saves our poor brain th' expense of wit:
At princes let but satire lift his gun,
The more their feathers fly, the more the fun.
E'en the whole world, blockheads and men of letters,
Enjoy a cannonade upon their betters.

And, *vicé versâ*, kings and queens
Know pretty well what scandal means,
And love it too—yes, majesty's a grinner:
Scandal that really would disgrace a stable
Hath oft been beckon'd to a royal table,
And pleas'd a princely palate more than dinner.

I know the world exclaimeth in this guise:—
'Suppose a king not over wise
(A vice in kings not very oft suspected),
Suppose he does *this* childish thing, and *this*,
If folly constitutes a monarch's bliss,
Shall such by saucy poets stand corrected?'

'Bold is the man,' old parson Calchas* cries,
'Who tells a monarch where his error lies.'—
'Grant that a king in converse cannot shine,
And sharp with shrewd remark a world alarm;
What business, Peter Pindar, is 't of thine?
Grant puerilities—pray where's the harm?'—

To this I answer, 'I don't think a king
Will go to hell for ev'ry childish thing—
Yet mind, I think that one in his great station
Should show sublime example to a nation:

And when an eagle he should spring
To drink the solar blaze on tow'ring wing;
With daring and undazzled eyes;
Not be a sparrow upon chimneys hopping,
His head in holes and corners popping
For flies.'

Tom, I'm not griev'd that thou hast chang'd thy note,
And op'd on Windsor wall thy tuneful throat;
For verily it is a rear old mass!
Nor angry that to West thou dost descend;
The king's great painting oracle and friend,
Who teacheth Jervas how to spoil good glass.

But, son of Isis, since amidst this ode,
Thou talk'st of painting, like an ardent lover,
Of panes of glass now daubing over,
Dimming delightfully the great abode;

Speak—know'st thou aught of Raphael's rare *car-toons?*
I have not seen them, Tom, for many moons!

Why didst thou not, amidst thy rhiming fit,
Of those most heav'nly pictures talk a bit—
For which the *nation* paid down ev'ry *souse?*
Rare pictures, brought long since from Hampton [Court,
And by a *self-taught carpenter* cut short,
To suit the pannels of the *queen's* old house.

* Vide Homer.

So says report—I hope it is not true—
And yet I verily believe it too;
It is so like *some people* I could name,
Whose *pericraniums* walk a little lame.
Beshrew me, but it brings to mind
A cutting story, much of the same kind!

It happ'd at Plymouth town so fair and sweet,
Where wandering gutlers, wandering gutlers meet,
Making in show'rs of rain a monstrous pother;
Bart'ring, like Rag-fair Jews, with one the other,
With carrots, cabbage leaves, and breathless cats,
Potatoes, turnip tops, old rags, and hats:

A town that brings to mind Swift's city show'r—
Where clouds to wash its face for ever pour—
A town where beautraps under water grin,
Inviting gentle strangers to walk in;
Where dwell the lady Naiads of the flood,
Prepar'd to crown their visitors with mud.
A town where parsons for the *living* fight,
On every vacancy, with godly might,
Like wrestlers for lac'd hats and buckskin breeches;
Where oft the priest who best his lungs employs
To make the rarest diabolic noise,
With surest chance of vict'ry preaches:
Whose empty sounds alone his labours bless;
Like cannon fir'd by vessels in distress.

A town where, exil'd by the higher pow'rs,
The *royal tar* with indignation lours;
Kept by his *sire* from London, and from sin,
To say his catechism to Mistress Wynn.

THE PLYMOUTH CARPENTER AND THE COFFINS.

In the last war French pris'ners often died
Of fevers, colds, and more good things beside :
  Presents for valour, from damp walls and chinks,
And nakedness, that seldom sees a shirt;
And vermin, and all sorts of dirt;
  And multitudes of motley stinks,
That might with smells of any clime compare
That ever sought the nose or fields of air.

As coffins are deem'd necessary things,
Forming a pretty sort of wooden wings
  For wafting men, to graves, for t'other world ;
Where anchor'd (doom'd to make no voyages more),
The rudders of our souls are put ashore,
  And all the sails for ever furl'd.

A carpenter, first cousin to the *may'r*,
  Hight master Screw, a man of reputation,
Got leave, through borough int'rest, to prepare
  Good wooden lodgings for the Gallic nation :
I mean for luckless Frenchmen that were dead ;
And very well indeed Screw's contract sped.

His good friend Death made wonderful demands,
As if they play'd into each other's hands ;
  As if the carpenter and Death went snacks—
Wishing to make as much as e'er they cou'd
By this same contract coffin wood,
  For such as Death had thrown upon their backs.

This carpenter, like men of other trades
Whom conscience very easily persuades

To take from neighbours useless superfluity;
Resolv'd upon an œconomic plan,
Which shows that in the character of man
Economy is not an incongruity.
I know some monarchs say the same—whose pulses
Beat high for iv'ry chairs and beds and bulses.

For lo, this man of œconomic sort
Made all his coffins much too short,
Yet snugly he accommodates the dead—
Cuts off, with much *sang froid*, the head,
And then to keep it safe as well as warm,
He gravely puts it underneath the arm;
Making his dead man quite a Paris beau!—
Hugging his jowl *en chapeau bras*.

But, Thomas, now to those cartoons of fame—
Do ask thy sov'reign in my name
What's to be done with those rare pictures next;
Some months ago, by night, they travell'd down
To the Queen's House in Windsor town,
At which the London folks were vastly vex'd.

For if those fine cartoons, as hist'ry says,
Were (much to this great nation's praise)
Bought for the nation's sole inspection;
Unask'd, to suffer any man to feel 'em,
Or suffer any forward dame to steal 'em,
Would be a national reflection.

Tom, ask, to Strelitz if they're doom'd to go,
Because the walls are naked there I know—
Strelitz a mouse-hole is, all dark and drear;
And shou'd the pictures be inclin'd to stray,
Not liking Strelitz, they may lose their way,
And ramble to some Hebrew auctioneer:

Where, like poor captur'd negroes in a knot,
The holy wand'rers may be made a lot—
And, like the goods at Garraway's we handle,
Christ and the saints be sold by *inch of candle!*

Dearly beloved Thomas, to conclude!
(I see thee ready to bawl out '*amen*:')
Joking apart, don't think me rude
For wishing to instruct thy lyric pen!

Whether like trout and eels in humble pride,
Along the simple stream of prose we glide;
Or stirring from below a cloud of mud,
Like whales we flounder through the lyric flood;
Or if a past'ral image charm thee more;
Whether the vales of prose our feet explore,
Or rais'd sublime on *Ode's* aërial steep,
We bound from rock to rock like goats and sheep;

Whether we dine with dukes on fifty dishes,
Or, poet-like, against our wishes,
On beef or pork, an œconomic crumb
(Perchance no bigger than our thumb,
Turn'd by a bit of packthread at the fire),
To satisfy our hunger's keen desire;
A good old proverb let us keep in view—
Viz. Thomas, 'Give the dev'l his due.'

Whether a monarch, issuing high command,
Smiles us to court, and shakes us by the hand;
Or rude bumbailiffs touch us on the shoulder,
And bid our tuneful harps in prison moulder;
Sell not (to meanness sunk) one golden line—
The *Muse's* incense for a gill of wine.

This were a poor excuse of thine, my friend—
'Few are the people that my ode attend:
I'm like a country clock, poor, lonely thing,
That on the staircase, or behind the door,
Cries "Cuckow, cuckow," just at twelve and four,
And chimes thatvulgar tune, "God save the king."

Oh! if deserting Windsor's lofty tow'rs,
To save a sixpence in his barrack bow'rs,
A monarch shuffles from the world away,
And gives to *Folly's* whims the bustling day;
From *such* low themes thy promis'd praise recall,
And sing more wonders of the old *mud wall.*

PETER's PENSION,

A SOLEMN EPISTLE

TO A

SUBLIME PERSONAGE.

'My heart is inditing of a good matter—I speak of the things which I have made, unto the *king*.

PSALM LXV.

Non possum tecum vivere, nec sine te.'

THE ARGUMENT.

A grand Exordium, *containing news from* Jericho *—Peter informeth* Majesty *of the great Noise on their respective Accounts—and talketh of* Samson *and* Dalilah*—the London* Coffee-houses *and the* Royal Exchange*—Peter explaineth the Cause of the great Noise, and* ejaculateth*—talketh of Preparations at the Palace for his Disgrace and Murder—Peter informeth Majesty of what Majesty hath been informed—complaineth that he hath been pictured a downright* Devil*—beggeth that a proper Inquiry may be instituted—Peter pronounceth himself no* Devil*—Peter writeth* soft *Sonnets, to prove that he hath not a* hard *Heart.*

Peter talketh of Courtiers and Court Matters—of what the World wickedly sayeth of him—Peter cannot convince the World—mentioneth the Despondence of the Newspapers, Magazines, and Reviews—also the Famine in Poetry—Peter exculpateth Majesty*—Peter refuseth modestly—hinteth at royal Misfortunes,* Diamonds, Nabobs, *and an Action of* Trover*——Peter prophesieth mournfully—giveth the History of* Nebuchad-

nezzar's *Grass Diet*—*Peter affordeth good Reasons for refusing a Pension*—*relateth an Anecdote of a dead* Archbishop—*formeth a Scheme for universal Happiness, by discovering* Sin *and* Shame *to be a Pair of* Impostors, *and for making mournful* Sunday *merry*—*Peter out-doeth old Poets in* Egotism—*condemneth* Mistress Damer, *the great* she-statuary, *for* attempting *our most sublime* Sovereign—*Peter, like many* Authors, *exhibiteth prodigious Acquaintance with ancient Literature, by mentioning the Names of* Jupiter, Phidias, Praxiteles, Virgil, *and* Augustus Cæsar—*Peter puffeth again*—*Peter produceth a Tale about* Majesty, Mister Robinson, Alderman Skinner, *and choaked* Sheep—*also a Tale of* Majesty *and* Parson Young, *whose Neck was unfortunately unhinged at a Hunt.*

Peter still hankereth after Pensions—*declaimeth on the Powers of Poetry, as also on* his own *miraculous Powers*——*Peter professeth Independency, and great Capability of making a hearty Mutton-bone Dinner, like Andrew Marvel*—*Peter distrusteth his Fortitude*—*quoteth Opposition-Men for pitiful Desertion of Principle, and descanteth on Money*—*Peter telleth an apposite Tale of Lady Huntingdon's Parson, a Dog, and a Squire.*

Peter quoteth the Wind *and* Mr. Eden—*exhibiteth more Symptoms of Pension-love*—*concludeth in a Foam against* Knighthood.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

PETER's PENSION.

DREAD sir, the rams' horns that blew down
The walls of Jericho's old town,
Made a most monstrous uproar, all agree—
But lo! a louder noise around us rages,
About two most important personages
No less, my royal *liege*, than *you* and *me!*

In short, not greater the Philistines made
When Dalilah, a little artful jade
(Indeed a very pretty girl),
Snipp'd off her lover *Mister* Samson's curl,
Who well repaid the clamours of the bears,
By pulling down the house about their ears.

Prodigious is the shake around!
Still London keeps (thank God) her ground
Yet, how th' *exchange* and *coffee-houses* ring!
Nothing is heard but Peter and the King:
The handsome bar-maids stare, as mute as fishes;
And sallow waiters, fright'ned, drop their dishes!

At first 'twas thought the triumph of the Jews
On some great vict'ry in the boxing way:
The news, the very anti-christian news,
Of Israel's Hero* having won the day;

* Mendoza.

And Humphries, a true christian boxer, beat:
Enough to give all *Christendom* a sweat.

Again, 'twas thought great news of the grand Turk,
Who on his hands hath got some serious work;
'Twas fancied he had lost the day;
That ev'ry mussulman was kill'd in battle,
A fate most proper for such heathen cattle,
Who do not pray to God our way.

But lo! unto the lofty skies,
Of sound this wonderful ascension,
Doth verily, my liege, from this arise;
That you have giv'n the gentle bard a pension!

Great is the shout indeed, sir, all abroad,
That you have order'd me this handsome thing;
On which, with lifted eyes, I've said, 'Good God!
'Though great my merits, yet how great the king!'

And yet, believe me, sir, I lately heard,
That all your doors were doubly lock'd and barr'd
Against the *poet* for his tuneful art;
And that the tall, stiff, stately red machines,
Your grenadiers, the guards of kings and queens,
Were order'd all to stab me to the heart:

That if to house of Buckingham I came,
Commands were giv'n to Mistress Brigg,
A comely, stout, two-handed dame,
To box my ears and pull my wig,
The cooks to spit me——curry me, the grooms,
And *kitchen queens* to baste me with their brooms.

You're told that in my ways I'm very evil!
So ugly; fit to travel for a show,
And that I look all grimly where I go!
Just like a devil!
With horns, and tail, and hoofs that make folks start;
And in my breast a millstone for a heart!

This cometh from a certain painter*, *sire,*
Bid story-mousing Nicolay inquire:
  Your page, your Mercury, with cunning eyes;
Who, jumping at each sound, so eager opes
His pretty wither'd pair of *Chinese* chops,
  Like a Dutch dog that leaps at butterflies.
He, *sire,* will look me o'er, and will not fail
To swear that I've no horns, nor hoofs, nor tail.

Lord! Lord! these sayings grieve me and surprise!
Dread sir, don't see with other people's eyes—
  No dev'l am I with horns, and tail, and hoofs—
As for the likeness of my heart to stone—
No, sir—it's full as tender as your own—
  Accept, my liege, some simple love-sick proofs.

TO AN UNFORTUNATE BEAUTY.

Say, lovely maid with downcast eye,
  And cheek with silent sorrow pale;
What gives thy heart the lengthen'd sigh,
  That heaving tells a mournful tale?

Thy tears which thus each other chase,
  Bespeak a breast o'erwhelm'd with woe;
Thy sighs, a storm that wrecks thy peace,
  Which souls like thine should never know.

Oh! tell me, doth some favour'd *youth,*
  Too often blest, thy beauties slight?
And leave those thrones of love and truth,
  That lip, and bosom of delight?

* The *great* Mr. West.

What though to other nymphs he flies,
And feigns the fond impassion'd tear,
Breathes all the eloquence of sighs,
That treach'rous won thy artless ear?

Let not those nymphs thy anguish move,
For whom his heart may seem to pine—
That heart shall ne'er be blest by *love*,
Whose guilt can force a pang from *thine*.

FOR CYNTHIA.

Ah! tell me no more, my dear girl, with a sigh,
That a coldness will creep o'er my heart;
That a sullen indiff'rence will dwell on my eye,
When thy beauty begins to depart.

Shall thy graces, O Cynthia, that gladden my day,
And brighten the gloom of the night,
Till life be extinguish'd, from memory stray,
Which it ought to review with delight?

Upbraiding, shall *gratitude* say with a tear,
'That no longer I think of those charms
Which gave to my bosom such rapture sincere,
And faded at length in my arms?'

Why yes! it may happen, thou damsel divine:—
To be honest—I freely declare,
That e'en *now* to thy *converse* so much I incline,
I've *already forgot* thou art *fair*.

TO LAURA.

How happy was the morn of love,
  When first thy beauty won my heart!
How guiltless of a wish to rove!
  I deem'd it more than death to part!

Whene'er from *thee* I chanc'd to stray,
  How fancy dwelt upon thy mien,
That spread with flow'rs my distant way,
  And show'r'd delight on every scene!

But Fortune, envious of my joys,
  Hath robb'd a lover of thy charms—
From me thy sweetest smile decoys,
  And gives thee to *another's* arms.

Yet, though *my* tears are doom'd to flow,
  May tears be never Laura's lot!
Let *love* protect *thy* heart from woe;
  His wound to *mine* shall be forgot.

HYMN TO MODESTY.

O Modesty! thou shy and blushful maid,
Don't of a simple shepherd be afraid; [thee—
Wert thou *my* lamb—with sweetest grass I'd treat
I am no *wolf* so savage that should eat thee:
  Then haste with me, O nymph, to dwell,
  And give a goddess to my cell.

Thy fragrant breast, like Alpine snows so white,
  Where all the nestling loves delight to lie;

Thine eyes, that shed the milder light
 Of *night's* pale wand'rer o'er her cloudless sky,
O nymph, my panting, wishing bosom warm,
And beam around me, what a world of charm!
 Then haste with me, O nymph, to dwell,
 And give a goddess to my cell.

Thy flaxen ringlets, that luxuriant spread,
And hide thy bosom with an envious shade;
Thy polish'd cheek so dimpled, where the rose
In all the bloom of ripening summer blows;
Thy luscious lips, that heav'nly dreams inspire,
By beauty form'd and loaded with desire;
With sorrow, and with wonder, *lo!* I see
(What melting treasures!) thrown away on *thee.*
 Then haste with me, O nymph, to dwell,
 And give a goddess to my cell.

Thou knowest not that bosom's fair design;
And as for those two pouting lips divine,
 Thou think'st them form'd alone for simple chat—
To bill so happy with thy fav'rite dove,
And playful force, with sweetly fondling love,
 Their kisses on a lapdog or a cat.
  Then haste with me, meek maid, to dwell,
  And give a goddess to my cell.

Such thoughts thy sweet simplicity produces!
But I can point out far sublimer uses;
Uses the very best of men esteem—
Of which thine innocence did never dream:
 Then haste with me, meek maid, to dwell,
 And give a goddess to my cell.

Oh! fly from *impudence*, the brazen rogue,
Whose flippant tongue hath got the Irish brogue,
Whose hands would pluck thee like the fairest flow'r,
Thy cheeks, eyes, forehead, lips and neck, devour:
 Shun, shun that Caliban, and with me dwell:
 Then come, and give a goddess to my cell.

The world, O simple maid, is full of art,
Would turn thee pale, and fill with dread thy heart,
Didst thou perceive but half the snares
The *dev'l* for charms like thine prepares!
  Then haste, O nymph, with me to dwell,
  And give a goddess to my cell.

From morn to eve my kiss of speechless love,
Thy eyes' mild beam and blushes shall improve;
And, lo! from our so innocent embrace,
Young *modesties* shall spring, a numerous race!
The blushing girls in ev'ry thing like *thee*,
The bashful boys prodigiously like *me!*
  Then haste with me, O nymph, to dwell,
  And give a goddess to my cell.

Is not this pretty, sir? can aught be sweeter?
  Instead of that vile appellation, devil,
  So blackguard, so unfriendly, and uncivil,
Should not I be baptiz'd the *gentle* Peter?

Great is the buz about the court,
  As at th' Exchange, where Jews, Turks, Christians [meet,
Or Smithfield fair, where beasts of ev'ry sort,
  Pigs, sheep, men, bullocks, all so friendly greet.

Busy indeed is many a sly court leech;
Afraid to trust each other with a speech—
In hems, and hahs, and half words, hinting:
Some whisp'ring, list'ning, tip-toe walking, squinting;
For lo, so warily each courtier speaks,
They seem to talk with halters round their necks.

Some praise the king for nobleness of spirit,
For ever studying how to find out merit;
Whilst from its box their heart doth slily peep,
  And ask the tongue with marv'ling eyes,

How it can dare to tell a heap
  Of such unconscionable, bare-fac'd lies.

'How are the mighty fall'n!' the people cry——
      Meaning *me*——
'Another hog of Epicurus' stye;
  This vile apostate bends to Baal the knee;
Lo, for a little meat and guzzle,
This sneaking cur, too, takes the muzzle.

In lyric scandal soon will be a chasm——
He wrote for bribes, 'tis plain, and now he has 'em.
This mighty war-horse will be soon in hand,
  By means of meat, the price of venal notes,
Calm as a hackney coach-horse on his stand,
  Tossing about his nose-bag and his oats.

Whatever he hath said, he dares unsay,
  In native impudence so rich—
Explain the plainest things away,
  And call his muse a forward b——;
Treat fire of friendly promises as smoke,
And laugh at truth and honour as a joke.'
  Such, sir, is your good people's howl,
  As thick as small birds pestering a poor owl.

In vain I tell the world around,
That I have not a pension found;
  Which speech of simple truth the mob enrages;
'Peter, this is an arrant lie—
The fact is clear, too clear,' they cry—
  Thou hast already *touch'd* a quarter's wages.

Varlet, it always was thy vile intention—
Thou hast, thou hast, thou liar! got a pension.'
  Still, to support my innocence, I've said,
Most sinfully, I own—'I han't, by G—:'
  Yet, had I sworn my eyes out of my head,
They never had believ'd——How vastly odd!

The morning and the evening papers,
Struck by the sound, are in the vapours,

And mourn and droop, to think I'm dead——
Stunn'd by the unexpected news,
The *Magazines* and the *Reviews*
For grief can scarcely lift the head.

'Nothing but poor, mechanic stuff,' they cry,
'Shall now be quoted for the public eye;——
Nothing original in song—
No novelty of images and thought
Before our fair Tribunal shall be brought!
But trifling transpositions of our tongue:

Nought but a solemn pomp of words,
Bearing a lifeless thought, shall readers meet—
The picture of a funeral that affords;
So solemn marching through the staring street;

Where flags, and horse, and foot, a sorrow ape,
With all the dread dismality of crape,
Near the poor corpse—perhaps a puny brat,
Or dry old maid, as meagre as a cat.'

No, sir! you never offer'd me a pension;
But then I guess it is your kind intention—
Yes, sir, you mean a small *douceur* to proffer;
But give me leave, sir, to decline the offer.

I'm much oblig'd t' ye, sir, for your good will;
But oratorios* have half undone ye:
'Tis whisper'd, too, that thieves have robb'd the till
Which kept your milk and butter money.

So much with saving wisdom are you taken,
Drury and Covent-Garden seem forsaken——

* His majesty's baby oratorios in Tottenham-street, after a great struggle to live, are absolutely dead. Poor souls! they died of a famine—Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden oratorios eat away their meat.

Since *cost* attendeth those theatric borders,
Content you go to *Richmond House** with *orders*.

Form'd to delight all eyes, all hearts engage,
When lately the sweet *Princess*† came of age,
Train oil instead of wax was bid t' illume
The goodly company and dancing-room!
This never had been done, I'm very sure,
Had not you been, *some way or other*, poor.

You now want guineas to buy live stock, sir,
To graze your Windsor hill and vale;
And farmers will not let their cattle stir,
Until the money's down upon the nail.

I'm told your sheep have dy'd by dogs and bitches,
And that your fowls have suffer'd by the fitchews;
And that your man-traps, guards of goose and duck,
And cocks and hens, have had but so-so luck.
Scarce fifty rogues, in chase of fowls and eggs,
Have in those loving engines left their legs.

The bulse, sir, on a visit to the Tow'r,
Howe'er the royal visage may look sour,
Howe'er an object of a deep devotion,
Must cross once more the Eastern Ocean!

Indeed I hope the di'monds will be *off*,
Or scandal on us rolls in floods——
Some Nabob may be vile enough
To bring an action for stol'n goods—
An action, to speak lawyer-like, of *trover*;
And Heav'n forbid it should come over!

For money matters, I am sure,
The Abbey music was put off;

* Here is a pretty little nut-shell of a theatre, fitted up for the convenience of ladies and gentlemen of quality who wish to expose themselves.

† Princess Royal.

Because the royal purse is poor,
  Plagu'd with a dry consumptive cough;
Yet in full health again that purse may riot,
By God's grace, and a skim-milk diet.

Close as a vice behold the nation's fist!
Vain will be mouths made up for Civil List;
And humble pray'rs, so very stale,
Will all be call'd an old wife's tale.

Your faithful Commons to your cravings
Will not give up the nation's savings——
Your fav'rite minister, I'm told, runs *restiff*,
And growls at such petitions like a mastiff.

What if *my* good friend Hastings goes to pot?
  Adams and Anstruther have flung hard stones—
He finds his situation rather hot——
  Burke, Fox, and Sheridan, may break his bones.

As surely as *we* saw and felt the bulse,
Hastings hath got a very awkward pulse;
  Therefore in jeopardy the culprit stands!
Like patients whose disorders doctors slight
Too often, he may bid us all good night;
  And slip, poor man, between our hands.

Then, sir!—oh! then, as long as life endures,
Nought but *remembrance* of the bulse is ours;
And to a stomach that like *ours* digests,
Slight is the dinner on *remember'd* feasts.

I think we cases understand, and ken
Symptoms, as well as most *ingenious* men;
But Lord! how oft the wisest are mistaken!
Therefore I tremble for his badger'd bacon.

We may be out, with all our skill so clever,
And what we think an ague, prove *jail fever*.

Nebuchadnezzar, sir, the *king*,
As sacred hist'ries sweetly sing,

Was on all fours turn'd out to grass,
Just like a horse, or mule, or ass:
  Heav'ns! what a fall from kingly glory!
I hope it will not so turn out
That we shall have (to make a rout)
  A second part of that old story!

This pension was well meant, O glorious king,
And for the bard a very pretty thing;
But let me, sir, refuse it, I implore——
I ought not to be rich whilst *you* are poor;
No, sir, I cannot be your humble hack;
I fear your majesty would break my back.

I dare refuse you for another reason—
  We differ in religion, sir, a deal:
You fancy it a sin ally'd to treason,
  And vastly dangerous to the commonweal,
For subjects, minuets and jigs to play
      On the Lord's day.

Now, sir, I'm very fond of fiddling—
And, in my morals, what the world calls *middling:*
I've ask'd my conscience, that came straight from
      Heav'n,
Whether I stood a chance to be forgiv'n,
If on a Sunday, from all scruples free,
I scrap'd the old Black Joke and *chère amie.*

'Ah! fool (exclaim'd my conscience), know,
  God never against music made a rule;
On Sundays you may safely take your bow—
  And play as well the fiddle as the fool.'

A late *archbishop**, too, O king,
  Who knew most secrets of the skies,
Said, Heav'n on Sundays relish'd pipe and string
  Where sounds on sounds unceasing rise—

* Cornwallis.

And ask'd, as *Sunday* had its music *there,*
Why *Sunday* should not have its music *here.*

In consequence of this divine opinion,
That *prince* of *parsons* in your great dominion,
  Inform'd his fashionable wife,
That she might have her Sunday routs and cards;
And meet at last with Heav'n's rewards,
  When death should take her precious life.

Thus dropping pious qualms, religious doubts,
His lady did enjoy her Sunday routs!
Upon *Good-Friday* too, that *awful* day,
Lo! like *Vauxhall*, was *Lambeth* all so gay!

Now if his present *grace*, with sharpen'd eyes,
Could squint a little deeper in the skies,
He might be able to inform his dame
Of two impostors, p'rhaps, call'd *sin* and *shame*,
Who many a pleasure from our grasp remove,
Pretending to commissions from *above*.

Like this, a secret, could his grace explore,
What a proud day for *us* and Mistress Moore;
For lo, two greater foes we cannot name
To this world's joys than Messieurs Sin and Shame.

Then might we think no more of praise and pray'r,
  But leave at will our Maker in the lurch:
Sleep, racket, lie a bed, or take the air,
  And send our servants and the dogs to church.

Sunday, like other *days*, would then have life:
  Now prim, and starch, and silent, as a quaker—
And gloomy in her looks, as if the wife
  Or widow of an *undertaker*.

Happy should I have been, my liege,
So great a monarch to oblige:
And, sir, between you, and the post,
And me, you don't know what you've lost.

The loss of me, so great a bard,
Is not, O king! to be repair'd.
My verse superior to the hardest rock,
  Nor earthquake fears, nor sea, nor fire;
Surpassing, therefore, Mistress Damer's block,
  That boasts so strong a likeness of you, sire.
That block, so pond'rous, must with age decay,
And all the lines of wisdom wear away:
I grant the lady's loyalty and love;
Yet, 'none but Phidias should attempt a Jove.'

The *Macedonian hero* grac'd the stone
  Of fam'd Praxiteles alone;
Forbidding others to attempt his nob,
It was so great and difficult a job.

Augustus swore an oath so dread,
He'd cut off any poet's head,
But Virgil's, that should dare his praise rehearse,
Or mention ev'n his name in verse.

Then, sir, if I may be a little free,
My art would suit your merits to a T.

Lord! in my adamantine lays
Your virtues would like bonfires blaze——
So firm your tuneful *jeweller* would set 'em,
They'd break the teeth of Time to eat 'em.

Wrapp'd in the splendour of my golden line,
For ever would your majesty be fine!
Appear a gentleman of first repute,
And always glitter in a birth-day suit.

Then to all stories would I give the lie,
  That dar'd attack you, and your fame devour;
Making a king a ninepin in our eye,
  Who ought like Egypt's pyramids to tow'r;
Such as the following fable, for example;
Of impudence, unprecedented sample!

THE ROYAL SHEEP.

Some time ago a dozen lambs,
Two rev'rend patriarchal rams,
And one good motherly old ewe,
Died on a sudden down at *Kew*;

Where, with the sweetest innocence, alas!
Those pretty inoffensive lambs,
And rev'rend horned patriarchal rams,
And motherly old ewe, were nibbling grass:
All, the fair property of our great king,
Whose deaths did much the royal bosom wring.

'Twas said that dogs had tickled them to death;
Play'd with their gentle throats, and stopp'd their breath.

Like Homer's heroes on th' ensanguin'd plain,
Stalk'd Mister Robinson* around the slain!
And never was more frighten'd in his life!
So shock'd was Mister Robinson's whole face,
Not stronger horrors could have taken place,
Had Cerberus devour'd his wife!

With wild, despairing looks, and sighs,
And wet and pity-asking eyes,
He, trembling, to the royal presence ventur'd——
White as the whitest napkin when he enter'd!
White as the man who sought King Priam's bed,
And told him that his warlike son was dead.

'O please your majesty'—he, blubb'ring, cried—
And then stopp'd short——

* The hind.

'What? what? what? what?' the staring king replied—
'Speak, Robinson, speak, speak, what, what's the hurt?'

'O, sire,' said Robinson again——
'Speak'—said the king—'put, put me out of pain—
Don't, don't in this suspense a body keep'——
'O sire!' cried Robinson, 'the sheep! the sheep!'

'What of the sheep?'—replied the king, 'pray, pray,
Dead! Robinson, dead, dead, or run away?'
'Dead! answer'd Robinson; dead! dead! dead! dead!'
Then, like a drooping lily, hung his head!

'How, how?' the monarch ask'd, with visage sad—
'By dogs,' said Robinson, 'and likely mad!'

'No, no, they can't be mad, they can't be mad—
No, no, things arn't so bad, things arn't so bad,'
Rejoin'd the king;
'Off with them quick to market—quick, depart;—
In with them, in, in with them in a cart—
Sell, sell them for as much as they will bring.'

Now to Fleet Market, driving like the wind,
Amidst the murder'd mutton, rode the *hind**,
All in the royal cart so great,
To try to sell the royal meat.

The news of this rare batch of lambs,
And ewe and rams,
Design'd for many a London dinner,
Reach'd the fair ears of Master Sheriff Skinner,
Who, with a hammer and a conscience clear,
Gets glory and ten thousand pounds a year;
And who, if things go tolerably fair,
Will be one day proud *London's* proud *Lord Mayor*.

The alderman was in his pulpit shining,
'Midst gentlemen with nightcaps, hair, and wigs;

* Mister Robinson.

In language most rhetorical defining
  The sterling merit of a lot of pigs:
When suddenly the news was brought,
  That in Fleet Market were unwholesome sheep;
Which made the *preacher* from his pulpit leap,
As nimble as a tailor or as thought.

For justice panting, and unaw'd by fears,
This king, this emperor of auctioneers,
Set off——a furious face, indeed, he put on——
  Like lightning did he gallop up Cheapside!
  Like thunder down through Ludgate did he ride,
To catch the man who sold this dreadful mutton.

Now to Fleet Market full of wrath he came,
  And with the spirit of an ancient Roman,
  Exceeded I believe by no man,
The alderman, so virtuous, cried out '*shame*!'

'D—mme,' to Robinson said Master Skinner,
'Who on such mutton, sir, can make a dinner?'—
          '*You*, if you please,'
Cried Mister Robinson, with perfect ease.

'Sir!'—quoth the red-hot *alderman* again——
'*You*,'—quoth the *hind*, in just the same cool strain.

'Off, off,' cried Skinner, 'with your carrion heap—
Quick, d—mme, take away your nasty sheep.

Whilst I command, not e'en the *king*
Shall such vile stuff to market bring,
And London stalls such garbage put on—
So please to take away your stinking mutton.'

'*You*,' replied Robinson, '*you* cry out "Shame!"
  You blast the sheep, good Master Skinner, pray;
You give the harmless mutton a bad name!
  You impudently order it away!

Sweet Master Alderman, don't make this rout:
Pray clap your spectacles upon your snout;

And then your keen, surveying eyes regale
  With those same fine large letters on the cart
Which brought this blasted mutton here for sale.'—
  Poor Skinner read, and read it with a start.

Like Hamlet, frighten'd at his father's ghost,
The alderman stood staring, like a post;
He saw G. R. inscrib'd, in handsome letters,
Which prov'd the sheep belong'd unto his betters.

The alderman now turn'd to deep reflection,
And being blest with proper recollection,
Exclaim'd—' I've made a great mistake—Oh! sad—
The sheep are really not so bad.

Dear Mister Robinson, I beg your pardon,
Your Job-like patience I've borne hard on;
Whoever says the mutton is not good,
Knows nothing, Mister Robinson, of food;

I verily believe I could turn glutton,
On such neat, wholesome, pretty-looking mutton—
Pray, Mister Robinson, the mutton sell—
I hope, sir, that his majesty is well.'

So saying, Mr. Robinson he quitted,
  With cherubimic smiles and placid brows,
For such embarrassing occasions fitted—
  Adding just five and twenty humble bows.

To work went Robinson to sell the sheep;
But people would not buy, except dog-cheap*:
At length the sheep were sold—without the fleece—
And brought King George just half-a-crown a piece.

Now for the other saucy *lying* story,
Made, one would think, to tarnish kingly glory.

* Indeed the mutton could be sold only for dog's meat.

THE KING AND PARSON YOUNG.

The king (God bless him) met old Parson Young
Walking on Windsor Terrace one fair morning—
Delightful was the day—the scent was strong—
A heavenly day for howling and for horning!
For tearing farmers' hedges down,—hallooings—
Shouts, curses, oaths, and such-like pious doings.

'Young,' cried the *king*, 'd'ye hunt, d'ye hunt to-day?
Yes, yes—what, what? yes, yes, fine day, fine day.'

Low with a rev'rend bow the priest replied,
'Great *king!* I really have no horse to ride;
Nothing, O monarch, but my founder'd mare,
And *she*, my liege, as blind as she can stare.'

'No horse!' rejoin'd the *king*, 'no horse, no horse!'
'Indeed,' the parson added, 'I have none:
Nothing but poor old Dobbin—who of course
Is dangerous—being blinder than a stone.'

'Blind, blind, Young? never mind—you must, must go;
Must hunt, must hunt, Young—Stay behind?—no, no.'

What pity, that the king, in his discourse,
Forgot to say, 'I'll lend ye, Young, a horse!'

The *king* to Young behaving thus so *kind*,
Whate'er the danger, and howe'er inclin'd,
At home with *politesse* Young could not stay—
So up his *rev'rence* got upon the mare,
Resolv'd the chase with *majesty* to share,
And risk the dangers of the day.

Rous'd was the deer!—the *king* and Parson Young,
Castor and Pollux like, rode side by side;
When lo, a ditch was to be sprung!
Over leap'd *George the Third* with kingly pride.

Over leap'd *Tinker*, *Towzer*, *Rockwood*, *Towler*,
Over leap'd *Mendall*, *Brushwood*, *Jubal*, *Jowler*,
Trimbush and *Lightning*, *Music*, *Ranter*, *Wonder*,
And fifty others with their mouths of thunder—

Great names! whose pedigrees so fair,
With those of Homer's heroes might compare.

Thus gloriously attended, leap'd the king,
By all those hounds attended with a spring!—
Not Cæsar's self a fiercer look put on,
When with his host he pass'd the *Rubicon!*

But wayward Fate the parson's palfrey humbled,
And gave the mare a sudden check—
Unfortunately poor blind Dobbin stumbled,
And broke his *reverence's* neck.

The *monarch*, gaping, with amaze look'd round
Upon his dead companion on the ground—
'What, what?' he cried, 'Young dead! Young dead!
Young dead!—
Humph!—take him up—and put him home to bed.'

Thus having finish'd—with a cheerful face
Nimrod the Second join'd the jovial chase.

A MORAL REFLECTION.

Fools would have stopp'd when Parson Young was
kill'd,
And giv'n up ev'ry thought of hound and deer,
And with a weakness, call'd compassion, fill'd,
Had turn'd *Samaritan*, and dropp'd a tear.

But better far the royal sportsman knew—
  He guess'd the consequence, beyond a doubt—
Full well he guess'd he should not have a view,
  And that he should be shamefully thrown out.

P'rhaps from the royal eye a tear *might* hop;
Yet pages swear they never saw it drop.

But majesty may say—'What, what, what's death?
Nought, nought, nought but a little loss of breath.'

To Parson Young 'twas *more*, I'm very clear—
He lost by death some hundred pounds a year.

A great deal, my dear liege, depends
On having clever bards for friends—
What had Achilles been without his Homer?—
A tailor, woollen-draper, or a comber!
Fellows that have been dead a hundred year,
None but the Lord knows how or where.

In Poetry's rich grass how virtues thrive!—
Some when put in, so lean, seem scarce alive;
And yet, so speedily a bulk obtain,
That ev'n their *owners* know them not again.

Could *you*, indeed, have gain'd my muse of *fire*,
Great would your luck have been, indeed, great sire!—
  Then had I prais'd your nobleness of spirit!—
Then had I boasted that myself,
Hight Peter, was the first blest, tuneful elf,
  You ever gave a farthing to for merit.

Though money be a pretty handy tool;
Of mammon, lo! I scorn to be the fool!
If Fortune calls, she's welcome to my cot,
Whether she leaves a guinea or a groat;

Whether she brings me from the butcher's shop
The whole sheep or a simple chop.

For lo! like Andrew Marvel, I can dine,
And deem a mutton-bone extremely fine—
Then, sir, how difficult the task, you see,
To bribe a moderate *gentleman* like *me*.

I will not swear, *point blank*, I shall not alter—
A *saint**—my namesake e'en was known to faulter.

Nay more—some clever men in opposition,
Whose souls did really seem in good condition;
  Who made of Pitt such horrible complaint,
And damn'd him for the worst of knaves;
Alter'd their minds—became Pitt's abject slaves,
  And publish'd their new patron for a *saint*.

And who is there that may not change his mind?
Where can you folks of that description find
Who will not sell their souls for cash,
That most angelic, diabòlic trash!
E'en grave divines submit to glitt'ring gold!
The best of consciences are bought and sold:
As in a tale I'll show, most edifying,
And prove to all the world that I'm not lying.

THE PARSON, THE SQUIRE, AND THE SPANIEL.

A TALE.

A gentleman possess'd a fav'rite spaniel,
That never treated maid nor man ill:
This dog, of whom we cannot too much say,
Got from his godfather the name of *Tray*.

* Saint Peter.

After ten years of service just,
Tray, like the race of mortals, sought the dust—
That is to say, the spaniel died:
  A coffin then was order'd to be made,
  The dog was in the churchyard laid,
And o'er his pale remains the master cry'd.

Lamenting much his trusty fur-clad friend,
And willing to commemorate his end,
He rais'd a small blue stone, just after burial,
And, weeping, wrote on it this sweet memorial:

TRAY's EPITAPH.

Here rest the relics of a friend below,
Blest with more sense than half the folks I know:
Fond of his ease, and to no parties prone,
He damn'd no sect, but calmly gnaw'd his bone;
Perform'd his functions well in ev'ry way——
Blush, *Christians*, if you can, and copy *Tray*.

The curate of the *Huntingtonian* band,
Rare breed of gospel-hawks that scour the land,
And fierce on sins their quarry fall,
Dread locusts, that would eat us all:

Men who, with new-invented patent eyes,
See Heav'n and all the angels in the skies;
As plain as in the box of *showman Swiss*,
For little master made, and curious miss,
We see with huge delight the king of France
With all his lords and ladies dance.

This curate heard th' affair with deep emotion,
And thus exclaim'd, with infinite devotion:
'O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! O Lord!
Fine doings these, upon my word!

This, truly, is a very pretty thing!
  What will become of this most shocking world?
How richly such a rogue deserves to swing,
  And then to Satan's hottest flames be hurl'd!
Oh! by this damned deed how I am hurried!
A dog in Christian ground be buried!
  And have an epitaph forsooth so civil:
Egad! old maids will presently be found
Clapping their dead *ram cats* in holy ground,
  And writing verses on each mousing devil.'

Against such future casualty providing,
The priest set off, like Homer's Neptune, striding,
  Vowing to put the culprit in the court;
He found him at the spaniel's humble grave;
Not praying, no, nor singing of a stave;
  And thus began t' *abuse* him—not *exhort*——

'Son of the Dev'l, what hast thou done?
Nought for the action can atone——
  I should not wonder if the great All-wise
Quick darted down his lightning all so red,
And dash'd to earth that wretched head,
  Which dar'd so foul, so base an act devise.

Bury a dog like Christian folk!——
None but the fiend of darkness could provoke
  A man to perpetrate a deed so odd:
Our inquisition soon the tale shall hear,
And quickly your fine fleece shall shear:
  Why, such a villain can't believe in God!'

'Softly! my rev'rend sir,' the 'squire replied—
'Tray was as good a dog as ever died—
  No education could his morals mend—
And what, perhaps, sir, you may doubt,
Before his lamp of life went out,
  He order'd you a legacy, my friend.'

'Did he?—poor dog!' the soften'd priest rejoin'd,
  In accents pitiful and kind;

'What! was it *Tray?* I'm sorry for poor Tray:—
Why, truly, dogs of such rare merit,
Such real nobleness of spirit,
Should not like common dogs be put away.

Well! pray what was it that he gave,
Poor fellow! ere he sought the grave?
I guess I may put confidence, sir, in ye.'—
'A piece of gold,' the gentleman reply'd—
'I'm much oblig'd to *Tray,*' the parson cry'd;
So left God's *cause,* and pocketed the guinea.

Yet should I imitate the fickle wind,
Or Mister *patriot* Eden—change my mind;
And for the *bard* your majesty should send,
And say, 'Well well, well well, my tuneful friend,
I long, I long, to give you something, Peter—
You make fine verses—nothing can be sweeter—
What will you have? what, what? speak out—speak out—
Yes, yes, you something want, no doubt, no doubt:'

Or should you, like some men who gravely preach,
Forsake your usual short-hand mode of speech,
And thus begin—in Bible-phrase sublime;
'What shall be done for our rare *son of rhime?*
The *bard* who full of wisdom writeth?
The *man* in whom the *king delighteth?*'

Then would the poet thankfully reply,
With fault'ring voice, low bow, and marv'ling eye
All meekness! such a simple, dove like thing!
'Blest be the bard who verses can indite,
To yield a *second Solomon* delight!
Thrice blest, who findeth favour with the king!

Since 'tis the royal will to give the bard
In whom the king delighteth, some reward,
Some mark of royal bounty to requite him;
O king! do any thing but *knight him.*'

PETER's PROPHECY,

OR

THE PRESIDENT AND POET,

OR

AN IMPORTANT EPISTLE TO SIR J. BANKS,

ON THE

APPROACHING ELECTION

OF A

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Tros, Rutilusve fuat, nullo discrimine habebo.
VIRGIL.

Rank is a farce—if people fools will be,
A scavenger and king's the same to *me*.

La Societé Royale de Londres fut formée en 1660, six ans avant notre Académie des Sciences. Elle n'a point de recompences comme la notre: mais aussi elle est libre. Point de ces distinctions désagreables, inventées par l'Abbe Bignon, qui distribua l'Académie des Sciences en *Savans* qu'on payait, et en Honoraires qui n'etoient pas *Savans*. La Societé de

Londres independante, et n'etant encouragée que par elle même, a été composée de sujets qui ont trouvé le Calcul de l'Infini, les Lois de la Lumière, celles de Pesanteur, l'Abberration des Etoiles, la Telescope de Reflexion, la Pompe a Feu, le Microscope Solaire, et beaucoup d'autres inventions aussi utiles qu'admirables. Qu'auroient fait de plus ces *grands hommes* s'ils avoient été pensionnaires ou honoraires?

VOLTAIRE, sur la Societé Royale.

THE ARGUMENT.

A sublime and poetical Exordium, in which the Bard applaudeth himself, condemneth his Sovereign, and condescendeth to instruct Sir Joseph Banks, F. R. S.—Anecdote of Julius Cæsar *and a Conjuror—Peter dwelleth with much Solemnity on the gloomy Month of November, and compareth Sir Joseph Banks to Jupiter and Mr. Squib—Asketh shrewd Questions—Sir Joseph comprehendeth their sage Meaning, and flieth into a Passion, and boasteth how he revengeth himself on the Fun the World enjoyeth at his Expense—Sir Joseph animadverteth wisely on a Fall from the Presidency to the State of a* simple Fellow, *obliquely and nobly hinting at a few* Traits *of his own Character—Peter replieth with good Advice, exhibiting at the same Time acute Knowledge of the sexual System in botanical Affairs—*Sir Joseph *refuseth Peter's Counsel—Peter mentioneth Men of Science, whom Sir Joseph scorneth—Sir Joseph letteth the Cat out of the*

Bag, and showeth Principles inimical to the Cause of true Philosophy, by wishing to make great *Men Fellows, instead of* wise *Men—Peter moralizeth with Profundity, and flappeth the Bugs of Fortune for daring, on Account of their Mammon, to place themselves on a Level with Genius—Sir Joseph maketh more Discovery of his Disposition, by abusing Painting, Poetry, and Music, and wisheth to tread in the Steps of his Sovereign—Peter illustrateth the President's Mode of catching at an Argument, by a beautiful Spider* Simile*—Sir Joseph boasteth of his Tea and Toast Weapons—Peter animadverteth with his usual Wisdom on the miraculous Powers of Meat, when applied to a hungry Stomach—Sir Joseph findeth out a new Road to the Heart—Boasteth of royal Favour—Peter smileth at it, and frighteneth Sir Joseph—Sir Joseph inquireth the World's Opinion of himself—Peter giveth it without Ceremony—Sir Joseph curseth—Peter prayeth him to be quiet, proceedeth, and telleth terrible Things—Sir Joseph sweareth—Praiseth himself—Peter answereth—Sir Joseph praiseth himself again for his being able to lead great Folks by the Nose, and braggeth of royal Whispers—Peter guesseth at the royal Whispers, and expresseth Pleasure thereat—Again boasteth the President of what he can do—Peter solemnly smileth in a superb* Simile *taken from wild beasts—Sir Joseph vaunteth on his great Acquaintance*

with Vegetables and Monkeys—Peter acquiesceth in his Monkey Wisdom, but denieth its Importance, and turneth Butterfly and Egg Knowledges over to idle old Maids—Peter acknowledgeth the Merits of Indian, Booby, and Noddy killing; Lizard, Bat, Scurvygrass, and Ladysmock Hunting, yet differeth with Sir Joseph as to the Idea of its Importance—The President again boasteth—Peter solemnly replieth, and telleth strange Matters of Sir William Hamilton, Sir Joseph breaketh out violently, and with an Air of Defiance, on the Subject of Mr. Herschel—Peter acquiesceth, in some Measure, on the Merits of Mr. Herschel, and prophesieth more Discoveries by this Astronomer than struck the Imagination of Sir Joseph—Peter prophesieth of the future Grandeur of Cheltenham, *by Means of Mills to supply the great* Flux *of People with Paper—Peter giveth more Glory to Mr. Herschel's* Glass, *than to Mr. Herschel's* Head*—Sir Joseph groweth abusive—Peter properly replieth—Sir Joseph again triumpheth—Peter cutteth him down for his Laud on his Grace of Marlborough's Spy-glass Discoveries, and John Hunter's Sows and Partridges—Sir Joseph plumeth himself on Dr. Blagden—Peter praiseth Dr. Blagden—Sir Joseph praiseth Sir Benjamin Thompson, Lord Mulgrave, and the unassuming Quaker Dr. Lettsom; moreover praiseth the Doctor's Hobby Horse, Mangel Worsal, alias*

THE ARGUMENT.

Wurtzel—Sir Joseph inquireth the Merits of Mr. Aubert, the Silkman—Peter smileth, and answereth wittily—Sir Joseph inquireth about Mr. Daines Barrington—Peter answereth in like Manner—Sir Joseph's Ire boileth over—Peter laugheth—Peter cometh to the Point, and telleth the President in plain Terms that he must depend on the many, *more than* one, *meaning our most gracious King—Sir Joseph exclaimeth with his usual Vulgarity, and taxeth the revolting Members with Ingratitude, and flieth to Meat and Drink for his future Supporters—Peter praiseth Meat and Drink, yet insisteth on the Truth of an intended Rebellion—Sir Joseph, in a Strain of Despondency, looketh to the Lord for Support—Peter giveth him no Hopes from that Quarter—Sir Joseph, in a Tyger-like Manner, breaketh out into Rage and Boasting—Peter acknowledgeth his Merits, but informeth the President of their Insufficiency—Sir Joseph voweth to play the Devil—Peter exalteth Sir Joseph's intended Manœuvre by a Comparison of a Miracle frequently worked in Popish Countries on Rats and Grasshoppers—Peter still harpeth on the old String of* something more—*Sir Joseph adduceth more Instances of Merit, such as eating Matters that would make a* Hottentot *vomit—Peter acknowledgeth Sir Joseph's uncommon Stomach-*

THE ARGUMENT.

Powers and Triumphs over Reptiles; but with Obstinacy insisteth upon it that something more must be achieved—The President upon this, most wickedly, yet most heroically, declareth, that he will then swallow an Alligator—Peter dissuadeth Sir Joseph, like a Friend, from his bold Intention, and recommendeth a Meal of a milder Quality.

PETER's PROPHECY.

THE *bard* who fill'd with friendship's purest fire,
Tun'd to a mighty king the moral lyre;
With all the magic of the muse's art,
Smil'd at his foibles and enlarg'd* his heart—
Ungrateful prince! like most of modern times,
Who never thank'd the poet for his rhimes:
The *bard* with wisdom's voice sublimely strong,
Who scar'd the maids of honour with his song,
Turn'd courtiers pale, and turn'd to silent wonder
Ambassadors, at *truth's* deep tone of thunder;
Who in *their* country (such a timid thing!),
Was never known to *whisper* to a king:
The *bard* who dar'd undaunted thus to tow'r,
And boldly oracles to princes pour,
Stoops from the zenith of his eagle flight
To give instructions to a *simple* knight.

* Verily the *lyric bard* hath cause of triumph—by means of a few *hints*, the close fist of *royal economy* hath been a little unclenched. By God's grace, and the poet's good health, *greater* things are likely to be accomplished, such is the power of *song!*

To Cæsar, who th' advice with scorn repaid,
'Beware the *ides of March*,' a conj'ror said.
More rev'renc'd let a *greater* conj'ror say,
'Beware, Sir Joseph Banks, *St. Andrew's day*.'
Near is the gloomy month, and gloomy hour,
When of your plumage stripp'd, and fav'rite pow'r,
You quit that mace and pompous chair of state,
And cease Lord Paramount of Moth debate,
That awe-inspiring hammer'd fist to rear,
Like scepter'd Jove, and Squib the *auctioneer!*

SIR JOSEPH.

Well! what's *November's** gloomy month or hour!
The day which ravishes, restores my pow'r.

PETER.

Perchance ambition may be doom'd to mourn!
Perchance your honours may no more return!
Think what a host of enemies you make!
What feeling mind would be a *bull* at stake?
Pinch'd by this mongrel, by that mastiff torn:
Who'd make a feast to treat the public scorn?
Who'd be a *bear* that grasps his club with pride
With which his *dancing master* drubs his hide?
None, dear Sir Joseph, but the arrant'st fool
Turns butt to catch the shafts of ridicule.

SIR JOSEPH.

Your meaning, friend, I easily divine!

PETER.

Yes, quit for life the chair—resign, resign.

SIR JOSEPH.

No! with contempt the grinning world I see,
And always laugh at *those* who laugh at *me*.

* On the thirtieth of November the president is annually elected.

PETER.

To steal a point then, may I never thrive
But you must be the *merriest* man alive.

SIR JOSEPH.

Good!—but, my friend, 'twould be a black Novem-
To lose the chair, and sneak a vulgar member; [ber,
Sit on a bench *mumchance* without my hat*,
Sunk from a lion to a tame tom cat:
Just like a schoolboy trembling o'er his book,
Afraid to move, or speak, or think, or look,
When Mr. President, with mastiff air,
Vouchsafes to grumble 'Silence' from the chair.

PETER.

All this is mortifying to be sure,
And more than flesh and blood can well endure!
Then to your turnip fields in peace retire:
Return like Cincinnatus, country 'squire:
Go with your wisdom, and amaze the boors
With appletree, and shrub, and flow'r amours;
And tell them all, with wide-mouth'd wonder big,
How gnats can make a cuckold of a fig†.
Form fly clubs, shell clubs, weed clubs, if you please,
And proudly reign the *president* of *these:*
Go, and with periwinkle wisdom charm;
With loves of lobsters, oysters, crabs, alarm;
And tell them how, like *ours*, the females woo'd,
By kissing, people all the realms of mud:
Thus, though proud London dares refuse you fame,
The towns of Lincolnshire shall raise your name,
Knock down the bear, and bull, and calf, and king,
And bid Sir Joseph on their signposts swing.

* The president always wears his hat.
† See the natural history of the fig.

SIR JOSEPH.

No! since I've fairly mounted Fortune's mast,
Till fate shall chop my hands off, I'll hold fast.

PETER.

And yet, Sir Joseph, fame reports you stole
To Fortune's topmast through the *lubberhole**.
Think of the men, whom science so reveres!
Horsley, and Wilson, Maskelyne, Maseres,
Landen, and Hornsby, Atwood, Glenie, Hutton,–

SIR JOSEPH

Blockheads! for whom I do not care a button!
Fools, who to *mathematics* would confine us,
And *bother* all our ears with *plus* and *minus*.

PETER.

No more they search the philosophic mine,
To bid the journals with their labours shine,
And yield a glorious splendor to the page,
Such as when Newton, Halley grac'd the age!
Retir'd, those members now behold with sighs
The dome, like Egypt, swarm with frogs and flies;
And *you*, the Pharaoh too without remorse,
The stubborn parent of the reptile curse;
See wisdom yield to folly's rude control;
Jove's eagle murder'd by a mousing owl †.

SIR JOSEPH.

Poh! poh! my friend, I've star-gazers enough;
I now look round for diff'rent kind of stuff:
Besides—*untitled* members are mere swine;
I wish for *princes* on my list to shine;
I'll have a company of stars and strings;
I'll have a proud society of *kings!*

* A part of the ship well-known to seamen.
† Vide Shakespeare.

I'll have no miserable squeal tomtit,
Whilst Fortune offers pheasants to my spit!
For me, the dev'l may take a nameless fry—
No sprats, no sprats, whilst whales can feast my eye.

PETER.

Thus on a stall, amidst a country fair,
Old women show of gingerbread their ware!
King David and Queen Bathsheba behold,
Strut from their dough majestic, grac'd with gold!
King Solomon so great in all his glory,
The Queen of Sheba too, renown'd in story!
The grannies these display with doting eyes;
Delighted see them all the louts surprise;
Whilst no poor bak'd Plebeian, great or small,
Dares shows his sneaking nose upon the stall!

Sir Joseph, do not fancy, that by fate
Great wisdom goes with titles and estate!
I grant that pride and insolence appear
Where purblind Fortune thousands gives a year.
Too many of Fortune's insects have I seen,
Proud of some little name, with scornful mien,
High o'er the head of modest genius rise,
Pert, foppish, whiffling, flutt'ring butterflies!
Weak imps! on whom, their planets all so kind,
In pity to their poverty of mind,
Around them treasure bountifully shed,
Convinc'd the fools would want a bit of bread.

SIR JOSEPH.

Since truth must out, then know, my biting friend,
Philosophers my soul with horror rend;
Whene'er their mouths are open'd, I am mum—
Plague take 'em, should a *president* be dumb,
I loath the arts—the universe may know it—
I hate a painter, and I hate a poet—
To these two ears, a bear Marchesi growls,
Mara and Billington a brace of owls.

To circles of pure ignorance conduct me;
I hate the company that can *instruct* me;
I wish to imitate my king, so *nice*,
Great prince, who ne'er was known to take advice!
Who keeps no company (delightful plan!)
That dares be wiser than himself, good man!

PETER.

In troth Sir Joseph, I have often seen ye
Look in debate a *little* like a ninny,
Struggling to grasp the sense with mouth, hands, eyes,
And with the philosophic speaker rise;
Just like a spider brush'd by Susan's broom,
That tries to claw its thread, and mount the room,
Poor sprawling reptile, but with humbled air
Condemn'd to sneak away behind a chair.

SIR JOSEPH.

Still to the point—a rout let *fellows* make;
My pow'r is too well fix'd for *such* to shake;
My sure artill'ry hath o'ercome a *host*.

PETER.

I own the great, past pow'rs of tea and toast!
Ven'son's a Cæsar in the fiercest fray:
Turtle an Alexander in its way:
And then, in quarrels of a slighter nature,
Mutton's a most successful mediator!
So much superior is the stomach's smart
To all the vaunted horrors of the heart;
E'en *love*, who often triumphs in his grief,
Hath ceas'd to feed on sighs to feed on beef.

SIR JOSEPH.

Yes, yes, my friend, my tea and butter'd rolls
Have found an easy pass to people's souls:
My well-tim'd dinners (*certain folks* revere)
Have left this easy bosom nought to fear.

The turnpike road to people's hearts I find,
Lies through their guts, or I mistake mankind;
Besides, whilst thus I boast my sov'reign's smile,
Let raggamuffins rage, and rogues revile.

PETER.

Alas! Sir Joseph! grant the *king* you please,
Which ev'ry courtier's eye with envy sees;
A glorious thing too, no man can deny it;
Though no man ever got a sixpence by it;
Yet of our lucky island, *certain kings,*
Far from *all*-mighty, are not *mighty* things;
And though with many a wren you make him blest,
And many a tomtit's egg and tomtit's nest;
And many a monkey stuff'd to make him grin,
And many a flea and beetle on a pin;
And promise (to cajole the royal mind)
To make his butcher member, and his hind;
It is not *he*, with Polyphemus-stare,
And stern command, perpetuates the chair!
I know that disaffection taints the throng,
And know the world is lavish in its tongue.

SIR JOSEPH.

Ah! tell me fairly without more delay,
What 'tis the blackguard world hath dar'd to say;
Perhaps a pretty devil I'm portray'd;
The world's free brush deals damnably in shade.

PETER.

Thus, then, 'How dares that man his carcase squat,
Bold in the sacred chair where Newton sat;
Whose eye could *Nature's* darkest veil pervade,
And, sun-like, view the solitary *maid*;
Pursue the wand'rer through each secret maze,
And on her labours dart a noontide blaze?
When to the chair Banks forc'd his bold ascent,
He crawl'd a *bug* upon the *monument*.'

SIR JOSEPH.

Curse them!—

PETER.

Have patience, dear Sir Joseph, pray!
I have not mention'd half the people say:—
Thus then again, 'He beats the bears, so rude,
With bulldog aspect, and with brains of mud:
His words, like stones for pavements, make us start;
Rude, roughly rumbling, tumbling from the cart;
Who for importance all his lungs employs,
And think that words, like drums, were made for
noise.
A fellow so unqualified to shine!
Who never to the Journals gave a line;
But into *Sweden* cast a fox-like look,
And caught Goose Dryander to write his book*.
Such is the *mania* for the claps of fame,
So sought by many a 'squire and gentle dame,
Resembling beggars that on alms grow fat;
Who, if too weak *themselves* to make a brat,
Buy children up to melt the trav'ler's eye,
And from his pocket call the charity.

Through *him* each trifle-hunter that can bring
A grub, a weed, a moth, a beetle's wing,
Shall to a *fellow's* dignity succeed;
Witness Lord Chatham and his *piss-a-bed* †!
How had he pow'rs to muster up the face
To ask a *president's* important place?

* A most pompous birth in the Botanical way is to make its appearance soon; Sir Joseph the reputed father, though Jonas Dryander, the Swede, his secretary, begets it.

† *Vulgarly* called *dandelion*. Something of this kind (a most wonderful species!) was presented by the eldest born of the great Pitt, for which he was created F. R. S.

How with a matchless insolence to dare
Abuse and jostle Pringle* from the chair?
A moth-hunter, a crab-catcher, a bat,
That owes its sole existence to a gnat!
A hunter of the meanest reptile breed,
A f—l that crosses oceans for a weed!

Once tow'ring *Science* made Crane Court† her home,
And heav'n-born *Wisdom* patroniz'd the dome;

* About the year 1779, conductors were ordered to be placed near all our magazines, to secure them from the effects of lightning. A question then arose, *which* would best succeed, *blunt* or *pointed* conductors. Sir John Pringle, with the sensible part of the Society, were of opinion, as, indeed, was Dr. Franklin, that points were preferable—Sir Joseph Banks and his party roared loudly for the blunts.—The dispute ran so high, that his majesty took a part in it; and being rather *partial* to *blunt conductors*, thought to put an end to the matter by giving his own peremptory decision, and announcing to the world the superiority of *nobs*. To confirm his *great* and *wise* opinion, *nobs* were actually fixed on iron rods at the end of Buckingham House. This, however, was not all; on the birth-day, his majesty desired Sir John to give it to the world as the opinion of the Royal Society, that Dr. Franklin was *wrong*. The president replied, like a man, that it was not in his power to reverse the order of nature. The sovereign could not easily see that, and therefore repeated his commands.—Teased by the king from time to time to oppose the decided opinion of the rebellious Franklin, and the laws of nature; and constantly barked at by Sir Joseph and his moth-hunting phalanx, he resigned the chair and returned to Scotland.—The honour was instantaneously snapped at and caught by the present possessor, such as he is!

† The Royal Society's rooms are removed from Crane Court to Somerset Place.

With awful aspect at the portal shone,
And to her mansion woo'd the wise alone;
Now at the door see moon-ey'd *Folly* grin,
Inviting birds'-nest hunters to come in:
Idiots who specks on eggs devoutly ken,
And furbish up a folio on a wren.'
You see the world, Sir Joseph, scorns to flatter—

SIR JOSEPH.

By G-d! I think it hath not minc'd the matter.
Yet, by the Pow'r who made me, Peter, know,
I'm honour'd, star'd at, wheresoe'er I go!
Soon as a room I enter, lo, all ranks
Get up to compliment Sir Joseph Banks!—

PETER.

And then sit down again, I do suppose;
And then around the room a whisper goes,
'Lord, that's Sir Joseph Banks!—how grand his look
Who sail'd all round the world with Captain Cook!

SIR JOSEPH.

Zounds! what the devil's fame if this be not?

PETER.

Sir Joseph, prithee don't be such a sot—
Those wonderful admirers, man, were dozens
Of fresh imported, staring country cousins;
To London come, the waxwork to devour,
And see their brother beasts within the Tow'r:
True fame is praise by men of *wisdom* giv'n,
Whose souls display some workmanship of Heav'n;
Not by the wooden million—Nature's chips,
Whose twilight souls are ever in eclipse;
Puppies! who, though on idiotism's dark brink,
Because they've *heads*, dare fancy they can *think*.

SIR JOSEPH.

What though unletter'd*, I can lead the herd,
And laugh at half the members to their beard.
Frequent to court I go, and midst the ring,
I catch most gracious whispers from the *king*—

PETER.

And well (I think) I hear each precious speech,
In sentiment sublime, and language rich;
'What's new, Sir Joseph? what, what's new found out?
What's the society, what, what about?
Any more monsters, lizard, monkey, rat,
Egg, weed, mouse, butterfly, pig, what, what, what?
Toad, spider, grasshopper, Sir Joseph Banks?
Any more thanks, more thanks, more thanks, more thanks?
You still eat raw flesh, beetle, viper, bat,
Toad, tadpole, frog, Sir Joseph, what, what, what?'

Such is the language of the first of kings,
That many a sighing heart with envy stings!
And much I'm pleas'd to fancy that I hear
Such wise and gracious whispers greet your ear:
Yet if the greater part of members growl,
Though owls themselves, and curse *you* for an owl;
And bent the great Sir Joseph Banks to humble,
Behold the *Giant President* must tumble.

SIR JOSEPH.

Zounds! sir, the *great-ones* to my whistle come;
I have 'em ev'ry one beneath my thumb.

* In spite of our objection to Sir Joseph as a President, we must allow his candour in acknowledging himself *unlettered*, as he really was refused his degree at *Cambridge*, though every interest was implored to make him pass muster.

Electors, Margraves, Princes, grace my list,
And shall a few poor ragged rogues resist,
Because (a flock of astronomic gulls)
The cobweb mathematics cloud their skulls?
The *great*, when beckon'd to, my cause shall aid,
And happy think themselves with *thanks* o'erpaid:
These shall arise, and with a single frown,
Beat the bold front of opposition down.

PETER.

Thus by a word, the *showman* at the Tow'r
Exerts on brother savages his pow'r;
Bids Nero, Cæsar, Pompey, spread their paws,
And show the dangers of their gaping jaws!

SIR JOSEPH.

By heav'ns! I've merit, say whate'er you please!
Can name the vegetable tribes with ease—
What monkey walks the woods or climbs a tree
Whose genealogy 's unknown to *me?*

PETER.

I grant you, sir, in monkey knowledge great;
Yet say, should monkeys give you Newton's seat?
Such merit scarcely is enough to dub
A man a member of a country club.

With novel specks on eggs to feast the eye,
Or gaudy colours of a butterfly,
Or new-found fibre of some grassy blade,
Well suits the idle hours of some old maid
(Whose sighs each lover's vanish'd sighs deplore),
To murder time when Cupids kill no more;
Not men, who, lab'ring with a Titan mind,
Should scale the skies to benefit mankind.
I grant you full of anecdote, my friend—
Bon mots, and wondrous stories without end;
Yet if a tale can claim, or jest so rare,
Ten thousand gossips might demand the chair.

To shoot at boobies*, noddies, with such luck,
And pepper a poor Indian like a duck;
To hunt for days a lizard or a gnat,
And run a dozen miles to catch a bat;
To plunge in marshes, and to scale the rocks,
Sublime, for scurvygrass and lady-smocks†,
Are matters of proud triumph, to be sure,
And such as *Fame's* fair volume should secure:
Yet to my mind, it is not such a feat,
As gives a man a claim to Newton's seat.

SIR JOSEPH.

Yet are there men of genius who support me!
Proud of my friendship, see Sir William court me!

PETER.

Great in the eating knowledge all allow;
Who sent you once the *sumen*‡ of a sow;
Far richer food than pigs that lose their breath,
Whipp'd, like poor soldiers on parades, to death.

* 'Great and manifold were Sir Joseph's triumphs over these defenceless animals,' says Dr. Hawkesworth's most miserable account; which might more properly be christened 'The History of Sir Joseph Banks,' so much, indeed, is Sir Joseph the *hero* of the tale.

† See Hawkesworth's account of Captain Cook's voyage.

‡ Sir W. Hamilton, who sent Sir Joseph from Italy this precious present—The mode of making it properly is, by tying the teats of a sow, soon after she hath littered, continuing the ligature till the poor creature is nearly exhausted with torture, and then cutting her throat. The effects of the milk diffused through this belly part are so delicious, as to be thought to make ample atonement for the barbarity.

Sir William, hand and glove with *Naples' king!*
Who made with rare antiques the nation ring;
Who when *Vesuvius* foam'd with melted matter,
March'd up and clapp'd his nose into the *crater*,
Just with the same *sang froid* that Joan the cook
Casts on her dumplings in the crock a look.

But more the world reports (I hope untrue)
That half Sir William's mugs and gods are *new*;
Himself the baker of th' Etrurian ware,
That made our British antiquarians stare;
Nay, that he means ere long to cross the main,
And at his Naples oven sweat again;
And by his late successes render'd bolder,
To bake *new* mugs, and gods some ages *older!*

SIR JOSEPH.

God bless us! what to Herschel dare you say?
The astronomic genius of the day,
Who soon will find more wonders in the skies,
And with more *Georgium Siduses* surprise?

PETER.

More Ætnas in the moon—*more* cinder loads!
Perhaps mail coaches on her turnpike roads,
By some great Lunar Palmer taught to fly,
To gain the gracious glances of the eye
Of some penurious prince of high degree,
And charm the monarch with a *postage free*;
Such as to *Chelt'nam* waters urg'd their way,
Where Cloacina holds her *easy* sway;
Where paper mills shall load with wealth the town,
And ev'ry shop shall deal in *whitish-brown*;
Where for the coach the *king* was wont to watch,
Loaded with fish, fowl, bacon, and dispatch *;

* Mr. Palmer very *generously* offered his *sovereign* a mail coach to carry letters and dispatches to and from Cheltenham—the offer was *too great* to be re-

Eggs and small beer, potatoes, too, a store,
That cost in *Chelt'nam* market twopence more;
Converting thus a coach of matchless art,
With two rare geldings, to a *sutler's cart*—
But, voluble Sir Joseph—not so fast—
The fame of Herschel is a dying blast:
When on the moon he first began to peep,
The wond'ring world pronounc'd the gazer deep:
But wiser now th' *un*-wond'ring world, alas!
Gives all poor Herschel's glory to his *glass*;
Convinc'd his boasted astronomic strength,
Lies in his *tube's**, not *head's* prodigious length.

SIR JOSEPH.

What, niggard, not on Herschel fame bestow,
So curious a discov'rer?—

PETER.

No! man, no!
Give it to Mudge†, whose head contains more nous
Than (trust me) ever lodg'd in Herschel's house.

fused—a splendid carriage was built for the occasion: his most œconomic majesty, however, wisely knowing that something more than a few letters might be contained in Mr. Palmer's vehicle, converted it, as the poet hath observed, into a cart, and saved many a sixpence.

* We would not detract from Mr. Herschel's *real* merit.—By a true German cart-horse labour, he made a little improvement on Dr. Mudge's method of constructing mirrors; such are this gentleman's pretensions to a niche in the temple of Fame.—As for his mathematical abilities, they can scarcely be called the *shadows* of science.

† Dr. Mudge of Plymouth.

SIR JOSEPH.

Lo, at my call the noble Marlb'rough's vote,
Whose observations much our fame promote.

PETER.

Who from his Blenheim chimneys wonders spies—
The *daily advertiser* of the skies:
Who equals his great ancestor in head;
A hero* who could neither write nor read:
Thus equal form'd, to all the world's surprise;
As one *swept* earth, the other *sweeps* the skies.

SIR JOSEPH.

Hunter † with fish intrigues our house regales—

PETER.

The tender history of cooing whales‡!—

SIR JOSEPH.

Great in the noble art of gelding sows!—

PETER.

And giving to the boar a barren spouse!

* The famous Duke of Marlborough was reported to have been a very illiterate man; which shows that a head-piece for the arts and sciences, and a head-piece for facing cannon balls, are wisely formed of different materials.

† John Hunter actually received the Society's gold medal for three papers, viz. on sow-gelding; on the wolf, jackall, and dog; *proving incontestably*, what the world knew before, that the aforesaid animals were *bonâ fide* of the same species: and on the loves of whales.

‡ See article 30, 1780, in the Philosophical Trans-

Who proves, what many unbelievers shocks,
That age converts hen pheasants into cocks!
And why not, since it is denied by no man,
That age hath made John Hunter an *old woman?*

Believe me, full as well might papists bring
Quills from a *seraph's* tail, or *cherub's* wing;
Saint Dunstan's crab stick, which the saint, uncivil,
Broke on the back of our great foe, the Devil;
Saint Andrew's toe, Saint Agatha's old smock,
And stones that rattled round Saint Stephen's block;
Saint Joseph's sighs so deep, preserv'd in bottles,
Amounting, legends say, to many pottles;
Caught as the *saint* with all his might and main,
Was cleaving billets for his fire in twain;
Or bones* from catacombs to form new saints,
To cure, like all quack medicines, all complaints!
Such might the Journals of the house record,
As well as Hunter's wondrous *cock-hen bird.*

SIR JOSEPH.

Like Blagden who can write and deeply think?

PETER.

Who write like *him* on iron moulds and ink†?
See shirts and shifts by iron moulds that rot,
By Blagden's wisdom lose each yellow spot!
For this shall laundry virgins lift their voice;
Napkins and damask table-cloths rejoice;

actions, where Mr. John Hunter gives a wonderful account of a pheasant with three legs, that by age changed from a *female* to a *male.*

* In 1762, four hundred saints were recruited. Such was the extraordinary harvest of baptized and canonized bones from the catacombs at Rome. *Vid.* Religious Rites and Ceremonies.

† *Vid.* article 39, 1787, of the Philos. Trans.

Robins and caps, and sheets, and pillow cases,
Lose their sad stains, and smile with lily faces
Lo! to improve of man the soaring mind,
For sacred science, to his skin unkind,
Did Doctor Blagden in an oven* bake,
Brown as burnt coffee or a barley cake,
Whilst down his nose projecting, sweat in rills
Unsav'ry flow'd like hartshorn streams from stills.

SIR JOSEPH.

Great duckweed Thompson†, all my soul revere!
And Mulgrave charms me with his arctic bears.
My eyes with shells, lo! limpet Davies greets!
And Doctor Lettsom with his rare horse beets!
Beets, that with shame our parsnips shall o'erwhelm,
And fairly drive potatoes from the realm!
Beets! in whose just applauses we are hoarse all;
Such are the wondrous pow'rs of *mangel worsal*‡.

PETER.

Beets that shall keep gaunt *Famine* to his east,
And make him on Gentoos, as usual, feast;
Whilst ev'ry lucky *Briton* that one meets,
Shall strut a Falstaff, such the pow'r of beets!
Beets, that must bring the Quaker wealth and fame,
And give his cheek the virgin glow of shame;
Who ne'er, meek man, was known a face to push,
Nor hear his own applause without a blush!
Beets, that shall form an *epoch* in our times,
And thus by Peter prais'd, embalm his rhimes!

* The doctor's body in the hot oven, with his nose projecting from the hole for air, would be no bad subject for the graver.

† Sir Benjamin, a second Linnæus.

‡ The more pompous name of the beet.

SIR JOSEPH.

Then, what of Aubert* think you, that great man,
Whose broad eye deems creation scarce a span?

PETER.

Who weekly with his watch is seen to run,
The little pupil of a Greenwich sun,
To learn the motions of old Time, and mock
The *fatal* errors of each London clock.
Thus Lubin from his solitary down,
Leads *little* Lubin to a neighb'ring town:
The lad with ecstasy surveys the scene,
Then home returning, with triumphant mien,
Corrects his mother's, sister's conversations,
And wonders at his ignorant relations.
Aubert who meriteth, indeed, applause!
Full of high-sounding phrases, and wise *saws*;
Who from his cradle learn'd the stars to lisp,
And to a meteor † turn'd a will-o-wisp!

SIR JOSEPH.

Pray, then, what think ye of our famous Daines?

PETER.

Think of a man deny'd by nature brains!

* A silk merchant, and F. R. S. who every Sunday, wet or dry, cloudy or sunshine, calm or windy, visits Greenwich, to catch the sun on the meridian; —such is this gentleman's rage for the art, that he now has at *Loampit-Hill*, near Greenwich, two thousand pounds' worth of astronomical instruments.

† One fortunate evening, as he was returning from his beloved observatory, a jack-a-lantern sprung up and played some tricks before the philosophical silkman, whose optics being apt to magnify objects, converted it into an amazing meteor, with which the royal Journals soon after *blazed*.

Whose trash so oft the royal leaves disgraces:
Who knows not jordens brown, from Roman vases!
About old pots his head for ever puzzling,
And boring earth, like pigs for truffles muzzling*;
Who likewise from old urns to crotchets leaps,
Delights in music, and at concerts sleeps†.

SIR JOSEPH.

Zounds! 'tis in vain, I see, to utter praise!—

PETER.

Then mention some one who deserves my lays.

SIR JOSEPH.

Know then, I've sent to distant parts to find
Beings the most uncommon of their kind:
The greatest monsters of the land and water—

PETER.

The beautiful deformities of nature!
Birds without heads, and tails, and wings, and legs,
Tremendous Cyclop pigs, and speckless eggs,
Snails from Japan, and wasps, and Indian jays,
Command attention, and excite our praise:
Chopsticks and backscrapers are curious things;
Scalps, and tobaccopipes, and Indian strings,
Such, as to charm the wond'ring cits we see,
Where Don Saltero‡ gives his Sunday tea;

* There are pigs kept expressly for hunting truffles in some parts of England.

† Such are the powers of somnolency over Mr. Daines Barrington,—at several of the Hanover-square concerts hath the Lyric Peter seen the *antiquarian* in *seeming* musical speculation, but verily employed in a most comfortable nap.

‡ At Chelsea.

Great Don Saltero, name of high renown,
Who treats too, with immortal rolls the town!

Rare are the buttons of a Roman's breeches,
In antiquarian eyes surpassing riches:
Rare is each crack'd, black, rotten, earthen dish,
That held of ancient Rome the flesh and fish:
Rare are the talismans that drove the Devil,
And rare the bottles that contain'd old snivel.
Owls' heads, and snoring frogs, preserv'd in spirits,
Most certainly are not without their merits;
Yet these to gain, and give to public view,
Lo! Parkinson knows full as well as you;
As did Sir Ashton fam'd, whose mental pow'r
Just reach'd to tell us by the clock the hour.

SIR JOSEPH.

Poh! p-x, don't laugh—such things are rich and scarce—
Be something sacred—let not all be farce.

PETER.

Sir Joseph, I *must* laugh when things like these
Beyond sublimities have pow'r to please:
To crowd with such-like *littleness* your walls,
Is putting Master Punch into St. Paul's.
Yet, to the point—the place on which you dote
Hath been for ever carried by the vote—
Know then, your *parasites* begin to bellow,
And call you openly a shallow fellow:
In vain to fav'ring majesty you fly,
'Tis on the *many* that you must rely:
E'en *blockheads* blush, so much are they asham'd—

SIR JOSEPH.

They and their modest blushes may be d—n'd.
Ungrateful scoundrels! eat my rolls and butter,
And daring thus their insolences mutter!

Swallow my turtle and my beef by pounds,
And tear my venison like a pack of hounds;
Yet have the impudence, the brazen face,
To say I am not fitted for the place?
In God's name let my wine in torrents flow!
E'en be my house a *tavern* in *Soho!*
Of daily venison let me try the force,
And keep an open house for man and horse.
Oh! let me hold by any means the chair!—
To keep *that* honour *every* thing I dare.

PETER.

I own that nothing like good cheer succeeds—
A man's a *God* whose hogshead freely bleeds;
Champaigne can consecrate the damned'st evil:
A hungry parasite adores a *devil*;
In radiant virtues his poor host arrays,
And smooths him with the gossimer of praise;
Stuff'd to the throat till repetition tires,
And *Gluttony's* huge greasy wish expires;
Apostate then, the knave denies his church,
And leaves his saint, with laughter, in the lurch.

In short, your gormandizers and your drinkers
Quit their old faith, and turn out rank freethinkers.
Dead is the novelty of fine fat haunches,
And truth no longer sacrific'd to paunches:
Asham'd, at length, the sad, repentant *sinners*
All blush to barter flatt'ry for good dinners:
No charms surround the knocker of your door,
That beam'd with honour, but now beams no more!

SIR JOSEPH.

Betray'd by those on whom my all depends!—

PETER.

Betray'd, like Cæsar, by his bosom friends!

SIR JOSEPH.

Though man, ungrateful man, his aid deny;
The *Pow'r* whose wisdom rules yon lofty sky,
May grant his gracious and protecting pow'r,
And aid my efforts in the trying hour!

PETER.

Left by your earthly friends, I fear your pray'rs,
Most *pious president*, won't mend affairs:
The *Pow'r* you mention, with all-seeing eyes,
Well knows your little rev'rence for his skies*.
Thus may your pray'rs be vain, however hearty;—
Besides, *Heav'n* oft'nest joins the strongest party.

SIR JOSEPH.

'Sblood! have I practis'd ev'ry art in vain?
Undaunted fac'd the dangers of the main?—

PETER.

And fac'd Queen Oborea in the boat,
And lost your shoes and stockings, and your coat;
A circumstance that much the tale enriches,
But providentially preserv'd your breeches!
For unknown weeds, dar'd unknown paths explore,
And frighten'd Cannibals from shore to shore;
On each new island clapp'd King George's seal,
A sharp impression too of *hardest steel*;
Whilst Witness Pistol and his brother Gun
Look'd with a *pointed* approbation on,
A decent method of appropriation,
And adding glory to the British nation!
True, you have try'd to be as great as *he*,
The vent'rous Trojan, sport of wind and sea,

* The poet here most facetiously and beautifully alludes to the secession of the astronomical geniuses from the Society.

Who left old Troy, his parish, far from home,
To find a lodging for imperial Rome;—
Yet are those feats what vulgars term *a bore:*
Stale stuff—the members look for something more.
I grant you naked with your servants pranc'd,
To show how folks at Otaheité danc'd;
And much the smiling audience you amus'd,
Though *decency*, indeed, the dance abus'd:
She, blushing damsel, turn'd her head aside,
And wish'd a whip to ev'ry hopping hide.
Grant that you sent, to charm the public eye,
Egyptian stones*, that form'd for hogs a stye;
With seeming hieroglyphics on their faces,
That prov'd unfortunately pigs'-feet traces:
Yet lo! like bullocks in a fair, they roar,
Or vacate bid you, or do something more.

SIR JOSEPH.

'Sdeath, then, I'll spit in ev'ry blockhead's face;
Kick them, and purge the dwelling from disgrace.

PETER.

Thus when a host of grasshoppers and rats,
By men undaunted, unabash'd by cats,
In hopping, and in running legions pours,
Affrights the Papists, and their grass devours;
Lo, arm'd with pray'rs to thunder in their ears,
A bishop boldly meets the buccaneers;
Sprinkles his holy water on the sod,
And drives, and damns them, in the name of God†!

* Sir Joseph sent some *curious* Egyptian stones to the British Museum; such was his zeal for the honour of hieroglyphics; but as that building possesses already as much of the *antique* as it can *well authenticate*, they were returned in a cart upon his hands.

† This is actually done in Roman Catholic coun-

You purge the tainted dwelling from disgrace,
By boldly spitting in each member's face!
Where, *sweet* Sir Joseph, will you find the spittle,
Since what would float the Albion* were too little?

With solemn, sentimental step, so slow,
I see you through the streets of London go,
With poring, studious, staring, earth-nail'd eye,
As heedless of the mob that bustles by;
This *was* a scheme of wisdom, let me say,
But lo, this trap for fame hath had its day;
And let me tell you, what I've urg'd before,
The restless members look for something more.

SIR JOSEPH.

Zounds! ha'nt I swallow'd raw flesh like a hound?
On vilest reptiles rung the changes round?
Eat ev'ry filthy insect you can mention;
Tarts made of grasshoppers, my own invention?
Frogs; tadpoles by the spoonful, long-tail'd imps;
And munch'd cockchaffers just like prawns or shrimps?

PETER.

In troth, I've seen you many a reptile eat,
And heard you call the dirty dish a treat;
Oft have I seen you meals on monkeys make;
Nay, Hercules surpass—*devour* your *snake*;
And make as little of a toad or viper,
As pelicans of mack'rel or a piper;

tries by order of the church. In some places two attorneys are employed in the affair of the grasshoppers; one for the grasshoppers, the other for the people: but it is the fate of the grasshoppers to have the worst of it, as they are always *anathematized*, and ordered to be excommunicated if they do not quit the place within a certain number of days.

* One of our first rates.

And wriggling round your mouth its little claws,
Have heard a bat cry 'Murder!' in your jaws:
Yet, hear, Sir Joseph, what I've said before,
The blushing members look for something more.

SIR JOSEPH.

Hell seize the pack!—unconscionable dogs!—
Snakes, spiders, beetles, chaffers, tadpoles, frogs,
All swallow'd to display what *man* can *do*,
And must the villains still have something new?—
Tell, then, each pretty *president creator*,
G-d d-mn him, that I'll eat an *alligator!*

PETER.

Sir Joseph, pray don't eat an alligator—
Go swallow somewhat of a *softer* nature;
Feast on the arts and sciences, and learn
Sublimity from trifle to discern:
With shells, and flies, and daisies, cover'd o'er,
Let pert Queen Fiddlefaddle rule no more:

Thus shall *philosophy* her suffrage yield,
Sir Joseph wear his hat*, and hammer wield;
No more shall *Wisdom* on the Journals stare,
Nor Newton's† image blush behind the *chair*.

* The President has the inestimable and sole privilege of sitting covered at the Royal Society's meeting.—The hammer forms a part of the *regalia*, to command silence, and rouse the members from their happy slumbers, whilst their secretary, Dr. Blagden, proclaims *rare news* from the moth, bat, butterfly, and spider countries.

† The picture of this great man is immediately behind the chair of the *president*.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS

AND

THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO,

A TALE.

Non omnia possumus omnes.

One intellect not all things comprehends:
The genius form'd for weeds, and grubs, and flies,
Can't have for ever at its finger ends
What's doing ev'ry moment in the skies.

THE ARGUMENT.

Peter *the* Great *fighteth the President's Battle —proclaimeth some of the President's Powers — viz. his persevering Tooth and Nail Powers—his Stomach Powers—his Face Powers—his Hammer Powers, triumphing over the Powers of* Morpheus, *and* eke *his courageous Powers.*

Peter beginneth the Tale—Sir Joseph proceedeth to hunt—but first ejaculateth—The Virtuoso's Prayer—Sir Joseph's Insect Euthusiasm induceth him, contrary to his general Piety, to pray wickedly, by selfishly wishing to gratify his own Desires at the Expense of the Farmers—Sir Joseph prayeth for Pharaoh's Flies—condemneth Pharaoh's Taste—maketh Interest for Showers of Flies, instead of Quails—prayeth for Monsters, and promiseth them the Honour of his Name.

Sir Joseph, in a Pointer-like Manner, ambulateth —he espieth the Emperor of Morocco—Peter conjectureth as to Sir Joseph's Joy on the Occa-

sion—compareth Sir Joseph's Joy with that experienced by Archimedes, Hare-hunters, outrageously-virtuous old Maids, the little Duke of Piccadilly, a Pimp, Mother Windsor's Virgins, and Mother Windsor herself—*Sir Joseph's Pursuit—the President tumbleth, in Imitation of Mr. Eden—a beautiful Comparison between Sir Joseph and Tamerlane, a Butterfly and Bajazet—Sir Joseph again tumbleth—Sir Joseph's Hat tumbleth with him—Sir Joseph riseth and bloweth—he is gazed at by a Countryman—he darteth through a Hedge in Pursuit of the Emperor, and tumbleth into a Lane—he getteth up speedily, and putteth a Question to Hob—Hob answereth not, but pitieth him—Sir Joseph obtaineth a second View of the Emperor—pursueth his Majesty into a Garden—oversetteth the Gardener—trampleth on rare Flowers—breaketh many Bell Glasses—overturneth the Scarecrow—Peter praiseth the Scarecrow—Sir Joseph oversetteth a Hive of Bees—The Bees surprised—they attempt a Revenge, but succeed not, on Account of the hard and tough Materials of Sir Joseph's Head-piece—The Gardener, quitting his horizontal Position, pursueth Sir Joseph—Sir Joseph pursueth the Emperor, and the Emperor flieth away—The Gardener collareth Sir Joseph, and expostulateth—Sir Joseph heedeth not the Gardener's Complaint, being in deep Sorrow for the Loss of the Emperor—The Gardener quit-*

teth his Gripe in Sir Joseph, and putteth him down for a Lunatic—the Gardener execrateth Sir Joseph's Keeper, and falleth into a Panic —flieth off unceremoniously, and leaveth the President *in the Situation of a celebrated Prophet.*

PROEMIUM.

PETRUS LOQUITUR.

SINCE members lost to manners, growl;
  Call poor Sir Joseph ass, and owl;
  Nay, oft with coarser epithets revile;
Though pitying much his pigmy merit,
  Let me display a Christian spirit,
And try to lift a lame dog o'er a stile.

Though not, like Erskine, in the law a giant,
I must take up the cudgels for my client.

Know by these presents, then, ye noisy crew,
Who at his blushing honours* look so blue,
  That though Sir Joseph is not deep-discerning,
And though, as all the world well knows,
A nutshell might with perfect ease enclose
  Three quarters of his sense, and all his learning;

* *Blushing honours*—the author undoubtedly means the epithet *blushing* to be understood as synonymous with *blooming*, and not in a satirical sense: God forbid that the friend of Sir Joseph should mean *otherwise!*

Whose modest wisdom, therefore, never aims
To find the longitude, or burn the Thames;

Yet, as to things he sets himself about,
With tooth and nail, like *Hercules*, so stout,
He labours for his wish, no matter what;—
I can't say that Sir Joseph lions kills;
Hugs giants, or the blood of hydras spills;
But then most manfully he eats a bat,
Eats toads, or tough, or tender, old, or young,
As in the sweetest strains the Muse hath sung*:
Fit with the hugest Hottentot to cope,
Who dines on raw flesh at the Cape of Hope.

Blest with a phiz, he bids the members tremble!
To deathlike silence turns the direst din;
And where so many savages assemble,
Like hounds they want a proper whipper-in.

Dare members sleep †, a set of snoring Goths,
Whilst Blagden reads a chapter upon moths?
Down goes the hammer, cloath'd with thunder!
Up spring the snorers, half without their wigs;
Old graybeards grave, and smock-fac'd prigs,
With ell-wide jaws displaying signs of wonder.

Lo! perseverance is the soul of action!
And courage proper to oppose a faction;
Therefore he sits with wonderful propriety,
The Monro of a mad society:
And that he is both brave and persevering,
Witness the following story, well worth hearing.

* See Peter's Prophecy,

† Frequently, indeed, are the members sent to the land of shadows by the society's somniferous papers; assisted in a great measure in their voyage by the doctor's drowsy manner of communicating the contents.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS

AND

THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

A PRESIDENT, in butterflies profound,
  Of whom all insectmongers sing the praises,
Went on a day to catch this game renown'd,
  On vi'lets, dunghills, nettletops, and daisies!
But first (so pious is Sir Joseph's nature)
He thus address'd the butterfly's Creator.

THE VIRTUOSO's PRAYER.

'O thou whose wisdom plann'd the skies,
And form'd the wings of butterflies,
  Attend my humble pray'r!
Like Egypt, as in days of yore,
Let earth with flies be cover'd o'er,
  And darken'd all the air.

This, Lord, wou'd be the best of news—
Then might thy servant pick and choose
  From such a glorious heap:
Forth to the world I'd boldly rush,
Put all Museums to the blush,
  And hold them all dog cheap.

Pharaoh had not one grain of taste—
The flies on *him* were thrown to waste,
  Nay, met with strong objection;
But had thy servant, Lord, been there,
I should have made, or much I err,
  A wonderful collection!

O Lord! if not my mem'ry fails,
Thou once didst rain on people quails—
  Again the world surprise;
And 'stead of such a trifling bird,
Rain on thy servant Joseph, Lord,
  Show'rs of rare butterflies!

Since monsters are my great delight,
With monsters charm thy servant's sight,
  Turn feathers into hair:
Make legs where legs were never seen,
And eyes, no bigger than a pin,
  As broad as saucers stare.

The reptiles that are born with claws,
O! let thy pow'r supply with paws,
  Adorn'd with human nails;
In value more to make them rise,
Transplant from all their heads, their eyes,
  And place them in their tails.

And if thou wisely wouldst contrive
To make me butterflies alive,
  To fly without a head;
To skim the hedges and the fields,
Nay, eat the meat thy bounty yields,
  Such wonders were indeed!

Blagden should puff them at our meeting;
Members would press around me greeting;
  The Journals swell with thanks;
And more to magnify their fame,
Those headless flies should have a name—
  My name—Sir Joseph Banks!'

Thus having finish'd, forth Sir Joseph hies,
Hope in his heart, and eagles in his eyes!
Just like a pointer, quart'ring well his ground,
He nimbly trots the field around!
At length, to bless his hunting ambulation,
Up rose a native of the flutt'ring nation.
Broad star'd Sir Joseph as if struck by thunder
(For much, indeed, are eyes enlarg'd by wonder),
When from a dab of dung, or *some such thing*,
An Emp'ror of Morocco rear'd his wing!

Not Archimedes, 'tis my firm belief,
More blest, cried '*eureka*, I've nabb'd the thief;'
Nor hunters, when a hare, to shun foul play,
Steals from his seat so sly, cry 'Stole away;'
Nor stale old nymphs, by raging virtue sway'd,
Roar on a frail one, 'Kill the wicked jade;'
Than roar'd Sir Joseph on the verdant sod,
'Morocco's Emp'ror, by the living God!'

Not with more joy, nor rapture-speaking look,
The little gamesome *Piccadilly duke*
Eyes a nice *tit*, fresh launch'd upon the town;
Nor with more pleasure cupid's trusty crimp,
By mouths of vulgar people nam'd a pimp,
Stares on his virtuous fee, a crown;

Nor King's-Place nymphs, on greenhorns in their pow'r;
Who (shameless rascals, wanting not a wife)
Hire love, like hackney coaches, by the hour,
Damning the love so true that last for life;
Nor wither'd Windsor on the simple maid,
From scenes of rural innocence betray'd;
Forc'd to dispose of Nature's sweetest charms;
Doom'd for a meal to sink a beauteous wreck;
To lend to man she loathes, her lip, her neck,
And, weeping, act the wanton in his arms;
Than did the hero of my song,
Survey the emp'ror as he mov'd along.

Not with more glee a hen-peck'd husband spies
Death shutting up his wife's two cat-like eyes,
  Accustom'd on him oft and fierce to roll;
Just like a galley slave, poor fellow, treated,
Or those poor English at Calcutta sweated;
  Stuff'd in the old Black Hole:

And yet, a neater simile to use,
Not with more true delight a lover views
  The blushing orient leading on the day
That gives a blooming partner to his arms,
In virtues rich, and rich in youthful charms,
  To bid the hours with rapture glide away:

Sad anxious swain, who now in bed, now out,
Toss'd like the sea with thund'ring thoughts about;
  Cursing with hearty pray'rs the lingering night;
Now trying hard to sleep away the time;
Now staring on the dark, like bards for rhime,
  To catch the smallest glimpse of light.

Afraid that Phœbus means foul play,
And bent to spite him, lie a-bed all day:

And, *bonâ fidê*, not of rapture fuller,
  Thurlow, the seal and royal conscience keeper,
Sees his prime fav'rite, Mr. Justice Buller,
  High thron'd in Chancery, grieve the poor Sir Pepper,
Than did the president so keen espy
    The butterfly!

Lightly with winnowing wing amid the land,
  His Moorish majesty in circles flew!
With sturdy striding legs and outstretch'd hand,
  The virtuoso did his prey pursue.

He strikes—he misses—strikes again—he grins,
And sees in thought the monarch fix'd with pins;
Sees him on paper giving up the ghost,
Nail'd like a hawk or martyr to a post.

Oft fell Sir Joseph on the slipp'ry plain,
Like *patriot* Eden—fell to rise again;

The emp'ror smiling, sported on before;
  Like Phœbus coursing Daphne was the chace,
  But not so was the meaning of the race,
Sir Joseph ran to kill, not kiss the Moor;

To hold him pris'ner in a glass for show,
  Like Tamerlane (redoubtable his rage),
Who kept poor Bajazet, his vanquish'd foe,
  Just like an owl or magpie in a cage.

Again to earth Sir Joseph fell so flat,
  Flat as the flattest of the flounder race!
Down with Sir Joseph dropp'd his three-cock'd hat,
  Most nobly sharing in his friend's disgrace.
Again he springs, with hope and ardour pale,
And blowing like the fish baptiz'd a whale;
Darting his arms now here, now there, so wild,
With all the eager raptures of a child,
Who with broad anxious eye a bauble views,
And, capering legs and hands, the toy pursues.

A countryman, who, from a lane,
  Had mark'd Sir Joseph, running, tumbling, sweating,
Stretching his hands and arms, like one insane,
  And with those arms the air around him beating,
To no particular opinion leaning,
Of such manœuvring could not guess the meaning.

At length the President, all foam and muck,
Quite out of breath, and out of luck,
Pursued the flying monarch to the place,
Where stood this countryman, with marv'ling face.

Now through the hedge, exactly like a horse,
Wild plung'd the President with all his force,
  His brow in sweat, his soul in perturbation;
Mindless of trees, and bushes, and the brambles,
Head over heels into the lane he scrambles,
  Where Hob stood lost in wide-mouth'd speculation!

'Speak,' roar'd the President, 'this instant—say,
Hast seen, hast seen, my lad, this way

The Emp'ror of Morocco pass?'—
Hob to the insect-hunter nought replied,
But shook his head, and sympathizing sigh'd,
Alas!
Poor gentleman, I'm sorry for ye;
And pity much your *upper story!*'

Lo! down the lane alert the emp'ror flew,
And struck once more Sir Joseph's hawk-like view;
And now he mounted o'er a garden wall!
In rush'd Sir Joseph at the garden door,
Knock'd down the gard'ner—what could man do more?
And left him as he chose to rise or sprawl.

O'er peerless hyacinths our hero rush'd;
Through tulips and anemonies he push'd,
Breaking a hundred necks at ev'ry spring:
On bright carnations, blushing on their banks,
With desp'rate hoof he trod, and mow'd down ranks;
Such vast ambition urg'd to seize the king!

Bell glasses, all so thick, were tumbled o'er,
And, lo! the cries, so shrill, of many a score,
A sad and fatal stroke proclaim'd;
The scarecrow all so red, was overturn'd;
His vanish'd hat, and wig, and head, he mourn'd,
And much, indeed, the man of straw was maim'd!

Just guardian of the sacred spot,
With face so fierce, and pointed gun,
Who threaten'd all the birds with shot;
To kill of sparrows ev'ry mother's son:
Fierce as those scarlet ministers of fate,
The warlike guardians of St. James's gate!

Yet not content with feats like these,
He tumbled o'er a hive of bees;
Out rush'd the host, and wonder'd from their souls,
What dev'l dar'd dash their house about their polls.

Like Louis*, whose fierce heart was such,
As made him like a football kick the Dutch!

But soon the small, heroic, injur'd nation
Descry'd the author of their obligation;
And, to repay it, round him rush'd the swarm;
Prodigious was the buz about his ears!
With all their venom did they push their spears,
But, lo! they work'd him not one grain of harm;

Yet did no god nor godling intervene,
By way of screen!

The happy head their pointed spears defied,
Strong, like old Homer's shields, in tough bull hide,
And brass well temper'd, to support the shock!—
The bees their disappointed vengeance mourn'd,
And from their fierce attack, fatigu'd, return'd,
Believing they had storm'd a barber's block.

What was thought death and tortures by the clan,
Was only tickling the great man!
Thus round big Ajax rag'd the Trojan host,
Who might as well, indeed, have drubb'd a post.

The gard'ner now for just revenge up sprung,
O'erwhelm'd with wonderment and dung,
And fiercely in his turn pursu'd the knight!
From bed to bed, full tilt the champions rac'd,
This chas'd the knight, the knight the emp'ror chas'd,
Who scal'd the walls, alas! and vanish'd out of
sight;
To find the empress, p'rhaps, and tell her *grace*
The merry hist'ry of the chase.

At length the gard'ner, swell'd with rage and dolour,
O'ertaking, grasps Sir Joseph by the collar,
And blest with fav'rite oaths, abundance show'rs:

* Louis XIV.

'Villain,' he cry'd, 'beyond example!
Just like a cart-horse on my beds to trample,
More than your soul is worth, to kill my flow'rs!
See how your two vile hoofs have made a wreck—
Look, rascal, at each beauty's broken neck!'—

Mindless of humbled flow'rs, so freely kill'd,
Although superior to his soul declar'd,
And vegetable blood profusely spill'd,
Superior, too, to all reward;
Mindless of all the gard'ner's plaintive strains,
The emp'ror's form monopoliz'd his brains.

At length he spoke, in sad despairing tones,
'Gone! by the God that made me!—D-mn his bones!
O Lord! no disappointment mine surpasses;—
Poh! what are paltry flowers and broken glasses,
A tumbled scarecrow, bees, the idle whim?—
Zounds! what a set of miscreants to *him*!—

Gone is my soul's desire, for ever gone!'—
'Who's gone?' the gard'ner straight reply'd—
'The emp'ror, sir,' with tears, Sir Joseph cry'd—
The emp'ror of Morocco—thought my own!
To unknown fields behold the monarch fly!—
Zounds! not to catch him, what an ass was I!'

His eyes the gard'ner, full of horror, stretch'd,
And then a groan, a monstrous groan, he fetch'd,
Contemplating around his ruin'd wares;
And now he let Sir Joseph's collar go;
And now he bray'd aloud with bitterest wóe,
'Mad! madder than the maddest of March hares!

A p-x confound the fellow's Bedlam rigs!
Oh! he hath done the work of fifty pigs!
The devil take his keeper, a damn'd goose,
For letting his wild beast get loose!'

But now the gard'ner, terrified, began
To think himself too near a man
  In so Peg-Nicholson a situation;
And happy from a madman to escape,
He left him without bow, or nod, or scrape,
  Like Jeremiah midst his lamentation.

Such is the tale—if readers sigh for more,
Sir Joseph's wallet holdeth many a score.

A POETICAL EPISTLE TO A FALLING MINISTER;

ALSO

AN IMITATION

OF THE

TWELFTH ODE OF HORACE.

——— Hunc tu Romane caveto

Hic niger est ———

EPISTLE

TO A

FALLING MINISTER.

BLIND to an artful *boy's* insidious wiles,
Why rests the genius of the *Queen of Isles*?—
Whilst *Liberty* in irons sounds th' alarm,
Why hangs suspense on *Virtue's* coward arm?—
Whilst *Tyranny* prepares her jails and thongs,
Why sleeps the sword of *Justice* o'er our wrongs?—
Oh! meanly founding on a father's fame,
To Britain's highest seat a daring claim;
Oh! if thy face one blush could ever boast,
And that lorn sign of virtue be not lost;
Now on thy visage let the stranger burn,
And glow for deeds that bid an empire mourn.

Drawn from a garret by the *royal sire*,
Warm'd like the viper by his friendly fire,
What hath thy gratitude *sublimely* done?—
Fix'd, like the snake, thy fang upon the *son!*

Yes—thou most gen'rous youth, thy hostile art
Hath lodg'd a pois'nous shaft in Britain's heart!
Thy arm hath dragg'd the column to the ground,
The sacred wonder of the realms around!

To make snug, comfortable habitations
For thee and all thy pitiful relations.
Barbarian-like—how like those sons of spoil,
Whose impious hands on hallow'd structures toil—
Base throng, that through Palmyra's temple digs,
To form a lodging for themselves and pigs!

Oh! if ambition prompts thy soaring soul
To live the theme of future times with R-lle;
Thrice happy youth, like *his* shall shine thy name,
Who gave th' Ephesian wonder to the flame!

Sick at the name of R—— (to thee though dear),
The name abhorr'd by *Honour's* shrinking ear,
I draw reluctant from thy venal throng,
And give it mention, though it blasts my song.

How cou'dst thou bid *that* R-lle, despis'd by all,
On helpless beauty like a mastiff fall;
Then meanly to correct the brute pretend,
And claim the merit of the *fair one's* friend* ?

Art thou the *youth* on whom the virtues smile?
The boasted saviour of our sinking isle?
O'er such, *Oblivion*, be thy wing display'd!
Oh! waft them from the gibbet to thy shade!

Yet what expect from *thee*, whose icy breast,
A stranger to their charm, the *Loves* detest?—
Thee, o'er whose heart their fascinating pow'r
Ne'er knew the triumph of one soft'ned hour?
To give thy flinty soul the tender sigh,
Vain is the radiance of the brightest eye!
In vain for thee of beauty blooms the rose:
In vain the swelling bosom spreads its snows—

* A most wanton and illiberal attack made by this man on Mrs. F—h——t in the House of Commons, exceeds all precedent.

A *Joseph* thou, against the sex to strive—
Dead to those charms that keep the world alive!

In vain thy malice pours its frothy tide—
In vain the virtues of thy *prince* to hide—
Thou and thy imps, to dim his rising ray,
Urge clouds on clouds to thwart the golden day!
Mad toil!—I see his *orb* superior pass,
That smiles triumphant on the sable mass.

O ——! a sister kingdom damns thy deeds,
And pities hapless Britain as she bleeds.
Hibernia scorns each meanly treach'rous art
Hatch'd by the base r-b——n of thy heart,
That crawls an aspic bloated black with fate,
To pour a dire contagion through the state.
She, with an honest voice, her *prince* approves,
And nobly trusts the virtues that she loves;
Detests a hangman's unremitting toil,
To break upon the wheel a happy isle;
Who yet to push the guilt and folly further,
Suborns addresses to applaud the murther!
Who but must laugh to see thy boasted friends,
On whose poor rotten trunks thy *all* depends!
See Bute's mean parasite, thy spaniel, creep,
Whose Argus' eyes of av'rice never sleep;
A close state leech, who, sticking to the nation,
As adders deaf to Honour's execration,
Sucks from its throat the blood by night, by day,
Nor till the state expires will drop away.

Yet see another *fiend*, with scowling eye,
Who draws from *Nature's* soul her deepest sigh;
Asham'd her hand should usher into light
What fate should whelm with everlasting night!
Lost by his arts, behold the beauteous *maid**,
Whom *Innocence* herself could ne'er upbraid,

* The melancholy circumstance alluded to here, the family of Dr. Lynch, of Canterbury, can best explain.

Sunk a pale victim to the gaping tomb,
Whilst all but *he* with grief survey'd her doom;
Whose heart disdain'd to feel—whose eye severe,
Compassion never melted with a tear!

Yet left in silence to himself alone,
Aghast he heaves the conscience-wounded groan!
At ev'ry sound how horror heaves the sigh!
How dangers thicken on his straining eye!
He sees her *phantom*, form'd by treach'rous love,
Droop in the grot, and pine amid the grove:
He marks her mien of woe, her cheek so pale,
And trembles at her shrieks that pierce the gale!
At night's deep noon what fears his soul invade!
How wild he starts amidst the specter'd shade!
And dreading ev'ry hopeless hour the last,
He hears the call of *Death* in ev'ry blast!
Such are thy colleagues*, O thou *patriot* boy!
Whose heads and hearts thy virtues dare employ;
Who, crouching at thy heels, like bloodhounds wait
To fasten on the vitals of the state!
Such are the miscreants who would rule the realm!
Such the black pirates that would seize the helm!

Had not I known thee, ——, the Muse had sworn,
That, blest to see the state to atoms torn,
Hell with her host had drawn each damned plan,
And for the murder nurs'd thy dark divan.

Speak—Hath thy heart with mad ambition fir'd,
Like Cromwell's, hot for pow'r, to thrones aspir'd?
Then may that *young*, *old* trait'rous bosom feel
The rapid vengeance of some virtuous steel;
Or what, to bosoms not quite flint, is worse,
May Heav'n with hoary age a rebel curse—

* We must not forget, however, Messieurs their graces of R. and G., Harry D., *cum plurimis aliis*, though they have not the honour of being mentioned in our poetical calendar.

From sweet society behold him torn,
Condemn'd, like Cain, to walk the world forlorn.

Thus rous'd to anger for my country's wrong,
The Muse for vengeance panting pour'd her *song*—
But, ah! in vain I wish'd the blessing mine,
To plant a scorpion's sting in ev'ry line.

Now Prudence gently pull'd the poet's ear,
And thus the daughter of the *blue ey'd maid**,
In flatt'ry's soothing sounds, divinely said,
'O Peter! eldest-born of Phœbus, hear—
Whose verse could ravish kings, relax the claw
Of that gaunt, hungry savage christen'd *law*—
Indeed thou wantest worldly wisdom, Peter,
To mix a little oft'ner with thy metre—
Lo! if thine eye Dame Fortune's smile pursues,
To oily adulation prompt the *Muse*.

Give for the future all thy rhimes to praise;
Strike to the glorious Pitt thy sounding lyre—
Thy head may then be crown'd with Warton's bays,
And mutton twirl with spirit at the fire.'

'Prudence,' quoth I, 'indeed—indeed I can't—
Don't ask me to turn rogue and sycophant!'

Now with a smile, first cousin to a grin,
Dame Prudence answer'd, bridling up her chin—

'Sweet, harmless, pretty, conscientious pigeon!
Ah! Peter, well I ween thou art not rich—
Know that thou'lt die like beggars in a ditch—
Know, too, that hunger is of no religion.

Sit down and make a Horace imitation,
Like Pope, and let the stanza glow
With praise of Messieurs Pitt and Co.,
The present worthy rulers of the nation.'

* Minerva.

With purs'd-up, puritanic mouth so prim,
Thus spoke Dame Prudence to the bard of whim;
Who, with politeness seldom running o'er,
For inspiration scratch'd his tuneful sconce,
To please Dame Oracle, for once—
A *dame*, some say, he never saw before.

IMITATION OF HORACE,

(ODE XII. BOOK I.)

ON MESSIEURS PITT AND CO.

MUSE, having dropp'd Sir Joseph and the king,
What sort of gentry shall we deign to sing?
What high and mighty name that all adore?
What ministerial wight that bribes each *cit*,
Wolf-like to howl for homage to King Pitt,
And set each smoky alehouse in a roar;
That sends to counties, borough-towns, his crimps,
Alias his vote-seducing pimps,
To bribe the mob with brandy, beer, and song,
To put their greasy fists to court addresses,
Full of professions kind, and sweet caresses,
And with a fiddle lead the logs along.
Shall Dornford, king of wine, and mum, and perry,
Be crown'd with lyric bays, with Master Merry;
Two sages who, in diff'rent places born,
Chick Lane and Black-boy Alley did adorn?

Or, Muse, suppose we sing King Pitt himself,
The greatest man on earth—a cunning elf,
Who driveth, Jehu-like, the church and state:
And, next to royal Pitt, we'll sing the *dame*,
Of open, gen'rous, charitable fame,
Lamenting sad a *monarch's* hapless fate;

Who, though transfix'd by sorrow's dart so cruel,
So prudent, numbers each bank-note and jewel?

Nor shall we by old Bacchus Weymouth pass,
A jolly fellow o'er his glass—
Nor, Swellenberg, shalt thou a shrimp appear,
Whose palate loves a dainty dish,
Whose teeth in combat shine with flesh and fish,
Whose Strelitz stomach holds a butt of beer;
Who soon shalt keep a saleshop for good places,
For which so oft the people squabble,
From gaping cobblers to their gaping graces,
And thus provide for great and little rabble.

I'll sing how calmly C——n takes the bit,
And trots so mildly under Master Pitt;
And Th——w, too, whom none but Pitt could tame,
Who, blest with Master Billy's finest saddle,
No longer makes our brains with neighing addle,
No longer now Job's war horse snorting flame;
But that slow brute whom few or none revere,
Fam'd for his fine base voice and length of ear;

Yet now so gentle, you may smooth his nose—
Poor *Ch—c-llor** will make no riot—
Calm in his stall his aged limbs repose,
And pleas'd he eats his oats and hay in quiet!

This pair, so tame, amid the courtier throng,
Shall drag their Master William's coach along,
And raise the wonder of the million!
Just like two bull-dogs in a country town,
That gallop in their harness up and down,
With Monsieur Monkey for postillion.

We'll sing the brothers of our loving queen,
Fine, hungry, hearty youths as e'er were seen;

* The name of the horse.

Who, if once try'd, would shine, I make no doubt;
And chiefly he who merits high rewards,
Who, wrigling to the Hanoverian guards,
Kept the poor *Prince* of *Brunswick* out,
Although so brave a prince, and spilt his blood
So freely for the king of England's* good.

We'll sing, too, Master R-lle, who, fond of fame,
High-daring, from the land of dumplings came,
To bear the *minister*—to be his ass—
Like Conj'ror Balaam's reas'ning brute,
That carry'd Balaam, Balak to salute,
And curse the Israelites, alas!

And, lo! as did the Lord—
Who op'd the mouth of Balaam's beast:
So hath our Lord, 'Squire Pitt, upon my word,
Op'd Master R-lle's, to give the house a feast!

Yet, hang it! Dev'nshire is by Aram† beat—
A circumstance that wrings the poet's soul—
For Balaam's jackass made a speech quite neat,
Which never yet was done by Pitt's poor R——.

Or shall I sing old Cornwall's death,
Or fierce Sir Bullface, who resign'd his breath
With brother Cornwall in the self-same year—
A downright bear!

Who bade a *monarch*, like a boy at school,
Not spend his money like a f—l?

We too might sing the king of swine,
Sir Joseph! peerless in the fatt'ning line.

We too may Brudenell sing, who, some time since,
Admir'd and lov'd, ador'd and prais'd his *prince*;

* This is scarcely credible, but it is nevertheless true.—The Prince of Brunswick's genius was forced to yield to the superior one of the queen's brother!

† Balaam's country seat.

Follow'd him, spaniel-like, about;
Swore himself black, poor fellow, in the face,
That he would ten times rather lose his place
Than leave him—Thus said he with phiz devout:
But when it came to pass his highness try'd him,
This false apostle, Peter-like, deny'd him!

We'll sing Lord Galloway, a man of note,
Who turn'd his tailor, much enrag'd, away,
Because he stitch'd a star upon his coat
So small, it scarcely threw a ray—
Whereas he wish'd a planet huge to flame,
To put the moon's full orb to shame—
He wanted one so large, with rays so thick,
As to eclipse the star of Sir John Dick!
Sir John, who got his star, so bright and stout,
For making super-excellent *sour krout**.

Or, Muse, suppose we sing the *Sp—ker's* wig,
In which, 'tis said, a world of wisdom lies;
Which, to a headpiece scarcely worth a fig,
Importance gives, that greatly doth surprise,
When through the chaos of the house he bawls
For *order* that oft flies St. Stephen's walls;
Driv'n by a host of scrapes, and hawks, and hums,
And blowing noses, that distract her drums.

For, Muse, we can't well sing poor Gr—lle's head,
Because it wanteth eyes—imperfect creature!
Again—its lining happ'neth to be lead—
Such are the whimsicalities of nature:
And thus this speaking headpiece is, no doubt,
As dark *within* as *certés* 'tis *without!*

* This honour of the star was really conferred on him by the *Empress of Russia*, for furnishing the Russian fleet, in the Mediterranean, with the above cabbage manufacture, to sharpen their courage for a massacre of the poor Turks.

Yet was this youth proclaim'd a pretty sprig,
A very promising, a thriving twig,
That by his parents dear was said would be,
In time, a very comely tree,
And what those parents dear would also suit,
Produce enormous quantities of fruit,
By God's good grace, and much good looking after—
A thought that now convulseth us with laughter!

Suppose we chaunt old Willis and his whip,
  At which the human hide revolts;
Who bids, like grasshoppers, his pupils skip,
  And breaks mad gentlemen like colts;
Or trains them, like a pointer, to his hand—
And such the mighty conjuror's command,
He, by the magic of sticks, ropes, and eyes,
Commands wild folly to be tame and wise.

Or grant we throw away a verse or two
  Upon the *bedchamber's* most idle *imps*—
Those lords of gingerbread—a gaudy crew,
  Sticking together just like social shrimps;
Regardless who the state coach drives,
So *they* may lead good merry, lazy lives;
Pleas'd e'en from devils to receive their pay,
So they, like moths, may flutter life away!

Pitt shall the House of Commons rule,
And *eke* of poor *incurables* the school;
And pour on such the vengeance of his spleen
As meanly think of Hastings and the ——!
On di'monds Pitt and Co. shall largely feast,
Knock down the nabobs, and exhaust the East!

O *lady!* whose great wisdom thinketh fit
To spread thy petticoat o'er William Pitt!
This William Pitt and thou, without a joke,
Will turn out most extraordinary folk!

Pitt and the *petticoat* shall rule together,
  Each with the other vastly taken;
Make, when they choose, or fair or filthy weather,
  And cut up kingdoms just like bacon!

Thus having finish'd, *Prudence* with a stare,
Exclaim'd, 'Rank irony—thou wicked poet.'—
Quoth I, 'My little Presbyterian fair,
I know it.'—
'Ah!' quoth the dame again, with lifted eyes,
'When will this stupid world be wise?'

'Ah! had the *prince* his proper int'rest felt,
And like Bucephalus, the famous, knelt
To take Pitt Alexander on his back,
He might have ambled prettily along,
And very rarely felt his rider's thong—
Just now and then a gentle smack,
T' inform his royal colt what being rode him,
And with such dignity bestrode him.

Yes—had his *highness* but vouchsaf'd to *stoop*,
With *heav'n-born* Pitt he might have eat his soup,
Joy'd in the full possession of his wishes,
And with his servant shar'd the loaves and fishes!'

ODE XII. LIB. I.

AD AUGUSTUM.

Quem virum aut heroa lyra vel acri
Tibia sumes celebrare, Clio?
Quem deum? cujus recinet jocosa
Nomen imago,

Aut in umbrosis Heliconis oris,
Aut super Pindo, gelidove in Hæmo?
Unde vocalem temere insequutæ
Orphea sylvæ,

Arte materna rapidos morantem
Fluminum lapsus, celeresque ventos,
Blandum et auritas fidibus canoris
Ducere quercus.

Quid prius dicam solitis parentis
Laudibus? qui res hominum ac deorum,
Qui mare et terras, variisque mundum
Temperat horis?

Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum:
Proximos illi tamen occupavit
Pallas honores.

Prœliis audax neque te silebo
Liber, et sævis inimica virgo
Belluis : nec te metuende certa,
Phœbe, sagitta.

Dicam et Alceiden ; puerosque Ledæ,
Hunc equis, illum superare pugnis
Nobilem : quorum simul alba nautis
Stella refulsit,

Defluit saxis agitatus humor :
Concidunt venti, fugiuntque nubes :
Et minax, quod sic voluere, ponto
Unda recumbit.

Romulum post hos prius, an quietum
Pompilî regnum memorem, an superbos
Tarquinî fasces, dubito, an Catonis
Nobile lethum.

Regulum, et Scauros, animæque magnæ
Prodigum Paulum, superante Pœno,
Gratus insigni referam Camœna,
Fabriciumque.

Hunc, et incomtis Curium capillis,
Utilem bello tulit, et Camillum
Sæva paupertas, et avitus apto
Cum lare fundus.

Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo
Fama Marcelli : micat inter omnes
Julium sidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores.

Gentis humanæ pater atque custos,
Orte Saturno ; tibi cura magni
Cæsaris fatis data : tu secundo
Cæsare regnes.

Ille seu Parthos Latio imminentes
Egerit justo domitos triumpho,
Sive subjectos Orientis oris
        Seras et Indos:

Te minor latum reget equus orbem;
Tu gravi curru quaties Olympum,
Tu parum castis inimica mittes
        Fulmina lucis.

END OF VOL. I.

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